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OLD GERMANTOWN.



OLDEST HOUSE IN GERMANTOWN.

RICH in suburbs although Philadelphia may have become, it began with only one neighboring community, to whose interests and purposes it was allied and gave, as it were, the key-note. But Germantown was from the first so distinctive in its traits and so imbued with Old-World color and characteristics that it will take many a generation yet to efface these lineaments and merge its picturesque individuality in the featureless prettiness of the modern suburb.

Its first settlers imparted their own stability of mind and purpose even to their earliest and hastiest labors, and gave to the woodlands and pastures where they built their cottages, and even to the little rivers which they forced to turn their mills, something of the familiar expression of the civilization which they had renounced. Thus, we must count the place as distinctly fortunate, full as it is of dear old quaintnesses in which one may read a pictorial history of the town's

prosperity, while it is, besides, girdled about with woods and waters of unrivalled beauty. It seems natural enough that from its earliest days its inhabitants should have been as much rooted to the spot as if they belonged to the soil, and that it should besides have drawn hither wealthy burghers, who settled down into lives of high comfort, making themselves homes in beauty and durability worthy of the Old World. The situation combines striking advantages, offering conveniences which only a great city can afford, and at the same time presenting scenery which makes one realize with vividness that charm and mystery of wild nature which usually withdraws itself far from towns. It was a delightful caprice of nature's to give to this fertile region the beautiful Wissahickon, with its banks, covered with the richest vegetation, rising into lofty and solemn ridges that tower above the deeply-shadowed gorges where the river sleeps in deep green pools, widens into long and tranquil reaches, or ripples over rocky shallows. The landscape within the circuit of an afternoon's drive offers such widely-varying features that one may meet with almost every impression. This beautiful country is the setting of Germantown,—itself a quaint, picturesque old place, full of suggestions of older countries. It began by being characteristically German, but has nevertheless become in this generation strikingly English in some of its features. One may experience an almost romantic pleasure in wandering along the leisurely-winding Germantown Road and noting the houses which have known all the epochs of the town's gradual rise. They have a richly-historic aspect. They are quaint, they are queer, with their penthouses, their many-paned windows, their solid masonry or rough stuccoed sides. Then all at once one gains a glimpse of a quiet English-looking lawn, full of bloom and verdure, slumberous with lights and shadows sleeping beneath the tall oaks, maples, and magnolias. Or again, breaking the rows of grim old German houses with their fronts converted into shops, there is some fine old country-seat, un-

changed since the Revolution, its "spring-house" still standing over the meadow-brook, suggesting the cool butter and cream and lavish abundance of old-fashioned times; or, again, a fine old colonial house, with tall pine and cedar-trees watching like sentinels before it, murmuring to every breeze their immemorial story. In any description of the general effect of the place, the velvet turf, the shrubberies and splendid trees, to which the slopes and inequalities of ground give a fine effect, the luxuriant creepers covering the walls and fences, the ivy, which the climate allows to grow almost in perfection, must not be forgotten.

But a hundred and fifty years ago, when Germantown consisted of one single straggling street, three miles long, from which diverged green lanes into rural nooks, when Germantown Road was lined with peach-trees, when all the houses were pent-roofed, it was not the many-featured suburb it is now, but a community existing in itself and almost entirely for itself, with all its quaint distinctive German traits unchanged. Toward evening, in summer, when the women sat, knitting in hand, on their front stoops, dressed in short-gowns and petticoats and duck aprons, and the old men, heavily bewigged, tilted back in their chairs, puffing their pipes, discussing the price of hemp and wool, and the young men gathered together, their shorn heads covered with white caps, coatless, barefooted, striped trousers on their long legs, and the boys and girls played in the street, the gossip and the courting and the talk and the children's calls and cries were all in the German tongue. Successive generations clung to the old language with a deep and fervent attachment, transferring, however, their sentiment for their Fatherland to their homes in the New World. It is no matter requiring curious research to discover how Germantown acquired its name. It was called Germantown because it was a settlement of Germans, and German ideas, traditions, manners, customs, industry, thrift, morals, and respectability had been in the town's earliest infancy

planted deep by earnest and energetic German-men.

All the perplexing religious and theological questions shifting and deepening conviction in men's minds during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found their outlet in one or another of the American colonies. "There may be room there for such a holy experiment," William Penn said, pointing to our mighty continent, with its virgin woods and waters. And with this sublimely

simple hope consecrating their enterprise, one band after another of religious emigrants set forth. Thus, Germantown was first settled by a body of Frankfort enthusiasts, mechanics and weavers; and not one of the colonies seems to have been quickened by more fervent religious zeal. Besides this society of Friends and Mennonites, there were Holy Dunkers and Adventists, proclaiming the speedy coming of the "mystical bridegroom." There were cave-dwellers,



hermits of the ridge, mystics, all living on visions and dreams, reinforcing the strength of their souls by vigils, fastings, and meditations, pouring out obscure allegorical discourses by tongue and pen concerning the relations between the body and the soul, the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the spiritual. It shows no lapse into lesser motives after such lofty beginnings that the ardor of these zealots cooled after their leaders had passed away, and that they were controlled by practical aims and began to act with the community about them. Enthusiasm is necessary, and the enthusiasm of hard workers building their houses, tilling their farms, and spinning their flax is a more hopeful sign than the bewildered and futile enthusiasms of dreamers who wait for miracles to be performed in their behalf. That the real strength of the impulse which had driven these colonists forth to seek for spiritual

freedom did not decline is evidenced by the fact that they uttered the first protest made against African slavery in America. It was sent to the Monthly Meeting in 1688 by the German Friends of Germantown, and ran as follows:

"These are the reasons that we are against the traffic of men's body, as followeth: Is there any which would be done or handled at this manner?—viz., to be sold or made a slave of for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many at sea when they see a strange vessel, being afraid it should be a Turk and they should be taken and sold for slaves in Turkey! Now, what is this better done than Turks do? Yea, rather is it worse for them which say they are Christians; for we hear that the most part of such negroes are brought hither against their will and consent, and that many of them are

stolen. Now, though they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves than it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we shall do to all men like as we will be done to ourselves, making no difference of what generation or descent or color they are. And those who steal or rob men, and those who purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience, which is right and reasonable; here ought to be likewise liberty of the body, except of evil-doers, which is another case. To bring men hither or to steal and sell them against their will, *we stand against*. In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience's sake, and here there are those oppressed which are of a black color. . . . Ah, do consider well this thing, you who do it, if you would be done in this manner, and if it is done according to Christianity! You do surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe where they hear of it, that the Quakers here do handle men as they handle there the cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause and plead for it? Truly, we cannot do so, unless you shall inform us better hereof,—viz., that Christians have liberty to practise these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse toward us than if men should steal us away and sell us in strange countries, separating husbands from their wives and children? This is not done in the manner we would be done by: therefore we are against this traffic of men's body. And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal must likewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing, if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of the hands of the robbers and set free, as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report, instead it hath now a bad one, for this sake, in other countries. Especially whereas the Europeans are desirous to know in what manner the Quakers do rule in their province;

and most of them do look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

"If once these slaves (which they say are such wicked and stubborn men) should join themselves, fight for their freedom, and handle their masters and mistresses as they did handle them before, will these masters and mistresses take the sword in hand and war against these poor slaves, like as we are able to believe some will not refuse to do? Or have not these poor negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?

"Now, consider well this thing; if it is good or bad. And in case you find it to be good to handle these blacks in that manner, we desire and require you hereby, lovingly, that you may inform us herein, which at this time never was done,—viz., that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To this end we shall be satisfied on this point, and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country, to whom it is a fearful thing that men should be handled so in Pennsylvania.

"This is from our Meeting at Germantown, held the 18th of the second month, to be delivered to the Monthly Meeting, at Richard Trouel's.

"GARRET HENDERICH,

"DERICK OP DE GRAEFF,

"FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS,

"ABRAM OP DE GRAEFF."

This stirring and peculiarly right-minded appeal, which pierces to the very heart of the sophistries concerning slavery, was in large measure the work of one of the most prominent men in the early history of Germantown,—Francis Daniel Pastorius. It was shirked, of course, by the excellent men who received it, who had no wish to controvert its incontrovertible arguments, but who nevertheless found the institution of slavery profitable, besides being generally considered respectable. It was passed on from the Monthly to the Quarterly, thence to the Yearly Meeting of Friends. It was the voice crying in

the wilderness, but the ways were not yet made straight.

Pastorius was one of the original "Frankfort Company" who had planned the colony to America, and he was the only one of the members who accompanied the settlers across the ocean. He projected the place, and named it German town, or Germanopolis, describing it as situated "in a very fine and fertile district, with plenty of springs of fresh water, being well supplied with oak-, walnut-, and chestnut-trees, and having, besides, abundant pasturage for cattle. The principal street of this our town I made sixty feet in width, and the cross-streets forty. The space or lot for each house or garden I made three acres in size; for my own dwelling-place, six acres."

The original purchase was made in August, 1683, from William Penn, and consisted of six thousand acres. Pastorius himself bought the entire section now known as Chestnut Hill. There is a curious document shown connected with this purchase, where lots were cast for the apportionment of these lands among the settlers, "*in the cave of Francis Daniel Pastorius.*"

At first there were but twelve families, consisting mostly of German mechanics and weavers. The houses were built either of stone or with log frames covered with clay and plaster. They were all of one story, with high hipped roofs. The first two-story house built in the place was still standing a few months ago, perfectly well preserved, and bearing its date, 1684. William Penn assisted at the exercises, and made a speech at the "raising" dinner.

Penn frequently visited the town, keeping up a fatherly-interest in its progress and taking pains to harmonize its conflicting elements: thus his burly

figure and genial countenance make one of the portraits in its early history. He had promised all the sects toleration in the new country, and was looked up to like a father by all the Quakers and Mennonites, Moravians, Schwenkfelders, Anabaptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Dunkers, and Lutherans. He frequently preached



The yard of the Monks' House

to his own followers in the Friends' Meeting-House.

In 1693, John Kelpius, called "the Hermit of the Wissahickon," brought over his band of forty mystics, all believing in the speedy coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom who was to inaugurate the millennium. They settled in the "wilderness," interpreting a passage in the Book of Revelation as meaning that the beloved of Christ were to issue from the wilderness. These hermits were called "cave-dwellers;" but Kelpius, at least, seems to have lived in a house with foundations secure enough to have lasted to this day. He was said to be a man of noble birth, and one of the first scholars of Germany. He was devoted to music, playing on the harpsi-

chord and writing hymns, which were chanted by his band. He seems to have had some tinge of the Rosicrucian philosophy which had infected some of the leading minds of the century, and many of his associates were full believers in these wild theories, and after the death of their leader set up pretensions that they were masters of all the secrets of science, art, and religion. They were called "conjurers," were skilful healers of diseases, cast nativities, had divining-rods, and the like. John Seelig was one of the most noted of these wizards, and when his time came to die it is related that he sent his wand or staff to be cast into the deepest waters of the Schuylkill, when, the moment it touched the surface, it burst into flames and exploded. This tradition is a little singular, recalling as it does King Arthur's sending his sword Excalibur by Sir Bedivere to be cast into the middle of the mere, when,—

ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished
him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

The first settlement of Tunkers, or Dunkers, was also made at Germantown. They wore a garb like that of the Dominican friars,—a cap or hood over head and face, a long, colorless tunic reaching the ground, a girdle at the waist, and sandals on the feet. They never shaved either head or beard. When they visited the village, they walked in a procession, Indian file, making an impressive and rather spectral appearance in their white raiment. The men and women Dunkers lived apart, like monks and nuns, never meeting, except on occasions of love-feasts, when they banqueted solemnly on mutton, which seems to have been their sacred meat. They slept in narrow cells, on benches, with blocks of wood or stone hollowed out for pillows. Their sacred music was the one beautiful feature of their monastic life. They composed it with the idea of imitating the music of nature,—the voice of the winds, that blow from God, the source of harmony.

Their singing was, in fact, the tones of the Æolian harp harmonized. This music in its perfection has perished as an art, but a branch of the society, in another part of the State, preserves it in a measure.

"Their singing," writes Dr. Fahnestock, "is so peculiar and affecting that once heard it can never be forgotten. There was such sublimity and devotion in their hymns that I repaired every week to the place, to drink in those mellifluous tones which transported my spirit for the time to regions of unalloyed bliss,—tones which I never before or since heard on earth, though I have frequented the English, French, and Italian opera: that is music for the ear; the music of the Dunkers is music for the soul."

Overlooking some of the glimmering pools of the Wissahickon is a large stone building supposed to have been built by this fraternity as a monastery.

The Mennonites were by far the largest religious society which sought toleration in William Penn's dominion. They differed in doctrine from other evangelicals only in rejecting infant baptism. They aimed, however, at a more complete religious practice than that of other sects, and endeavored to imbue their every-day life with the spirit of the primitive Apostolic Church. The first settlers had neither churches nor burial-places. "A church," they declared, "we do not require; for in the depth of the thicket, in the forest, in the water, in the field, and in the dwelling, God is always present." But the next generation, beginning to find that few souls are lofty enough to be content with the invisible and the ideal, built themselves a meeting-house.

These strong convictions, these marked individualities of religious types, which we have only half outlined or hinted at, must account in great measure for the preservation of the German language, customs, and general Old-World characteristics for full a hundred years after the settlement of the town. In other places settled by Germans—in the adjoining counties, indeed—the foreign lan-

guage was renounced at once; the children were brought up to study and speak English; the very family names were changed when they had an English signification,—Zimmermann, for instance, becoming *Carpenter*, *Schneider Taylor*, etc. No similar transitions were to be effected in Germantown save by the slowest and most natural of developments. Until 1793 there was no regular English preaching in the town; until 1760 there was no English school; even after the Academy was built, a German master was considered absolutely essential for all the branches.

The history of the Germantown Academy has striking features, and is connected with interesting episodes in the history of the last century. Built in 1760 partly by private subscriptions and partly by public enterprise,* it has flourished down to the present time. In tracing its history, it becomes apparent that besides the solid and unworldly acquirements which the founders of the institution had in view, there were added gradually worldly and superfluous lessons, to say nothing of dangerous graces and polite airs which threatened to supersede the traditionary modes and manners.



THE JOHNSON HOUSE.

In 1764, in fact, these insidious teachings forced the trustees to pass a resolution that "The master shall give express orders to the children belonging to the society of Friends that they do not accost him or others by uncovering the head at any time."

The general whirlpool of vicissitudes consequent upon the Revolution, disturbing not only public but private relations, of course affected the school. The "troublous times" made it difficult to find a quorum of trustees with the leisure, to say nothing of the political harmony, required for the proper conduct of its affairs. The Academy was constantly

found to be the most desirable building in the region for any public purpose. In August, 1777, it was on the point of being used as a soldiers' hospital, but Israel Pemberton interceded with General Hancock, and the wounded men were quartered in Philadelphia. But it was impossible to keep up the school while the old order of things was changing, and it was closed a little later and not reopened until after the peace. Another spirit-stirring association which the school-building just missed was when,

* After the respectable fashion of that day, much of the money was raised by lotteries in Philadelphia.

in 1793, the yellow fever invaded Philadelphia, and it was proposed that Congress, then sitting, should adjourn to Germantown Academy. It seems an actual pity that such greatness, all unsolicited of the gods, should not have been added to the town's historical recollections. When one thinks what Congress was in those days, what sturdy and incorruptible old Romans sat on the benches, it seems a sheer loss, a blunder of Fate. In 1798, when the yellow fever again visited Philadelphia, the Academy gave its lower story and its cellars for the use of the government treasury. These periodical scourges which decimated surrounding towns and cities never assailed Germantown, whose "ampler ether" and "diviner air" never yet knew contagion or epidemic.

But before we leave the Germantown Academy we must allude to its jumble of relics. On its spire is still to be seen the crown placed there by the loyal colonists when the school-house was built, while the bell in the steeple is the identical one brought over with the tea thrown into Boston harbor on the occasion of the famous tea-party, when, it is declared, the patriots sounded it for a tocsin. In the school-library, besides other curiosities, is the spy-glass used by General Washington during the battle of Germantown. He may, indeed, have held it in his hand when he swore the second oath recorded against him.

It no doubt required the war and subsequent events to shake Germantown out of its thrifty repose,—to give it a history and ally it by ties of sympathy, a common need, a common aim, with the world about it. It is not necessary here to relate the story of the battle of Germantown, or to point out the honorable scars of the famous Chew House, or even to seek the burial-places of the slain and drop a tear over them. The battle of Germantown is one of the several Revolutionary defeats which we celebrate with the *éclat* of a victory. It seems to have been the result of a great many combined unfortunate circumstances over which our general and his men had no control, and it has been

logically proved over and over that the gods were really fighting on our side, and that it was better for our cause that it was lost instead of being gained. And after the interval of a successful century we may afford to look back with tolerant good nature at the mistakes and failures which, although at the time they seemed to put everything dear in jeopardy, finally contributed to the sum of desired results. The despairs of youth serve to enhance the successes of old age.

The spell of history survives in Germantown, and will continue to survive so long as its substantial Chew and other historic houses remain. So we will not lament that the good German Friends and others could not have gone on thriftily wearing their stockings and eating their apple-butter in careless security all through the Revolution. Nor need it be wondered at if we say that the inhabitants of Germantown did not rise with one spontaneous impulse and declare themselves patriots when the war began. They were in large measure a community of non-combatants. Besides the Friends, the Mennonites were averse to war and any form of bloodshed, considering it contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christianity. Then, too, any benefits to be derived from independence of the mother-country were shallow, delusive, impalpable to the imaginations of the people, while the real evils and discomforts which the war entailed were vividly clear to their senses in hindered enterprise, wasted effort, and spoiled thrift. Thus the experiences in store for the place seem not to have been invited by their zeal in the cause, but to have been the free gifts of the good fortune which has from the first kept an eye upon Germantown.

Although richer than other settlements in diversity of religious annals, until the war came there had been little either vivid or effective in Germantown history. The tints had been sober and discreet; the good people had been careful in no wise to depart from those safe but neutral hues which do little for the picturesque in life. Imagine, then, in

1777, General Howe's entire army, consisting of twenty thousand men, defiling along Germantown Road, taking possession and quartering themselves upon the town! There were red-coated English, gold-braided Hessians, and plaided, kilted, bare-legged Highlanders. No wonder

the Academy was closed in those days, and the boys given a prolonged holiday. The troops made as noiseless an entry, however, as was compatible with the tramp of the infantry and the clatter of the cavalry. "Not a drum was heard." Not only the fife but the very bagpipes were



WAKEFIELD MILLS.

silent, and gave no voice to the warning that the Campbells were coming. The army was quietly and efficiently disposed of: the artillery and the Hessians were encamped on the hills; the Highlanders went into quarters close by the Haines place, and the infantry had barracks on

the commons. The handsome English officers, mostly very young men, were quartered upon the well-to-do families, and left behind them a pleasing record of good looks and good manners. It is related, however, that, no matter how gallantly they made love to the demure

little maidens who waited upon them, they achieved no conquests. The pretty Quaker girls were still as German in feeling as they were in speech, and gave their hearts, if they gave them at all, to the German soldiers, forcing the English officers to depend on the brilliant Philadelphia belles for their flirtations.

In the tedious lapses of military life the officers spent their time riding up and down the long street, occasionally making a picturesque foray into the wooded and hilly country roundabout. The trim, elegant English officers rode, it is related, powerful heavy-hoofed horses, while the bulky Germans, with their stiff, frogged, and embroidered coats, sat astride lightly-built, delicate-hoofed animals apparently only fit for ladies' palfreys. These cavalcades clattered up to the market-place twenty times a day. It must have been a pretty sight to the quiet people who looked out of the windows and saw the dragoons beautifully mounted, with arms and accoutrements polished to the utmost shining splendor. On each side of the door-way of General Howe's head-quarters was likely to be seen a mounted trooper waiting for orders. The whole made a picturesque circumstance, and probably left some faint impression on the popular mind of the power and stability of the English government. But it was not easy to subvert Germantown people: they waited to see how events would turn out, and went on in their old way, without show or pretension, carrying on their traffic in hemp and wool, weaving their cloth, and living their homely actual life.

General Howe was first settled at Logan's country-seat, but soon came into the town and occupied what is now Mr. Elliston Morris's house, opposite Market Square, then belonging to Isaac Frank.

General Washington probably carried away tolerably disagreeable reminiscences from Germantown in 1777; but he was to return under more agreeable auspices in 1793, when, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia, he took up his residence in the very house to which we have just alluded as Gen-

eral Howe's head-quarters. It will thus be seen that the Morris house is not lacking in precious historic associations, even without the royal gilding which William IV.'s living in it while a midshipman may be supposed to lend it. Its outside aspect and inner arrangement have both been well preserved, and are much the same as when it was the Executive Mansion. You may see in it the actual rooms where Washington lived. It is a large, comfortable house, fronting on Market Square, pleasantly old-fashioned in architecture, without any special quaintness, many-windowed, each window containing innumerable panes of glass. Its hall is fine; its rooms are wainscoted and panelled from floor to ceiling with heavy cornices. The wood-work, old as it is, remains perfect to this day, and the door-knobs, latches, and fastenings are of a good fashion, unspoiled by modern improvements. Some of Washington's furniture from his other places of residence has been added to the house, and every room is rich in suggestions of the storied times of the last century.

From the door-way of this respectable dwelling it was the President's habit to issue regularly twice a day during his residence in Germantown, once for a walk, and again for a ride, or, when the roads were sufficiently good, an airing with Mrs. Washington in her phaeton. Let us fancy the Father of his Country on horseback slowly moving down the street, answering reverential salutations with a stately bend of his dignified figure. The street along which he rode or walked showed many of its present features, but under different aspects. Now the old houses, with their green windows and gables, give an effect of delightful irregularity. But at that time there was a dull uniformity about the small, low, moss-grown dwellings; they looked almost prison-like; almost all were built with enormous corner chimneys; the windows were very small, the roofs high and double-hipped. The upper half of the front door was usually swung back, and hanging over the lower half was to be seen the burly figure of the master

of the house, framed as it were in the casement. There it was the ancient Germantowner's wont to stand, or rather to recline, "resting his elbows thereon while he held converse with an opposite neighbor or with one who might chance to be passing." Thus the President's promenade is likely to have offered him a series of family portraits.

General Washington usually attended English preaching at the Reformed Dutch church opposite his house on Market Square, but went occasionally

to hear a sermon in German, to which he listened with such close attention and such apparent edification that almost every one believed he understood the language to perfection. On Sunday morning, the moment the bell began to toll, the door of the Executive Mansion opened, and the General and Mrs. Washington marshalled their entire household to religious service.*

The original Stuart portrait of Washington was painted at this time. The head only was finished, but was after-



ward the model of the full-length portrait. Gilbert Stuart at this time lived in Germantown, in the house now occupied by Mr. Wynne Wister, and the august subject had his sittings in a barn at the rear, then newly built and used as a studio. This place has been injured by fire; but part of it is still standing.

It is not difficult to imagine the great general, with his stern, almost awful, but yet kindly aspect, sitting for his likeness,—not from any uneasy desire to be perpetuated on canvas, not from promptings of vanity, but because it was perhaps desirable, suitable, and certainly respectable, to have a worthy representation remain to posterity after one's earthly flesh, like other temporalities, is

Gone like the winds which blew
A thousand years ago.

It seems a pity that, among other

memorials of olden time in the town, the German Reformed church which Washington attended should not have been preserved. It had been built after the ancient Dutch fashion, with a steep shingle-roofed steeple surmounted by an iron cock. The main building was very long, very narrow, and very low, with an excessively diminutive pulpit, perched as high as it could be. When the church was finally pulled down to make way for a new one, the steeple was taken by a lover of antiquities and set up on his grounds as a summer-house; while the

* Jefferson and other members of the Cabinet had adjacent quarters in a large stone house still standing.

iron weathercock, battered with the bullets of the "Paxton Boys," now holds a post of honor and looks down from the top of a rare musical clock in a reposeful room filled with memorials of immemorial times. No more shifting and veering for the old weathercock, but firmly fixed and conservative nowadays, and not easily moved. The old organ of Market-Square Church also deserves mention. It had been built in Holland, and had in place of a show of pipes a row of resplendent giltangels blowing their trumpets. These "golden trumpet angels in their glory" have been of late years restored to the modern church.

The "Paxton Boys" were a set of lawless rangers, whose story has been often told, who have been passionately accused and as passionately defended,—whose cruelty, even ferocity, has been condoned by the one party as heartily as it was condemned by the other. There can be no doubt about the horrors of anxiety, besides those of actual suffering, experienced by the settlers in the frontier Pennsylvania towns from the Indians. It was in vengeance for these that the "Paxton Boys" rose in their wrath, fell upon helpless Indian villages, under pretence of seeking certain of the tribe whom they proclaimed murderers, and massacred old men, women and children, without mercy.

The Quakers and Moravians, who liked to live in peace with all men, were accused of favoring the Indians no matter what atrocities they committed. The Paxton Boys were led by Lazarus Stewart, who incited them to burn Conestoga, and when called upon for his defence made a fiery declaration of the principles which had actuated him. "If a white man kill an Indian," said he, "it is a murder far exceeding any crime upon record: he must not be tried in the county where he lives or where the offence was committed, but in Philadelphia, that he may be tried, convicted, sentenced, and hung without delay. If an Indian kill a white man, it was the act of an ignorant heathen, perhaps in liquor. Alas, poor innocent! *He* is sent to the friendly Indians, that he may

be made a Christian. Is it not a notorious fact that an Indian who treacherously murdered a family in Northampton County was given up to the magistrates that he might have a regular trial, and was not this Indian conveyed into Bucks County and kept screened from punishment by Israel Pemberton? Have we not repeatedly represented that Conestoga was a harbor for prowling savages? We were at a loss to tell friend from foe. All we asked for was the removal of the Christian Indians. Was not this promised by Governor Penn, yet delayed? A murder of more than common barbarity was committed on the Susquehanna; the murderer was traced to Conestoga; he was demanded, but the Indians assumed a warlike attitude: tomahawks were raised, shots were fired upon the scouts, who went back for additional forces. They returned, and you know the rest,—Conestoga was reduced to ashes," etc., etc.

But such methods were too much like the bloody deeds of the savages themselves to be justified by any such pleas. A cry of horror went up at these barbarous excesses. The friendly Indians were removed to Philadelphia and placed under charge of the garrison. The rangers, hearing of this, assembled from all the country round, and set out for the city, threatening to wrest the Indians from the soldiers and destroy them to the last of the tribe. They reached Germantown, but got no farther. Benjamin Franklin came out from Philadelphia and expostulated with them; they learned, too, that a large force of citizens and soldiers were prepared to give them a warm welcome in the city: then, besides, they were human, and probably second thoughts had cooled their first ardor; a little yielding, a little human infirmity of weakness, rounded off the sharpness of resolution: accordingly, after striking terror into the hearts of the law-abiding Germantown people for a few days, they disbanded and returned to their homes.

Another incursion into Germantown was that of French emigrants who escaped from the San Domingo massacre

in 1804. They settled down for a time in the place, never merging themselves into its life or manners in the faintest degree, but keeping up their own home-customs, dressing in San Domingo fashions, idling about the streets or at the windows all day and filling the night with gay dance-music and serenades from their guitars. These gay Southerners, with their tropical complexions of various degrees of color, their frivolous indolence, glittering wastefulness, grotesque dress, and apparently easy morals, to say nothing of their habit of killing and eating all kinds of birds not usually included in a Christian bill of fare, must

considerably have shocked the people who looked on.

When men and women have religious beliefs which uphold them through every phase and circumstance of their lives,—when a good and consistent example is considered a substantial help to a younger generation on which they ought to mould themselves without mistrust or even questioning,—changes and innovations are rare in any community; and they were particularly rare in Germantown. Great thrift prevailed among the townspeople; but, with the exception of certain leading families possessing inherited wealth, daily life was plain and



A fireplace filled the room one side,
With half a cord of wood in,—

manners and customs were very simple. Mr. Charles J. Wister, whose ancestor came to this country from Hillspach, near Heidelberg, where his father was Jäger to the Prince Palatine, has in his pleasant family memorial done much to realize the doings of former generations to our imagination, and thus draws the picture of the household hearth of the ancient Germantowner: "Fireplaces capacious enough to seat the entire family occupied an undue proportion of the parlors, library, and kitchen, so that those to whom close quarters to the blazing logs brought discomfort found little accommodation elsewhere. It might with truth be said of either of these apartments,—

for their capacity was such that less than half a cord would not have sufficed to supply the great cavernous recesses designed for its reception. They were surrounded with panel-work and a mantel so high as to afford perfect security from the fingers of meddlesome children, and, indeed, of all persons not of colossal proportions. Curious antique German stoves made of tiles and extending almost to the ceiling were used to heat some of the upper rooms of the house. . . . With two or three such receptacles for fuel, as I have described, in every house, it is not to be wondered at that forests soon grew thin and began to vanish from the neighborhood."

Turkey carpets were seen only in the best houses: white sand was almost in-

variably used for the floors of kitchens and sitting-rooms, and parlors as well. The sand-man (not Hans Christian Andersen's delightful sand-man) was looked for as regularly every morning as any other daily vender, and sold his sand at ten or twelve cents a bushel. It was sprinkled on the floor through a sieve, then carefully smoothed down with a hair broom. Much skill could be displayed in fancifully decorating it with profuse flourishes in the shape of flowers and wreaths. Probably certain æsthetic instincts otherwise smothered in these quiet lives found expression here.

In those times there was comparatively little visiting, save in the immediate neighborhood. The roads were bad, and impeded travel not only by difficulties but by positive dangers. They were clayey and miry, with numerous quicksands, and in going from Germantown to Philadelphia, a distance of five or six miles, carriages and even horses were sometimes swamped and lost. A line of stage-coaches was set up after a time, and along the Germantown Road, beginning at Front Street, Philadelphia, and ending at Chestnut Hill, were to be found, at suitable intervals, comfortable and dignified inns. Until the day when the railway came to supersede everything quiet and leisurely, the inns of Germantown Road were a notable feature of this region. The Germantown coach started at the King of Prussia and ran to the George II. in the city, passing on the way The Roebuck and The Rising Sun. Farther on toward Chestnut Hill was the quaint and interesting Mermaid Inn,—which has not suffered the usual fate of inns and mouldered into silence, neglect, and decay, but still shows a prosperous front. But poor and faint nevertheless must be the experiences of any inn of to-day compared with the glories of the past, when its lights were a shining beacon to the tired traveller,—tired of bad roads and persistent toll-houses.

In going to be married in those days the bride rode to meeting behind her father or guardian, and after the ceremony was carried to her new home

on a pillion behind the husband's saddle. Outside romance and sentiment were almost wholly absent in all ceremonies and observances of those days, but men and women were very sure of themselves, and fixed their hearts and minds in a deep constancy to each other and to all duty which gave beauty to their lives. Human nature kept itself wholesome and true in fundamentals among these quiet people. Invitations to funerals were given in a fashion thus described in Mr. Townsend Ward's late papers in the "Pennsylvania Historical Magazine:" "Along the road, up one side and down the other, would stalk the self-important herald, who, standing on the threshold of each house in its turn, and whether any one appeared or not, would pronounce, in a loud voice, 'Thyself and family are bidden to the funeral of Direk Hogermoed, at three o'clock to-morrow.' And so he went from house to house. At the appointed time the denizens would gather at the house, and each as he entered would take from the table which stood by the door a glass of spirits, which it was considered an affront not to do. After a time of solemn communing, they would mount their horses, the wife on a pillion behind her husband, and thus would they ride to the burying-ground, to see their ancient comrades

Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Of all the historic houses about Philadelphia, Stenton may be said to be the most interesting, both from its associations and from its having preserved its manorial seclusion uncrowded by the march of progress and innovation. The peace and permanence of a vanished century seem to brood over the woodlands and pastures. Trees of mighty girdle, relics of the primitive forest, give dignity and beauty to the landscape. The building erected by James Logan in 1727 remains to this day a substantial house, little out of repair, flanked by picturesque out-buildings and surrounded by tall hemlocks and poplars. Thus isolated and unchanged, it seems to belong almost wholly to the

past. James Logan, whose country-seat it was, came to America in 1699, in the capacity of William Penn's private secretary. He was promoted from one responsible position to another, and during Penn's long absences in England took his place in almost every department of business, carrying out his views with a singular faithfulness not only to the letter of instruction, but to the spirit of kindness and brotherly love the great humanitarian had inculcated.

We get pretty glimpses of Logan's domestic life at Stenton in his letters, in one of which he writes to Thomas Story about his daughter: "Sally, besides her needlework, has been learning French, and this last week has been very busy in the dairy at the plantations, in which she delights, as in spinning, but is at this moment at the table with me, reading the thirty-fourth psalm in Hebrew, the letters of which she learned very perfectly in less than two hours' time." This is not a solitary instance of a rare combination of solid and useful acquirements on the part of Germantown dames. Such a restrictive tariff was put upon the spirit of frivolity that youthful powers, turned toward reflection and high purpose, found their culmination in a womanhood sensible, dignified, and gracious, from which the incessant pursuit of worthy occupations had removed every trace of triviality.

Logan was a gentle and consistent friend to the Indians, who on their side entertained an absolutely romantic devotion for him, seeking him constantly, and encamping on his grounds to pay him visits of a year in length, pursuing their vocations meanwhile, weaving baskets and hewing various implements out of wood. The Indian chief Wingohocking, on one occasion, wishing to swear eternal friendship, proposed to Logan that they should change names, when Logan replied, with royal tact, "Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passeth through my fields, and when I am passed away, and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and bear thy name."

The little river Wingohocking has a right to some pretty legend, so picturesque is its course beneath the shadows of the beautiful Wister woods and across broad, grassy meadows. Its charm has been diversified, not spoiled, by stone factories and mills, which lend an added attractiveness to the landscape about Fisher's Lane, sometimes—as at Wakefield Mills—giving it a character absolutely romantic. The first mills which were built by the settlers possessed beauty; and both on the Wingohocking and on the Wissahickon are to be found structures which really delight the eye, festooned about as they are with vines and creepers. All lovers of the archaic still lament the destruction of Roberts's Mill, the first gristmill of the colony, which was built in 1683, and which until within a few years remained, with its turrets, gables, and great water-wheel, a part of the common picturesque inheritance of Germantown people.

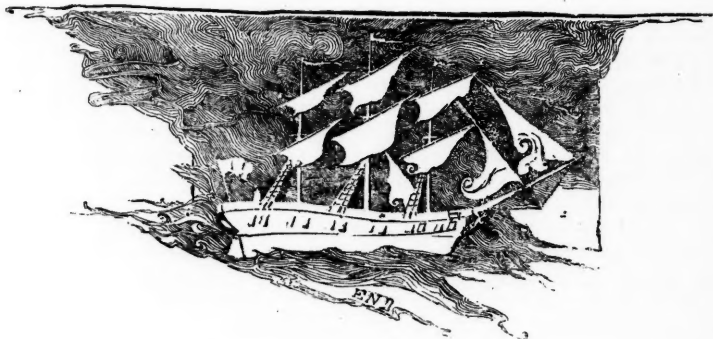
We have glimpses all through the local history of strong, dignified figures who deserve to dwell in the memory. One of the many noticeable worthies of the last century was the gingerbread-maker, Christopher Ludwick. He served through the entire war without pay, and was not only patriotically disinterested himself, but inspired patriotism and disinterestedness in others. His companions-in-arms were once upon the point of mutinying because they received neither pay nor clothes, but he fell upon his knees before them, imploring them to desist and have patience until better times. His entreaties were effectual, and the spirit of mutiny passed. He best showed his powers of eloquence in bringing over some of the Hessians and other Germans, British auxiliaries, to the American side. At one time eight Hessians were taken prisoners, and he begged that they should be given up to him. He took them to Germantown, and showed them the handsome German churches and houses; he told them Germans lived nowhere so well as here, and promised them freedom if they would desert the English and join our

cause. He even went disguised into the Hessian camps at Staten Island and preached to the men of the good fortune and thrift of Germantown Germans. In 1777 he was appointed baker-general to the army, and was instructed to give a pound of bread for a pound of flour. "No," said he, "I will not be enriched by the war. I will give one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread for one hundred pounds of flour." In 1793, when the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, he left his comfortable home, went into a bakery in that city, and made bread for the poor sufferers, without pay, all through the season of epidemic.

The name of Rittenhouse has been preserved in both Philadelphia and Germantown, in squares and streets. It was in Germantown that David Rittenhouse was born, and that as a lad he covered the fences of his father's farm, and the very plough with which he furrowed his father's fields, with mathematical figures. Here, too, he made his famous wooden clock, and, afterward, his orrery, pursuing his studies and perfecting his inventions with Newton's "Principia" in hand, like Thomas Godfrey, whose discovery of the quadrant dates from Germantown a quarter of a century earlier. It was at Stenton that

Godfrey chanced upon the idea by which he perfected Davis's quadrant. He was a glazier, and was setting a window-pane, when a piece of broken glass fell at such an angle and reflected the sun in such a way that the suggestion was forced upon his mind. Mr. Logan encouraged him in his experiments, and the result was an instrument which has hardly been surpassed to this day.

Germantown has been changing for the last thirty years, and it will continue to change. That instinct of rigid discipline, of self-limitation, which made it distinct and individual could hardly outlast primitive times, and must of course rapidly vanish under the spur of modern innovation, the stimulus of whose constant high pressure leaves nothing unaltered. But the character of those who made the town will have its voice and tell its story so long as the last old wall remains, just as the bas-relief of a ship in full sail upon the southern wall of one of the old houses on the Main Street still tells of the deathless love of the sea of the sailor who caused it to be placed there. A new Germantown has arisen, not on the ruins of the old, but as a part of it and as an harmonious development of its rigid rules of truth into the lines of beauty.



SEBIA'S TANGLED WEB.

CHAPTER III.

A LADIES' LUNCH AND A FOUR-O'CLOCK TEA.

FATE seemed to have a mischievous grudge against Harry Blunt, for on reaching his rooms after parting from Sebä in the manner described in the last chapter he found a note from his chief requesting his immediate appearance at the editorial office. He hurried to the sanctum, his conscience troubling him about the locals; but it seemed that there was more important business on hand. The man of ink took his cigar from between his teeth and a coupon railway-and-steamer ticket from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk, which he presented to Blunt.

"'New Orleans, Aspinwall, Panama, Pacific Mail-Steamers.'—What does this mean?" asked his subordinate, bewildered.

"It means that we must have a special correspondent on the spot to write up this Peru and Chilian war, and that you start to-morrow. It is a good field to distinguish yourself in; terms the same as on the last expedition, and you get rid of one of our detestable Northern winters. Lovely weather in South America. I should think some of your artist friends would like to go with you and take a run up into the Andes. Do you happen to know of any one you would like for a companion?"

Blunt *did* know of some one whom he would have loved dearly as a companion. For an instant a wild idea of rushing to Eusebia and begging her to consent to a hasty wedding and to this distant bridal trip made the blood surge to his dark cheek; then he recognized that such a proposal, unprelaced by any sign of love-making, would be taken as rank insanity on his part, and he threw himself into an arm-chair, with the exclamation, "The devil!"

"No, no," replied the editor coolly: "I should not recommend that gentleman as a travelling-companion. How

about Little Westminster? you and he seem to be great cronies. I think any one of the magazines would like an illustrated article just now on the South-American coast; and, though it's rather short notice—"

"No," replied Blunt, "Westminster is in better business just now. Pass the inkstand. I must write one or two letters accounting for my absence, and then I am at your disposal. After all, it is only for four short months."

His note to Eusebia was very brief and formal. No one would have guessed from its curt phrases the regard which the writer cherished for her. When she read it, she looked regretfully at the new-fallen snow, and smilingly consoled herself with the thought that the polar bear had not been informed of her proposed visit and would therefore not be disappointed. With the note, Blunt had sent her a season-ticket to the Rink and a pair of handsome skates. He had expressed the hope that when he returned he would find her sufficiently accomplished to cut her name upon the ice. He had written "my name," but had obliterated the pronoun, writing "your" instead. The first request seemed to him presumptuous.

Perhaps Eusebia would have missed him at her next studio-day had not it happened that a Mr. Blumenthal, a violinist of more skill than celebrity, called upon Mr. Westminster, leaving tickets for a symphony rehearsal in which he was to take a prominent part.

"I intend to paint this young lady some time as a *contadina*, if we can get up a picturesque beggar-costume," remarked the artist. "If you will give her the correct finger-poses for the violin, I shall be greatly obliged."

There was an old violin among the studio properties, and the musician politely placed Eusebia's hands in the proper position on the bow and strings. There was something business-like and

unsympathetic in his touch which displeased Eusebia. It seemed to her that he regarded her as a piece of furniture, and not with the deference due to a lady. When he had gone, she reproached Mr. Westminster for admitting him; for he was the only visitor besides Blunt who had seen her in her character as model.

"You need not be afraid of Blumen-thal," he replied. "He is far more of a Bohemian than the rest of us, and will hardly have the *entrée* of any society where your footing would not be better than his own."

At noon Little Westminster went out to order a lunch, and Eusebia improved the opportunity for a call upon Miss Dudley.

There could not have been imagined a greater contrast in two apartments devoted to the practice of the same profession than that which existed between the rooms of these artists. Mr. Westminster's was answerable to the charge of being a show-studio. In addition to a corner room in the studio-building, he had leased another in a building separated from it by a little court. This court he had bridged by a glazed corridor, lined with tree-ferns and palms, opening by means of richly-curtained arches into both rooms, and comfortably heated. This passage-way formed a charming break of out-of-door sunshine in the vista across into the second studio, which was darkly rich in tattered tapestry, in carved furniture, and in embossed leather hangings. A prettily-constructed tank, filled with aquatic plants, occupied the centre of the corridor, from which a fountain sent up a crystal crosier pulsating in the sunlight.

The fittings of the farther room had been purchased in Antwerp early in Mr. Westminster's career. He was not a wealthy man; but an uncle, dying, left him a few thousands, and he had judged, with much worldly wisdom, that a handsome studio was part of an artist's stock in trade. It was just so much well-invested capital which would bring in a high percentage of fashionable patronage. On reception-days he managed to

have one picture in the handsome room across the court, to which he would modestly refer favored guests, sure that, if the qualities for which he prided himself in the painting were overlooked, the luxurious appointments of the room, the Venice glass and carved cabinets of curios, the tufted rugs and antique armor, the bits of ivory and ebony bric-à-brac, the costly enamelled porcelain, and the brocade costumes would at least make their impression. The light in this room was not favorable for painting: it was only a studio *de luxe*, in which, on rare occasions, he had given *recherché* entertainments which had cost him dear. It was an expensive mode of advertising; but it is doubtful whether his pictures would have sold so well on their own unaided merit.

Miss Dudley's studio was a true *atelier*, or workshop. Five days in the week, from nine until twelve and from one until four, Miss Dudley gave up her belongings and herself to pupils. They crowded the room and littered her floor with crayon, bread-crumbs, and other *débris*. They thumbed her portfolios of studies in the vain effort to decide whether prim Puritan hollyhocks or a spray of graceful eglantine would be most desirable for their ebonized screens or porcelain dessert-services.

In one corner a jointed manikin, inartistically costumed and much the worse for wear, crooked its arms in a crazy way, serving as hat-rack and umbrella-stand. A book-case of her grandfather's, with flimsy green silk gathered trimly behind its glass doors, held her scholars' china, preserving it from dust until ready for firing. The walls were decorated with studies made at a costume-class in Rome; for Miss Dudley had at one time cherished aspirations of becoming an historical painter. She had battled fiercely with poverty for a time, but, having no one to rely upon in the long struggle, had reluctantly given up the fight. Her disappointment had not soured her: she was genial, appreciative, enthusiastic; her criticism, though always frank and often trenchant, was kindly, and her praise ungrudging. In giving up her

own life-ambition she seemed to have taken the mission of making herself a stepping-stone for every one who crossed her path. She looked up with genuine pleasure as Eusebia opened her door, intruding upon the only hour of daylight which she could call her own.

"That's right; come in and lunch with me. I have been wondering when I should see you again," she said heartily, pushing aside a delicate piece of work upon which she was engaged, clearing a table of drawing-materials, whisking out a table-cloth, and setting forth a dainty *tête-à-tête* set with marvellous rapidity. "Here is a jar of prepared chocolate; now I've only to heat some milk over my gas-stove; then with these Bath buns from Pursell's you must help me empty this jar of West-Indian preserves. I bought it for the sake of decorating the jar; but sappodillas are so cloying that it seems as if I never should get through with them."

Eusebia ate but daintily, which Miss Dudley soon perceived.

"You have something on your mind," she said.

"Yes: I wanted to ask your advice. You see, it was a great help getting this money for only two days' work, but it does not quite support us."

"Two persons. I can imagine it would not leave much for luxury."

"Indeed, Miss Dudley, it does not even quite half pay our board."

"Of course not. Have you no other income?"

"There is more money left of what we brought on, but I do not like to see it going so fast. Why can't I pose on these four other days for some of the other artists? Don't you think I could find employment?"

"Yes, there are a number who have heard that Mr. Westminster has discovered a new model, and would be glad of the chance to engage sittings."

"Mr. Westminster said so, and that was what first put the idea into my head."

"Have you thought of any one in particular?"

"I have just jotted down the names which I heard him mention. He said

that Messrs. Calef Moore, Le Mode, Swampscott Marsh, and Ernest Wynn had all threatened to mob the studio some day, to get a glimpse of poor little me. I didn't know but some of these might give me work."

Miss Dudley smiled faintly: "Mr. Wynn is not a colorist. He is only an illustrator for the magazines. He works in black and white, and is frightfully poor. He might appreciate your complexion, but he could neither reproduce it nor pay your car-fare if you were kind enough to sit for him. Mr. Le Mode paints only portraits; and it is hardly practicable to have that done by proxy, much as some aristocratic sitters might desire it, and pleasant as it would undoubtedly be to the artist."

Eusebia laughed. "A lady wished me to sit for her neck and shoulders the other day," she said.

"Indeed! Then he might have something you could do. Hands, for instance. Very few have lady-like hands; and any attitude which is not stupid in the extreme is hard to keep. I have noticed that Mr. Le Mode usually paints gloves instead of hands; and they look as though they were fitted over a glover's wooden block. You have a nice hand, a supple wrist, and shapely fingers, not quite muscular enough to have served a long apprenticeship at the piano-forte. Hold this fan a moment. You have a genuine Andalusian trick of bending the wrist. Now take this rose. There! The dainty droop of your fingers is delicious. Those bangles on a chunky wrist would be intensely vulgar. I have always had a prejudice against bangles, but you poetize them. I think your hands would please Mr. Le Mode. But Mr. Marsh is a landscapist, and an impressionist at that: he never uses a model. He rarely attempts a figure, and when he does he envelops it in fog or swathes it in drapery, to cover his ignorance of anatomy. Then I am sure you have never seen one of Mr. Calef Moore's paintings, or you would not have included him in your list. Your father was very particular that you should not injure your social standing in this matter

of posing; and it is really a delicate question to consider."

"Is not Mr. Moore an honorable man?"

"Oh, yes, I believe so. He is very highly considered, and received in the most select circles. I never heard the least whisper of scandal about him."

"Then why would it injure my reputation to pose for him?"

"My dear, he is an Oriental painter, — a pupil of Gérôme's. He paints the nude exclusively."

"Then, of course, he does not require models."

A blank look overspread Miss Dudley's face, which suddenly broke into merry laughter: "You innocent little thing, did you imagine that any artist could paint such a figure without having something to paint from? How did you suppose the sculptors made their statues?"

Eusebia's face was one crimson flame: "From their imaginations, of course. I can't believe that any woman, however bad, would pose in that way."

"My dear child, I have never imagined that they were bad. Many have the reputation of being perfectly estimable and virtuous. And so you imagined that artists evolved such things from their inner consciousness? Well, I am glad I saved you from applying at Calef Moore's studio, for you might have been undeceived in a way which would have shocked you still more."

"Oh, Miss Dudley! Miss Dudley! I never imagined that anything so dreadful could be! And you say Mr. Moore is received by the best people. I should think every modest woman would cut him dead."

"Now, that is quite childish; though the nude is really a branch of art which does not seem to flourish here in America. It is not in accordance with our Puritan ideas and prejudices. It does seem a little unjust that the model should be scorned for posing for what the artist is honored for painting. It is one of those nice society-discriminations which it takes a very unprejudiced or else a masculine mind fully to appreciate. But it's of no use to rail at society: one must either ignore it, as I do very nearly,

or conform to its usages, as your father wishes you to do. I will go with you to Mr. Le Mode, if you like, after class-hours, and we will see what he thinks of your hands."

It turned out that he thought very well of them, and of the fresh, sweet face also. "I am a portrait-painter," he said, "but I always ask the privilege of exhibiting my portraits. I want to send something over to the exhibition of the Royal Academy at London the coming summer, and it happens that among all my patrons I can think of no one that I should like to have represent me there. I should like to send them a portrait of a typical American girl, and shall be happy to engage all your unoccupied time."

"I am glad the portrait will not be shown on this side of the water," said Eusebia to Miss Dudley as they left the building. "Father hoped I would not get into the New York exhibitions."

"How absurd all this precaution!" thought Miss Dudley. "What likelihood is there that any one who cares in the least for conventionalities will ever notice the child? and how much better in any case to instil in her pure mind a noble scorn of any censure not deserved by ill conduct!" Miss Dudley's warm heart went out to the almost friendless girl, who was so innocent, so exquisitely modest and sensitive, that she shrank from seeing her educated to dissimulation and untruth. She resolved to speak, even if it were to contradict the worldly-wise precepts of the designing parent. "Eusebia, dear," she said, "I would not fib about the posing, if I were you. It will bring you into all sorts of complications, and perhaps into downright lying, and it does not seem that anything can be worse than that. As long as you follow your true womanly instincts, as you expressed them to me this morning, you will do nothing that you need conceal, nothing for which you will forfeit the respect of any one whose respect is worth having."

The girl's clasp tightened on Miss Dudley's arm, and she thought that the earnest hand-clasp meant acknowledgment of the truth of her sentiment.

Looking up, she caught a bow from Arthur Hoffman, who passed them rapidly. "Do you know him?" Eusebia asked with interest.

"Slightly. His sister was a class-mate of mine at boarding-school."

"Then please tell me how they would look at the matter. Would Miss Hoffman be likely to admit me to her circle if she knew that I posed in costume as an artist's model?"

Miss Dudley was nonplussed. "Perhaps not," she admitted. "But what is her judgment, or that of her set, to us, dear child? She has not noticed me since we parted at graduation, and yet I have managed to exist. I do not think that she is likely to trouble herself about either of us, and I still see no occasion for violent grief on our part."

What was Miss Dudley's surprise, on her return to her studio, to find that her forgetful class-mate had troubled herself about both her and little Eusebia! Miss Hoffman's cards were in the letter-box, and on one of them she had scribbled, "I am so sorry not to find you at home. I did not know until lately that you had returned from Europe. Mr. Westminster tells me that Miss Dorr is a friend of yours. Will you not persuade her to come with you to my four-o'clock tea next Thursday without the formality of a first call from me? I am dreadfully driven. Don't disappoint your loving Eleanor."

Miss Dudley was not greatly flattered by this display of tardy civility on the part of her friend. She even doubted whether it was a real attempt to please. "If Eleanor desires to imply," she said to herself, "that I am reaching an age to chaperon young girls, I shall have to remind her that she is only one year younger than myself."

Eusebia, on being informed of the invitations, exhibited what seemed to Miss Dudley such childish delight that the soft-hearted lady reconsidered her determination to send a regret.

"The invitation is given nearly a week in advance," she suggested. "Have you considered the matter of dress?"

"Oh, I will attend to that," replied Eusebia confidently. "Any one who has

lived much with the army is used to getting up costumes out of odds and ends at a moment's notice. You ought to have seen a ball-dress that I wore at a hop given in camp out on the Rio Grande in honor of a visit from Sherman. Everybody said it was lovely; and it was made out of shop-worn lace and faded ribbon that father had had in stock ever so long, sewed on a foundation of pink mosquito-netting."

"Perhaps it was because the colors were faded that they were charming," Miss Dudley replied, at the same time wondering how pink mosquito-netting would be received by Eleanor Hoffman. Her apprehensions proved to have been entirely unnecessary, for when Eusebia appeared on the following Thursday and threw off her circular her friend started back in real surprise.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, "how very gorgeous! Is it possible that you have had that suit made expressly for this occasion?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the happy girl, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Papa thought that, as I am to make my *début* in New York society this afternoon, I had better lay aside mourning altogether; and these soft heliotrope and rich violet tints seemed the most appropriate, as well as becoming. Now hear how I managed to get up such a costume. Mr. Le Mode has no end of lovely stuffs, —Canton crêpes, and Genoa velvets, and ravishing old silk embroideries. Well, Saturday I went to see him to consult about what he wanted me to wear for the new picture. He told me to take any of his things, provided I didn't cut or mangle them; and I chose a velvet curtain, that made the underskirt, and a Watteau costume that I sewed in a bit to fit me, as you see. There was nothing from which to make a hat: so I want you to leave your bonnet in the dressing-room. I have arranged my hair with natural violets: two bunches did it, —twenty-five cents: it's the only part of my get-up that cost me a penny."

"But will Mr. Le Mode be willing that this costume should appear in New York society?"

"That is what I wondered; but, as father said, how is he to know? Oh, would it not be simply agony if he should be there?"

"He is not likely to be: the Hoffmans are not artistic people. But if Miss Florence Delancey should ever chance to invite you to one of her receptions, I warn you that you would be likely to meet the whole artistic class. She thinks it quite the thing to patronize us."

"Then I decline her invitations," Eusebia remarked, with mock dignity. "That set is entirely too Bohemian for me."

As the two stepped into Miss Hoffman's crowded rose-scented parlors, Miss Dudley saw that there was no girl there more beautiful or more distinguished in her appearance than Eusebia. Even Miss Hoffman, versed in perfect self-command as she was, betrayed her surprise and stared for a moment in speechless astonishment at the elegant costume and precious lace. She recovered herself almost immediately, and, turning to a cadaverous individual in full evening dress who had been rather boring her with his devotion, begged Miss Dorr's permission to present Mr. Crittenden. A violet reflection seemed to quiver up from her dress and flicker for a moment about Eusebia's mouth. She had heard much about Mr. Crittenden, though she had never seen him, and it was he who would probably possess the picture which Mr. Westminster was painting. She had not thought to meet him here. He looked like Mephistopheles, smiling in a way that accentuated the wrinkles about his unpleasant mouth and deepened the hollows in his sallow cheeks. It seemed to her that her evil genius had met her here upon the threshold of this house to which she had looked forward for her first social triumph.

He led her aside to a luxuriously-divan'd recess, and entertained her with a portfolio of superb Roman photographs. He had been an extensive traveller, and enjoyed speaking of his European experiences. Presently Miss Hoffman came up with another gentle-

man, who had also his stories of the Old World, and the two gentlemen kept up the conversation between them, Eusebia listening with a fictitious appearance of interest and now and then casting surreptitious glances down the long rooms at Arthur Hoffman, who, unconscious of her arrival, was allowing himself to be entertained by a dark-haired lady in maroon velvet, who she learned afterward was Florence Delancey. The company shifted, groups formed and broke. Miss Dudley joined them once, and introduced a clerical gentleman, who had lately returned from Syria and was much interested in the condition of things in Egypt. He in turn presented a West Point cadet, whose mother presently appeared to remind him that it was time for them to leave. The parlors were thinning: was it possible that the afternoon was nearly over and that *this* was all it amounted to? Arthur Hoffman returned from the refreshment-room, where he had temporarily vanished with Miss Delancey. Hired musicians in the hall played softly upon violins and cellos "Thou art so near and yet so far." It was true, Eusebia thought: should she ever escape from this blockade of tiresome men? Arthur Hoffman suddenly became aware of the music: "Was it possible that Eusebia had come?" He excused himself from Miss Delancey, and walked down the parlors, catching a glimpse of Eusebia in her niche. The gentleman last introduced retired, making room for him, and, with a bright smile for Eusebia, he remarked disingenuously to Mr. Crittenden, "Will you not have the goodness to take my sister to the dining-room and prevail upon her to take a cup of tea? She is in a nearly famished condition, and can't disengage herself without a little outside aid from those shoals of people."

Then he brushed aside the photographs and seated himself near Eusebia, and the little alcove which had seemed a prison to her a moment ago became a bower of bliss.

"So this is where you have been hiding yourself," he said. "I wondered what was the attraction over in this

corner. How have you enjoyed the afternoon?"

Eusebia glanced up at him archly: "I suppose it would be polite for me to say that I was having a lovely time."

"Weren't you?"

"I have had a great deal of instructive information. I have never been to Europe, but it seems to me now as if I had made a five years' tour. Mr. Crittenden told me all about Rome, ancient and modern. He did, indeed: you need not look so incredulous. We were deep in the Catacombs, when your sister brought up another gentleman, who rescued us and whisked us off to Norway and Sweden. They both assumed that I had been abroad, and began their lectures with 'You remember the Fountain of Trevi, of course;' and 'When you were in Stockholm did you see—' I explained in both instances that I had never been abroad, and they did the best in their power to remedy the deficiency."

"You poor thing! it must have been interesting to hear those old experienced travellers boast of their exploits."

"And then the Rev. Dr. Cram made me take Mount Sinai and the Red Sea and Jerusalem all at one dose. You can't tell how relieved I was when that little cadet came up and began to talk about ice-yachts. But he disappointed all my hope of a little frivolous conversation by asking me if I had ever tried a long walk on an Alpine glacier, and by regretting that he couldn't show me his alpenstock with the names of twenty-seven peaks carved on it. 'I have never been abroad,' I said again; and I think the tone in which I said it must have concentrated the cold of all the glaciers in Switzerland. He stiffened under it visibly. Then his mamma came, and her first remark was, 'Don't you think our society customs are a great improvement on Continental ones? I presume, now, that when you were in Paris you never thought of going out without a chaperon.' 'No, madam, I never went out there at all.' She looked very blank, and her son explained, 'Ma, she has never been abroad.' You should have seen her dismay!"

Arthur Hoffman laughed good-humoredly: "It is getting to be a tremendously common thing to go to Europe: really, I don't believe there is another person in this room besides yourself who has not been. I begin to think, with Emerson, that it is a great deal more distinguished to remain at home. You can tell whether it is a new and grand thing by the way people mention it. There is my sister, who has spent four years over there: did she dose you with any of her transatlantic experiences?"

"No; and you don't know how grateful I am to her. What superb cacti in that vase! they make me think of home."

"I knew you were a Southerner. You are from Charleston, are you not?"

"Farther south."

"Florida?"

"Oh, a great deal farther off,—San Antonio, Texas."

"Why, that is almost Mexico! Come, now, you are a foreigner yourself. You might have retorted on some of your persecutors with experiences of which they never dreamed."

"When so many came upon me they rather crushed me. But I was quite saucy to Mr. Crittenden."

"Good! I like to snub the conceited creature myself. What did you say?"

"He said that foreigners had such an erroneous idea of this country, and, to prove it, told how an Italian countess had asked him if it was not the custom for American ladies to hunt the buffalo. 'I don't see anything absurd in that,' I said: 'I have done it many a time.'"

The parlors were now quite empty, the musicians ceased playing, and Miss Hoffman led the way into the dining-room.

Eusebia experienced a second little shock, akin to her introduction to Mr. Crittenden, when the violinist whom she had met at Mr. Westminster's studio stepped from the group and recognized her. Miss Hoffman paused, with the exclamation, "Are you acquainted with Miss Dorr?"

"I have given her lessons in violin-playing," replied Mr. Blumenthal; and no one but Eusebia noticed the smile that lit his face for a moment.

"Are you a musician as well as an art-student?" exclaimed Miss Hoffman. "How very accomplished you must be! You must play for us some time."

Miss Dudley came up at that moment with Mr. Crittenden. "Must we go?" asked Eusebia.

"I am afraid so: it is quite dark, but Mr. Crittenden has kindly volunteered his escort—"

"I beg his pardon and yours," interrupted Arthur Hoffman, "but my sleigh is at the door, and I had hoped for the pleasure of seeing you both home. There will be a seat for Crittenden as well, if he will accept it."

Mr. Crittenden did accept, much to Eusebia's disgust; she had the satisfaction, however, of seeing him dropped at his club on their way down town; and then, though the studio-building was nearest, Arthur Hoffman bade the coachman drive to Eusebia's boarding-place. And, though Eusebia was mortified at the unpleasant little street to which she was obliged to conduct him, and at the astonished expression of the faces of her fellow-lodgers, pressed against the front windows as the elegant equipage drove up, she was glad at heart to have her father witness her triumphant return.

Arthur Hoffman drove away somewhat puzzled. If they were in such straitened circumstances, how was he to account for the elegant costume in which Sebia had appeared? Only on the supposition that poverty had recently come to them. And yet they could not be so very poor, for Messrs. Westminster and Blumenthal would not give painting- or music-lessons at low terms. There was a mystery about it which piqued him. "Eleanor would imagine all sorts of suspicious things if she should see their present lodgings. Well, Eleanor is going to Philadelphia for the holidays, and when she returns the Dorrs will be more suitably lodged, or my name is not Arthur Hoffman."

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR SHORT MONTHS.

WHEN Blunt returned from South

America it was May. He went at once to Little Westminster's studio, and was greeted by his friend, palette in hand. After the usual amount of slapping upon the shoulder and kindly reviling which accompanies masculine greeting between intimate friends, each suddenly became grave, and made the simultaneous remark that the other was not looking well. "Unnatural sort of climate," grumbled Blunt:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers.

I believe, Westminster, if I ever reach the New Jerusalem that I shall pine for a regular down-East snow-storm. I am afraid that the climate will be too enervating for me."

"Here he is finding fault with heaven! Just wait till you get there. My trouble is of a more realistic nature. It is work, my good fellow, downright labor, toil, drudgery, that has been killing me. I've held my nose to the grindstone unremittingly for the last six months, and it's not to be wondered at that I look rather peaked. But I'm off now. Swampscott Marsh and I have chartered a yacht and crew, and we start in a week or two for Newfoundland."

"I should not think there would be much in the line of a figure-painter up there."

"Man alive! it's because there is nothing in my line that I'm going. I shall devote myself exclusively to the fish-line this summer, and shall not even carry a sketch-box with me. Do you remain in town for the summer?"

"Yes; that is, I think so. I must look about me before I can make any plans."

"Well, if you conclude to stay, you are welcome to use these rooms: they are as cool as any in the city."

"Thank you; I'm afraid I shall spill ink on your rugs and blacken your pictures with my smoking."

"All the better: it will harmonize the garish colors. I shall feel all the safer to think you are here in case of fire or burglars, you know."

On his way to the studio Blunt had

been shaping an inquiry after Eusebia. He half hoped that he would find her here, or that Westminster would mention her of his own accord, and now, instead of inquiring directly for her, as seemed most natural, he asked for the picture.

"Oh, the Rose of May!" Westminster replied, with an assumption of indifference. "I have sent it to Chicago for the midsummer exhibition."

"I told you Crittenden would not buy it."

"H'm! I don't know about that. I didn't give him the chance. By the way, you don't ask after Miss Eusebia: perhaps you have lost all interest in that young lady."

"Pretend I haven't, and fire away. Is she married?"

"Yes."

"What?" The word was nothing, and yet the tone expressed keen anguish as well as overwhelming surprise. Westminster was standing purposely with his back to his friend, and he now painted industriously on an already-finished canvas.

"She was married at St. Thomas's in grand style to Arthur Hoffman on the 1st of the month. I had the pleasure of attending Miss Dudley to the reception at the Hoffman mansion. They sailed directly for Europe, and will not return until the fall." Little Westminster paused, but Blunt made no remark, and he continued:

"Hoffman was in love from the first time that he saw her in this studio; but I never suspected anything until one day just after you left. I was at the club, when Crittenden came in and said he had just returned from one of Miss Hoffman's four-o'clock teas, and that they had a new beauty up there,—a Southern heiress from Havana or New Orleans. He described her appearance as so very swell that I did not once think of our little Eusebia. He said that he had never seen Arthur Hoffman so far gone over any one. I did not attach any particular importance to his gossip,—he is a regular old woman for retailing the latest engagements,—and I told him that if he wanted to see 'The Rose of

May' before it left the studio he must call soon. The next day Eusebia posed, and I put the last touches on the picture. She begged me so earnestly not to sell the picture to Crittenden, and not even to show it to him, that I pressed her for a reason. She would give none,—only declared that it would break her heart and ruin her life if the picture were shown in New York. I was puzzled, and asked Miss Dudley's advice. She enlightened me. It seems that she was the fairy godmother, Eusebia Cinderella, and Arthur Hoffman Prince Charming."

Blunt raised his head with a groan: "If she made that match I shall hate her to the very last day of my life."

Little Westminster wheeled suddenly round and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder: "Come; this won't do. You used to have a very high opinion of Miss Dudley, I remember, before Eusebia appeared upon the scene. I dare say she had nothing to do with it, or, if she had, it is no proof that she bears you special ill will. Don't give way so, old fellow. I have been hard hit too, as you shall hear."

"How is that? Has Eusebia made us all miserable?"

"Not beyond repair," replied Little Westminster dryly. "My unhappiness comes from another quarter. Well, as I did not care to injure the child's prospects, I boxed the picture at once, holding it ready for some out-of-town exhibition. Mr. Crittenden appeared that evening and expressed himself as disappointed and even a little indignant that I had disposed of 'The Rose of May' so hastily, for I led him to suppose that it had already gone. I hope he was vexed. He has one painting of mine, and that is enough; and that brings me to the point of my discourse. The portrait which I painted of Miss Hoffman was for him. The engagement is announced."

"So that is your trouble," said Blunt; "but," he added, "you will get over it: you will come back from your yachting-trip ready to dance at Miss Hoffman's wedding with the utmost cheerfulness. You have a happy disposition."

"Perhaps so; but if you had seen me at work at that portrait you would not have thought so. You see, she confided the secret of her engagement to me before it was finished, and I rather lost my interest in the work. I might have been more successful with it if I had taken her advice at the beginning and painted the neck and shoulders from Eusebia. At any rate, the portrait did not quite suit, and Mr. Crittenden had it sent back after the presentation to have it touched up. Here it is. I have done my best with it; but the glamour is gone. Eleanor Hoffman no longer seems to me a handsome girl, and I am in no mood to flatter the prospective bride of my dear friend Crittenden." He threw a bit of drapery over the painting. "He is at Saratoga now, dangling around the Hoffmans. The wedding will probably not take place until Arthur's return. It will be one of the first society events of the winter. You will be invited, and you must give them a good send-off in the papers. If Crittenden happens in to look at the portrait while I am gone, try to persuade him to be satisfied with it and to take the thing off my hands. I don't want it staring me in the face when I get back. Here are lists of my pictures and the places where they are on exhibition. You may act as my agent while I am gone. I hope you will report some astounding sales."

And so Blunt was installed in the quiet studio. Without, brazen heavens glared upon blistering streets; as the summer advanced the death-rate increased. But Blunt worked unremittingly, taking the place of one of the editors who was fortunate enough to get a short ticket of leave. The studio, though shaded, perfumed, cool, and quiet, was yet so full of memories of Eusebia that a fine sweet anguish thrilled through him each time he entered the room. He half expected to see her, as "The Rose of May," seated upon the model-stand when he entered. It was a weary fight that he endured all summer, crushing his heart with the will of a strong man who is determined to kill a passion which is stronger and dearer than his own life.

There was no one in the building but the janitor and himself. Miss Dudley had gone to friends in a little New-England village. He worked savagely: it was the only remedy for his pain. But even this failed of its purpose: when most deeply engaged he was conscious of a dull ache or wound that rankled and would not heal, and at night, sleeping or waking, Eusebia was always in his thoughts.

On one of his lonely evenings he threw aside his pen and gave himself to sweet and bitter musings. He took from an inner pocket a worn morocco case, and from it the little filmy web on which Eusebia had been at work when he first saw her. While at San Felipe, near Valparaiso, he had seen an Indian woman making the same kind of lace,—a degenerated Spanish point, whose fabrication the nuns of Spain had taught along with the Credo and the Ave Maria in Mexico and on the Southern Pacific coast. A sudden fancy had struck him that he would have the damage he had caused repaired, and would some day give Eusebia back the web faultlessly mended. He handed it to the Indian lace-maker, and she toiled over it, patiently taking apart the stitches, untangling the threads, and untying the knots. Then she began it again, and presently the design showed clear and delicate in the gossamer,—a heart within a wheel, as he had fancied, but, as she explained, each spoke a sword,—the Sacred Heart of Mary, pierced with many sorrows. He had thought of a little speech that he might make when he gave back the web, about the threads of their lives woven together in some noble pattern, and now Eusebia had tangled all hopelessly, irremediably. He recalled his first acquaintance with Arthur Hoffman. Was it for this that he had saved his life at the risk of his own in Paris? And, yet, could he wish her a better husband? Pure of life, truthful and truth-loving, Arthur had told him once that he could imagine only one sin which God could not forgive, which he could not forgive if committed against himself, and that was deceit. With whom could her hap-

piness be better trusted? Who was he, John Blunt, that he should stand in her way?

As the season advanced and the heat increased, he wrote articles on the sanitary condition of New York, and visited pestilential districts to expose the needs of the city. He went to the morgue to report the cases of sunstroke. Sometimes it seemed to him that the next name reported would be his own, for a dull fever burned in his veins. He came up the studio-stairs one day dizzy and faint from a long walk. As he unlocked the door, fiery balls seemed dancing before his wearied eyes. He had taken but two steps into the grateful coolness and dusk when he gave a cry and with outstretched arms fell heavily on the floor. The janitor came in, laid him upon the divan, and bathed his head.

"Aisy, sor; lie aisy," he said, as Blunt opened his eyes wildly. "You've been took with a fit, sor; and no wonder. The sun is a bit worse than usual to-day."

"Was it hallucination?" Blunt asked, trying weakly to raise himself upon his elbow and to look around. "I thought when I came in that there was some one—a lady—here."

"Oh, that is Mr. Westminster's picture, sor, back from Chicago. Bad luck to the city that couldn't sell such a beauty as that, now! I unpacked it in the basement. Mr. Westminster was very particular never to let a porter bring a packing-box in here: it injures the polish on the floor. I waxed it myself, sor, just after he left."

Blunt sat up and looked at the full-length picture which had deceived him. It was not surprising that it had done so, for it was very like her. He lighted the gas in the reflector above the easel, and let it burn all night while he lay and watched the face. He talked to it much of the time, as though it were Sebia herself, holding out wistful arms and telling it all the old story of his love, his hopes, and his despair. It seemed to him that there was a world of pity in the soft eyes, as though she were thinking, "Poor fellow! I did not mean to hurt

him so." And again he fancied that the figure wavered and the lips moved, and he would start up, unable to convince himself that this was not in very truth the woman he loved. Then he would fall back with a groan, only to babble on to the un pitying picture, wondering as he did so whether he were not going insane. When morning came he was delirious. The janitor came in, turned off the gas, and went for a physician, who had him carried to a hospital. "It is typhus fever," he said; "but he is a strong fellow. I think he will pull through."

He returned to the studio in a few weeks, pale and trembling. "I have come for my things," he said to the janitor. "I am going up to Massachusetts, to the old homestead, to have my mother nurse me back to health." Inside the studio he looked about inquiringly. "Where is the picture?" he asked.

"Is it 'The Rose of May' you mean, sor?"

"Yes. I would like to look at it a moment before I go."

"Faith, sor, it's pleased Mr. Westminster will be to hear that I have sold it."

"Sold it! What right had you to do that?"

"Why, the price was on the back of it, and here's the gentleman's check for two thousand dollars. It's not many janitors that would be trusted with that amount, sor; but Mr. Crittenden knows that my receipt is as good as the Bank of England's."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Crittenden has taken away that picture?"

"Yes, sor: he came here for a portrait of Miss Hoffman that Mr. Westminster told me to deliver to him, and the minute he clapped eyes on that picture, 'It's mine,' says he, 'by the holy powers!' or something equivocal; and, by the same token, his it is."

Blunt sank down wearily to think. A wild idea that had at first possessed him of rushing to Crittenden's house and demanding the picture *vi et armis* melted away before the practical; and

he determined that to telegraph to Westminster at Halifax, where he was to stop on his return, was all that he could do. Then he rose mechanically and left the studio.

"You are not going to leave us, sor, without saying good-by? Ah! thank you, sor. The saints bless you, sor!—Bad luck to him!" he muttered beneath his breath. "Me that got him into a dacent hospital,—saving his life, as it were,—and he's left me with only a trade-dollar!"

CHAPTER V.

THEIR WEDDING-JOURNEY.

EUSEBIA'S marriage had introduced her into a new world, one of real refinement as well as of outside splendor and rigid formality. As the daughter of an army sutler, she had passed her life thus far at frontier-posts in the far West; and, while her varied experiences had broadened her mind in certain respects, she was unformed as regarded the ceremonious usages of society and the culture which would be expected of the wife of Arthur Hoffman. This, through the glamour of his fascination, her husband recognized, and he had decided that a European tour should be her first lesson, and that after that she should become accustomed by easy degrees to the demands of her new position. To render the process a more gradual one, he had determined that after their return to America they would reside on the hereditary estate of the family,—an old farm which sloped to the Sound a short ride by rail from the city. Here had been the old homestead; but this had fallen into utter ruin, and on its site he determined to erect a pretty cottage or villa, with stables and boat-house. The grounds were pleasantly diversified, and he foresaw a year's entertainment in making an Eden of the place.

One of their first visits in England had been made to Bedford Park, the well-known colony of Queen Anne cottages, to form from a careful inspection of these models of modern taste the ideal cottage adapted to their own re-

quirements. But these revivals of early Gothic did not entirely satisfy Arthur Hoffman. "After all," he said, "they are only restorations and cheap imitations, and I should like to see the real thing." He had a friend, a young English architect, engaged in restorations which were being carried on in Windsor Castle. A favorite term with him was "sincere work," and the phrase pleased Arthur Hoffman. He drank in with eagerness the ideas of Ruskin and of Eastlake, and talked of them so much that Sebia was a trifle bored and turned them to ridicule in a pretty childish way. "To think what a pagan I have been all my life!" she would say. "I never understood it till I heard the children in the New York Sunday-schools singing,—

'Way out upon the prairie,
How many heathen dwell!

And indeed my soul never troubled me over-much in Texas; but now I find that even houses and timber are moral and accountable beings and must be 'conscientious' and 'sincere' and 'true.' Dear me, Arthur! I shall have an indigestion with those words, and do something terribly wicked to break the monotony." She yawned unfeignedly whenever the subject of architecture was treated technically; but she enjoyed flitting in and out of the shops, examining wall-papers, carpets, curtains, stained glass, tiles, wood-carvings, and furniture. Her husband was proud of her taste, which was dainty and refined. She had especial skill in combinations of color. "I don't see where you caught the knack," Arthur Hoffman exclaimed admiringly, as with her water-colors she dashed in a scheme for the furnishing of a boudoir in pomegranate-red, brightened by strawberry-colors which would be peculiarly becoming to her dark beauty.

"What color is that?" he asked one day, as he paused before a bit of embroidery on which she was engaged. She laughingly overturned her basket of silks: "There are sixteen different tints in it, and the result is a color of my own invention, or rather it is an attempt to reproduce the distant effect of one of our Texas prairies in May,—just a

shimmering haze of lavender and pale yellow, tender blue, rose, and white."

Their friend the architect had recommended to them carriage-trips through different portions of England, where they would find gentlemen's country-seats, moated manor-houses, and more stately halls, built from the time of the Charleses to that of Queen Anne. The tour was in itself a delightful one. It took them through Oxford, and in and about many a charming hamlet and princely domain. Sebia especially admired the stepped gables of the Elizabethan houses, draped as they usually were with ivy, while she delighted in the suggestive names of the rooms showed her by the garrulous housekeepers, and was always ready to imagine a romance connected with the "Monk's Parlor," the "Haunted Chamber," the "Tapestried Bedroom," "King Charles's Room," or the "Chamber in which the Musseycions played."

Arthur Hoffman jotted down many a hint in his note-book, eked out here and there by a gable or a dormer sketched at his request by Sebia. It was in these wanderings, rather than in the office of any professional architect, that the plan for their home was elaborated. Now it was an oriel which caught Sebia's fancy, now a low porch or a latticed window for which her husband declared room must be found somewhere. They came across a very lucky find stopping one night at a coffee-house which had once been the mansion of a baronet. One room was still noble, with its mantel of carved oak and its panelled ceiling and wainscoting. Sebia repressed a low cry of rapture, and Arthur Hoffman moved slowly about the room, inspecting each foliation in the carving with the minuteness with which a near-sighted man scans anything which he can be said to see at all. They traced the escutcheon of the former owner picked out in faded blue and vermilion and tarnished gilding. They discovered it repeated in brighter colors in the central panes of the honeycomb-patterned windows. "The house was built from a design by Inigo Jones, sir," said the

landlord. "The quality has had high doings here in its day."

"I don't doubt it," replied Arthur. "How much will you take for the room as it stands?"

The landlord had felt from the first that he had to do with some noble lord, but he now stared at the speaker with dumb surprise. The proposition was too stupendous to be immediately taken in.

"You don't mean, sir, to move the house away substantially, sir?" he asked.

"I mean to have workmen remove all the wood-work and glass."

"Ah! then the room itself would be left?"

"The room would be left."

"And would you put in new flooring, and new fair-sized window-glass, and a marbleized mantel, and have the walls plastered?" The eager tones in which he spoke betrayed that these were improvements which he had long contemplated. "Then perhaps, sir, I ought not to ask anything outside."

Arthur Hoffman looked at him in astonishment. "I am not a scoundrel, if you are an idiot," he said to himself, adding aloud, "Here is my check for what I consider a fair amount. I will send the workmen to-morrow."

The plan over which they had labored for weeks had been sent to one of the first architects of New York, with the injunction that the villa should be ready for their occupancy upon their return. The interior wood-work of the room which had charmed them quickly followed the papers, and Arthur Hoffman, well satisfied with his success, dropped the consideration of architecture and followed Sebia's lead and suggestion in the matter of furnishings. These were kept in mind throughout an extensive tour of the Continent, and everything which a cultivated taste could suggest or a liberal purse procure was purchased. At the close of the summer they were in England again. London was not as interesting to them as its environs, and they had taken rooms at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where they could enjoy the country freshness and yet be

near enough to the great city not to miss any of its privileges.

"Has the tour been all you anticipated, Sebia?" Arthur Hoffman asked one morning as he joined his wife in the breakfast-room. "Have we left anything unseen that you would like to see before we put the great ocean between us and the Old World?"

"No, dear," she replied: "it has all been very beautiful and wonderful, and I have enjoyed it more than tongue can tell. I don't wonder now that the guests at Eleanor's four-o'clock tea talked Europe. I don't see how any one who has been here can talk of anything else."

"Try not to, when we get back, or every one will discover what an exceptional experience it has been."

"And isn't a wedding-tour a rather exceptional experience for you, Arthur?" she asked saucily.

He drew her gently to his knee: "Sebia, never speak so, even in jest. You know that there is not a deed in all my life that I am not willing to tell you of. I have heard men say that when the solemn words of the marriage-service were repeated over them they could only hang their heads in shame, with the vow that the future should atone for the past. But when we were married, Sebia, the soul-searching words had no terror for me. I had kept my heart pure, and I could challenge the future. I had kept back no guilty secret from you."

"Nor I from you," replied Sebia, and there were tears in her eyes. Now, and in moments of exaltation like this, the episode of her studio-life seemed too trivial to be considered. She had loved no one but her husband; she had been pure not only in life but in thought. That she had not told him everything that concerned herself was of no moment; she had told him, surely, all that concerned him. But there were other times, when his pride of station and sensitiveness to the least suspicion of double-dealing on the part of others asserted itself, when she felt that it would not be easy to confess this thing to him, a trifle though it surely was. He had spoken to her of some friend

who had abused his confidence. "It was not the money," he said; "I would willingly have given him twice the amount if he had asked me; but he deceived me, and that I never can and never will forgive."

At such times Sebia comforted her heart with the thought that she had sat for but two pictures, and that, as Arthur was not fond of art, it was not likely that he would ever meet with them. If he did, it would be time enough for an explanation then. It could not be worse at any future time than now. She had talked over the matter with her father before her marriage, and he had advised her to this course. "I've picked up all I can find about this matter of posing," he had said, "and it ain't quite the thing. It's like the ballet and the medical profession: there's a prejudice against it for women. I've no doubt now that there *have* been women-doctors that were all right, same as we know there are model-women that don't shame the name; but, as far as I can make it out, posing is one of those things that there's no harm in doing and no harm in not talking about."

Her father's caution had been reinforced by the revelation of her husband's prejudice, which was displayed in Paris, where he showed that there had never existed any distinction in his mind between models for the nude and those who pose only in costume. "They are all like Pauline Bonaparte, I presume," he remarked, "and care only that the room is warm."

Sebia looked at her husband with a kindling blush. "Arthur, you are much mistaken," she said. "I will not have you think so poorly of women. To pose in costume is a recognized profession, and there are many modest women who follow it."

"You little innocent!" laughed Arthur Hoffman; "you are so pure yourself that you imagine there can be no wickedness in the world. I love you all the better for it, dear, and would not have you one whit more sophisticated."

He would not understand; and Sebia remembered that there were questions

upon which her own mother and father had differed, where it seemed to her now that her mother had had the right, but where she had forborne and had allowed her father's plausible reasoning the apparent triumph. "It's of no use to argue," she had explained to Sebia: "papa would not look at it as we do." There was no deceit about her mother, only a noble independence and a gentle reticence, which, while she held her own opinion clear cut as a sword-blade, kept it sheathed in a considerate kindness where it would only wound to brandish it. There had never been exactly such a difference as this between her father and mother. Sebia had less of principle on her side now, and more of self-interest. She hoped the emergency would never arise when the episode of her model-life would need to be confessed; but surely it would be easier to explain all in after-years, when her husband had learned to value her fully, to know that she was incapable of an unwomanly act, and would hold it at its real worth. Vibrating between a daring independence and a weak cowardice, Eusebia managed to make shipwreck upon both. On the last day of their stay at Richmond,—such things have a fatality for happening upon last days,—Arthur Hoffman suggested that they should go in to London, to inspect some pictures by noted artists which had been exhibited at the Royal Academy and were now offered for sale by a prominent dealer.

Eusebia had dreaded the Academy exhibition, and had artfully managed that they should not be in London while it was open. She now plied every endeavor to turn her husband from the idea. She suggested other schemes for passing the afternoon, but none pleased him as well.

"I do not want to be quite an ignoramus," he said. "It is really necessary to be up to the latest styles in art nowadays. Eleanor took great pains to impress it on my mind before we left home. You know we missed the exhibition itself, and now we have an opportunity of partly making up the omission. I don't know what Crittenden would say

to me if he knew we gave the Academy the go-by."

"Do you really care so much for Mr. Crittenden's opinion?" Eusebia asked, with quivering lips.

"In art matters, yes. He has given more attention to the subject than I have, and I would trust his opinion of a picture rather than my own. I do not mean to let him know this, however: he is conceited enough as it is; and I mean to buy a picture or two this afternoon, just to convince Eleanor and him that I know a good thing when I see it."

"I am sure we had enough of art at the *Salon* and in Florence," murmured Eusebia. "I used to get so tired of those stupid galleries. And, really, I am not able to go out this afternoon: I have a wretched headache. I wish you would give it up, and sit with me."

But Eusebia's last resort failed. Her husband bent over her and kissed her fondly: "You do look rather tired and pale, dear. Stay at home and rest your poor head, and I will look for us both."

Eusebia was obliged to let him go. She could only abstract his eye-glasses under pretence of slipping a freshly-perfumed handkerchief into his pocket. He was near-sighted: perhaps in all that crowd of pictures he would not recognize her portrait. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Le Mode had not sent it; or possibly it had been sold from the exhibition. But if not, and her husband discovered it, what explanation could she make?

The Star and Garter had seemed to her like an enchanted palace. She had told her husband that she could explain such luxurious surroundings only by fancying that the genius of the lamp had whisked her from Texas to Aladdin's palace. "I can never be unhappy again, or worried whether the old mine will fail, or the barracks that we next move to be so ugly that the parlor will look shabby, even with the old Brussels carpet that father ordered from the States when he was married. I can never be anxious or worried again." There was no change in the outward appointments, but she was nearly wild

with suspense, and sat down in torture to await her husband's return.

He came at length, and she knew by his excited step before he opened the door that he had discovered the painting.

"How is it that you never told me, Sebia, that you had a portrait painted? And how is it that it is exhibited over here as the property of the artist?"

Eusebia was preternaturally calm. The words seemed to shape themselves: "I ordered the picture as a present for you. Mr. Le Mode said that I need not take it if it did not please me. I did not like it, and he made no objection to my leaving the picture on his hands."

"You ought to have left me to judge of the merits of the picture. I consider it an excellent likeness. Why, I recognized it across the gallery without my glasses; and when I borrowed an opera-glass and got the proper focus, it was superb. He has caught the characteristic pose of your head exactly. And he painted you in that heliotrope-colored gown which you wore at Eleanor's tea, the evening I made up my mind that you should be my wife. I would not have it slip through my fingers for unnumbered thousands. And to think of the impudence of the fellow's exhibiting it in this public way without our consent! Any one might imagine that it was on sale."

"I presume it is," replied Eusebia, boldly enough, now that she saw that the danger was past: "it was but fair that he should reimburse himself for his trouble. I had no idea when I sat for him that his prices were so very high. When I asked him what it would be, he said that we should not quarrel about the price, and he would let me know when it was done. When it was finished, I had to think of the money for my wedding-outfit, and I could not afford it."

"You should not have gone to such a swell. With an artist of his standing one has to pay for his reputation as well as for his work. Why didn't you try your drawing-master, Mr. Westminster? He did very well by Eleanor, I thought, though Crittenden was not entirely satisfied. I am going back to buy that picture. Just think, if I had been too late and had come across it in some private collection! I can imagine the owner showing it to me with Crittenden's airs of connoisseurship: 'Remarkably fine carnations in that flesh,'—as though it were from some vulgar professional model. It was a narrow escape."

"Yes," Eusebia repeated faintly, as her husband left the room, "it was a narrow escape."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNRESPONSIVE.

THROUGH vast aerial quietudes of night
Star speaks to star with softly-answering light;
Sea calls to sea where sundering distance parts
With waves that beat like multitudinous hearts.

But I have made love's infinite murmur sweep
Through all thy hollow soul's unanswering deep,—
That desolate cave where icy dews are shed
On Echo, the pale oread, lying dead!

JOHN MORAN.

FRENCH CHÂTEAU LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT.

SO much has been written and said of English country life that we are apt to forget that there is an equally charming one in France and Italy, remarkable for simplicity, while it is just as refined and elegant. French château life, especially in Brittany, is delightful. The air in summer is fresh and cool, full of the delicious odors peculiar to a pasturing country near the sea-side. You have the spicy air of pine woods, the keen breath of saline meadows, the sharp smell of sea-moss, the bracing gusts of salt ocean-mist. All Brittany is now covered with a net-work of railways as intricate as a great spider-web. In a few hours you can have from Paris the last novelty in dress, books, or food. The land around gives you delicious materials for the table,—excellent vegetables, exquisite meats, succulent beef, mutton such as only saline grass can produce. Every Breton farm-woman makes butter that is as good to eat as forbidden fruit. Two hundred years ago, Madame de Sévigné wrote of Brittany butter, "*qui vous réjouira le cœur.*" And it rejoices the heart and stomach to-day just as thoroughly.

There is a certain château farm in Brittany, not one of the fine manorial places with great towers, cupolas, lanterns, conical roofs, gable-ends, etc., but a simple, comfortable house, pretty, unpretentious,—a cottage sort of building, promising nothing at first view of the fine space inside. Dining-room, billiard-room, and drawing-room open on the lawn with frank hospitality. The farm is back of this cottage-house: thus the litter is out of sight. It is a picturesque litter, however, as in all Brittany farms. Then there are the carved oak bedsteads that look like fine cupboards, bright brass-mounted wardrobes, old *bahuts*, or chests, and a tall clock, in this farmhouse, that are pleasant to look at, still more pleasant to own. A fascinating *bassee-cour* is back of the cottage,—the dandiest sort of poultry-yard, with all

sorts of fancy chickens, and a *colombier*, where smart, white, fan-tail pigeons strut around, perching on the peaked roof of the guard's house, fluttering in and out of the dark chestnut branches, as restless as the cherubs that could not sit down while the old hermit saint was praying.

The grounds of this cottage château are distributed with great taste. There is an old moat: a clear stream runs through it, in which are eatable fish; it is bordered with pines, cedars, oaks, and the *charme*, or hornbeam-tree; the high-walled banks are hung thick with ivy and heavily fringed with ferns. A veritable *charmille* goes around the full length of the moat, in which the hornbeam branches are woven across so thickly as to make a roof good against rain as well as sun. The park, both inside and outside of the moat, is well wooded: there is a stately grove of elms, there are groups of superb trees, pines and firs are massed with great taste; there is also a little lake with a boat. One of the bridges over the moat leads to an old-fashioned *potager*, or vegetable-garden, which is as picturesque as if cabbages and garlic were never grown there. It has a fine avenue of oaks, and the south wall is covered with espalier-frames. The broad alleys have beaten paths; they are bordered with dwarf fruit-trees and gooseberry- and currant-bushes, and low down runs a belt of strawberry-vines. On cool days this great square *potager* is a nice place to walk in, especially when the berries are ripening. You pluck and eat as you take your constitutional walk, and learn how sweet is the fruit of labor. Berries freshly plucked from the bushes have a flavor and richness which they lose by the time they reach the table, especially if they have to pass through a market on the way.

Life is free and facile at this cottage château. Each guest disposes of his own time up to mid-day. After break-

fast there is a pleasant talk over the coffee-cups in the *salon* or on the lawn. The *facteur* comes for the letters at half-past three, and, after that daily duty is despatched, there are walks or drives, visits, or whatever one pleases, up to the seven-o'clock dinner-hour. The evening mail comes into the *salon* with the coffee and *liqueur cabaret*. Letters, telegraph-despatches, journals, are read and commented on. The card-table is pulled out; a rubber of whist or a game of *bézique* is played. One of the party rambles over the piano-keys with agreeable facility. Another lies on a *chaise longue*, reading; and the candle of that pleasant corner makes a pretty point of light in the cheerful, gay *salon*.

Sometimes the host and hostess go off to a regatta, a race, or some other public gayety, for which you have no breath or strength left. You beg off and pretend to be ill: thus you secure a solitary day, with the full freedom of the fascinating house and grounds. You wander lazily around the moat, throw crumbs to the fish, swing in the hammock under the elms and cedars on the borders of the lake, doze over the last journals and reviews, or watch the white ducks sailing on the water. Then you wander under the *massifs* of the park, through the great groups of pine-trees. While you tread on the dry, spicy pine needles, you remember the dear South-Jersey pine woods, where you spent many an hour of dreams and hopes surpassing dreams in your youth. As the sun grows warmer, after the mid-day meal, and everything is still, when that sweet rural silence reigns that comes only at mid-day or midnight, "far from the haunts of men," you go into the picture-like *charmille*, spread out full length on a rustic bench, and watch the changing dimples of bright light as the sun comes peeping in here and there through the quivering, trembling leaves of the hornbeam branches. Birds twitter sleepy songs, wood-pigeons in the park trees coo tenderly. Through a little opening you see a bit of the lawn where the sunshine lies in silver and gold richness. Long ferns dip lazily to and fro

in the silent-flowing moat-stream. Little breezes, soft and whispering, come creeping in under the low branches. Small leaves that have withered in budding, just like your own extravagant desires, fall on your book, which is an old French memoir of "*le grand siècle*,"—just the one to dream over in that *charmille*. Off goes your fancy. You are straightway in another day, in another world. Birds sing more loudly. The sunlight is paler. The air grows fresher, the wind bolder. You gradually rouse up from pretty dreams. The afternoon has rolled on two hours while you have been transported by the *baguette* of a magician two centuries off, with the *charmille* shade to add force to the spell. You are not yet free from the charm. You believe you are still in the facile seventeenth century. If you are a woman, and the least bit *mondaine*, your coquettish high-heeled Molière shoes, in which are your grandfather's flashing paste buckles, Henri-Deux hat, and paniered gown, with *falbala* and flounces, complete the illusion. You hear a step. Time has surely been sweeping back instead of forward while you have been lying in that blessed stillness of nature. With the naïve self-deceiving of a child, you believe, or try to believe, a glimpse of that past is to be vouchsafed to you, and you shrink quietly in among the branches, waiting to see the pretty, harmless ghosts of those "dear dead women" for whom this coquettish *charmille* retreat was first trained. With powder and patches on their light heads and piquant faces, great rosy puffs and paniers on their gowns, and in blue and primrose parti-colored satin petticoats, they will surely come by, with sliding tread and patter of high-heeled shoes, mincing abbés tripping behind them, and talking of the last court sermon or the last court scandal. The steps come nearer. Your heart beats quickly. You dream you are dreaming surely, and are afraid you may awaken before you see the vision. Suddenly you are let down with a quick rush into the full nineteenth century. The *maitre d'hôtel*, in irreproachable black swallow-

tail and white necktie, stands before you, cold and severe as a police-officer. "*Madame est servie.*" You look wildly, helplessly, at him. He is not at all what you expected to see. You try to catch the meaning of his words. As he adds, "*Le thé est au salon,*" bows, wheels around, and vanishes, you detect a faint tone of irony in his machine-like voice. The fellow evidently thinks he has caught you napping. This rouses you up instantly on your feet.

Five-o'clock tea! Ah! the dear seventeenth-century women had no such comfort: they drank orange- and laurel-water, and such poor stuff. One of the loveliest of them, too, the charming sister of Charles II., the first wife of the Duke Gaston d'Orléans, was poisoned by her enemies in a glass of laurel-water. They dined at two o'clock, when they should have breakfasted, and supped when they should have been dining. You leave the rustic bench, push with nineteenth-century directness through the thickets and branches, come out on the lawn among its litter of garden chairs and tables, garden-hats and parasols, and, as you sip your tea in the dainty Louis Seize drawing-room, hung with gay percale, you conclude that one's own day is always the best, and the best day of all is the present, when one has the picturesque memories of the past to decorate the very comfortable moments of one's own times.

The pleasant every-day home-life at your French château is often varied by fine dinners and merry breakfast-parties at home and abroad. Your host and hostess think nothing of putting you in a railway-carriage and whisking you off on a two or three hours' journey to some grand old château to breakfast. You visit fine historical rooms, see Renaissance chimneys with broad, richly-sculptured stone friezes, carved oak ceilings and walls, enchanting old family portraits and family *faïence*, wander through beautiful grounds, with lakes and swans, green-houses, guinea-hens, and peacocks, then whiz back home to dine, read your letters, play a rubber, and go to bed to sleep the sleep of the blessed. One of

these breakfasts is well worth reporting. The château was that of Madame de Sévigné's friends the Count and Countess Hay des Netumières de Tize, ancestors of the present owners, who bear the same title and live in the same fine old Renaissance château. It is near Vitré. "Rennes without the Parliament," said the great letter-writer of *le grand siècle*, "is not worth Vitré."

It was the Châtelaine des Netumières who succeeded in arranging a marriage for Madame de Sévigné's son, after mountains and valleys had been crossed in vain to accomplish that end. She kindly married the young man to her own niece, Mademoiselle de Brehant de Mauron, one of the finest names in Brittany. This young lady had also a handsome dowry, and was, a delicate, dainty little woman. "My daughter-in-law is extremely delicate; she hardly ever walks; is always cold. At nine o'clock in the evening she is completely exhausted. The days are too long for her. Take good care of her; divert her, amuse her; in fine, wrap her up in cotton and preserve this dear precious person. I am deeply touched with her extreme delicacy." Thus wrote Madame de Sévigné of the young marquise, who, notwithstanding this extreme delicacy, was an excellent housekeeper, a devoted daughter-in-law, and had so much character in her tender frail little body as to make a good, home-abiding, God fearing husband out of an unstable, thriftless man who had led a terribly *galante* life. He adored his frail but excellent wife, according to his mother's testimony: "My son has returned with an infinite tenderness for his wife, by whom he is loved in the same fashion, which makes him the happiest man in the world."

In the early part of the last century, after the death of Madame de Sévigné's granddaughter, "Pauline," the Marquise de Simiane, Les Rochers, the celebrated Brittany home of that charming letter-writer, came into the family of M. de Sévigné's daughter-in-law, the Netumières, and with them it has remained ever since. The present owner is the nephew and son-in-law of the dowager

Countess des Netumières: he is also a Count des Netumières.

After our pleasant breakfast the other morning at the beautiful château des Netumières, the young châtelain and châtelaine of Les Rochers drove us to that deeply-interesting residence of Madame de Sévigné, where she lived "off and on" forty years of her rich, full life, and from which she wrote two hundred and sixty-seven of those enchanting letters which contain not only the history of her own pleasant existence, but also a vivid history of her times,—the most delicious *genre* pictures of the most *genre* period that ever existed,—*le grand siècle*, we call it. Great it certainly was in its exquisite littlenesses.

The drive to Les Rochers was through a charming country, well cultivated, but especially well wooded: indeed, it seemed most of the way after we left Vitré as if we were going over private park roads. We passed the park entrance,—that "porte de Vitré" where the old Countess de Quentin, as Madame de Sévigné tells us with delicious *espèglerie*, stopped one morning when she was passing and asked the porter frankly for a drink of wine. "They took it to her, she drank her pint, and then went on her way to Pertre! What say you to that Breton manner,—familiar and *galante*?"

Soon after this park entrance we arrived at a sort of terrace, which is to the left, a large grassy space, a vast esplanade: this is "the Place Madame, similar to a great belvedere, from whence the country extends three leagues from here toward a forest." To the left of this green rectangular space are the gates of the *parterre*, or garden. The right is cut off by a long line of low buildings erected by the grandfather of the present owners. Here used to be the tennis-court, and the *manège*, or practising-ground for the horses. The view from this terrace is most lovely, and must be pretty much the same that Madame de Sévigné loved to look out upon. Of all the changes made during these two hundred years, that view has changed the least,—fields and

woods, valleys and villages, a sea of verdure. A church-steeple rises up in this scene: it is in the parish of Etrelles, where Madame de Sévigné went to church before "*Bien Bon*," as she tenderly called her good uncle, Abbé de Coulanges, built the pretty round chapel that is connected with the château by the garden gate.

The château of Les Rochers stands back on the left angle of this vast esplanade. It has two *corps de logis*, or wings, that form a right angle and rest against a huge tower, the body of which can be seen only on the other side of the château. There is a smaller pepper-box tower in this right angle that is prominent on the esplanade side of the building,—a *tourelle en poirrière*. It is the cage of a very fine stone staircase à *colimaçon*: each sharply-cut granite step rests on the spine of the spiral, and is fitted in with great skill. At the end of the left *corps de logis* is an additional building, which was erected in the last century: it contributes to the comfort and space of the house without injuring the graceful outline of the original construction. The lordship of Les Rochers entered the Sévigné family in 1410, when Guillaume de Sévigné, chamberlain to Jean V., Duke of Brittany, married Anne de Mathelon, the heiress of Les Rochers. It remained three hundred and four years with the Sévigné; then, as I have already stated, in 1714 it came into the family of its present owners, the Netumières. It took its name "Les Rochers" from some rocks that were afterward levelled, but pieces of which can be seen cropping out to the west of the garden.

Close in the angle of the two wings, beside the pepper-box *tourelle*, are the entrance-steps and door of the château. The true façade of the building, however, fronts the stately garden, where you see the large tower and its pointed lantern-top. Indeed, the garden is stately, "laid out," as Madame de Sévigné tells us, "exactly according to the design of M. Lenôtre." This grandiose garden remains precisely as it was in her day, except that in the last century, or at the

beginning of this, four superb cedars were planted, each one in the centre of the four parterres nearest the château. But there are the broad alleys and the veritable orange-trees just as they were when the charming châtelaine wrote to her daughter Madame de Grignan, with playful pride, "The garden of your forefathers has become so beautiful, so well planted, so very much in the fashion, so full of orange-flowers, that you would hardly recognize it. We are entirely surrounded by orange- and jasmine-blossoms, and we are so perfumed by them in the evening that I might readily believe myself in Provence."

At the end of this fine garden is an open space, that Madame de Sévigné called Place Coulanges. She liked to give names to her trees, walks, and spaces. There is the fine park gate,—"*belle grille, dont les cinq ouvertures conduisent au parc.*" The wall forms a hemicycle and creates the famous "*Echo.*" We stood on the stones that mark the precise spots, and listened to what Madame de Sévigné tells us "is a little blabber of words in the very ears." Beyond this gate extends the famous park in which Madame de Sévigné passed so much of her time. She went there to think, to meditate, to grieve, to pray, to escape importunate visitors, to talk to her friends, to hear confidences. She gave fanciful names to the walks: the "Solitary, the most beautiful of my alleys, so well planted;" the "Infinite," a winding path, the end of which could not be seen; the "Holy Horror," a dark sombre pathway; the "Cloister," where there were four long rows of trees; the "Mall," which she also called "My Daughter's Humor;" "in it reign a silence, a tranquillity, a solitude, that would be difficult to find elsewhere."

Of course during these two hundred years many changes have been made inside and around the château; but its principal rooms remain as they were in the seventeenth century. There is the spacious dining-room where Madame de Sévigné entertained so elegantly her grand visitors the Duke and Duchess de Chaulnes, the governor of Brittany and

his wife, Madame de Rohan, and all Brittany, spending "four and five hundred pistoles in *fricassees* and dinners." Her state *salon* and bedroom are the same also. The celebrated portraits of herself, her family and friends, so often mentioned in her letters, hang on the walls of these rooms. During the terrible French Revolution of the last century Les Rochers suffered very little: these valuable portraits were taken out of their frames, rolled up, and hidden: thus they were saved. In the siege of Paris, in 1870, a portrait of Madame de Sévigné that was in the Hôtel Carnavalet, the Paris residence of Madame de Sévigné, was taken down and placed in the Hôtel-de-Ville for safety. On the 24th of May, 1871, the Hôtel-de-Ville was burned by the Commune and that portrait destroyed. Great sorrow was expressed, because it was supposed that it was the celebrated one by Mignard; but on inquiry it was discovered to have been only a copy. The original, with the famous original by the same artist of Madame de Grignan, and all other valuable portraits, had been taken to Les Rochers over a hundred years ago, and are there in safety. Madame de Sévigné is very grand, gay, triumphant even, in her Mignard portrait,—not handsome according to classic rules, but with a grace, a heart, a soul, in the expression of the charming face, that fully make amends for want of regularity of feature. The hair is dressed in what was called *à la Grecque* by Mignard; the beautiful bosom is very much exposed, and rich draperies fill up the canvas. Madame de Grignan's picture is a better one as a painting than her mother's; but the face, though handsome, is not so sympathetic. It is a portrait full of life, as Madame de Sévigné said of it,—"*that head which stands out, that throat which breathes, that body which comes forward.*" The fine hands hold a branch of flowers in the lap. The draperies are rich and ample, all in the style of Mignard.

You are naturally eager to see the husband of Madame de Sévigné, of whom Bussy-Rabutin wrote, "Although he was intelligent, all the charms of

Marie could not hold him: he loved everybody, and never loved any one so lovable as his wife." Luckily, this volatile husband lived only seven years; he was killed in 1651 in a duel with the Chevalier d'Albret, leaving a young widow with two children,—a son, the Marquis Charles de Sévigné, and a daughter, afterward wife of the governor of Provence, the Count de Grignan, also their handsome estates loaded down with debts. Expansive as Madame de Sévigné was in character, speech, and letters, she rarely let her husband's name fall from her lips or pen. She had little good to say of him, so she wisely held her peace. The charming young woman gave him the love, the faith, the grace, of the spring-time of her life, from eighteen to twenty-five. He destroyed all he could of these gifts, and when he was killed in a wanton quarrel on a question of false gallantry she seemed to bury with him even the remembrance of the unworthy Breton gentleman whom, as the father of her children, she was too true a woman to condemn aloud. Then she was *grande dame*, as well as a good woman. *No-blesse oblige* enables many a bitterly-wronged man and woman to put on a fair front before the world. The portrait of the Marquis Henri de Sévigné represents just such a man as you might expect to see after hearing of his short, shameless life. He is handsome flesh and blood, without the appearance of the "*esprit*" Bussy-Rabutin attributes to him,—a full, red-lipped face, with pleasure-loving eyes, and voluptuousness, selfish sensuality, expressed in every feature. Near by is the portrait of his son, the Marquis Charles,—a brave man on the field of battle, but up to the period of his marriage thriftless, dissipated, and weak. Ninon de l'Enclos, that famous "enslaver of men," who has the credit of ruining father and son, said contemptuously and coarsely of Charles de Sévigné, "He has a soul of pap, a body of wet paper; a veritable pumpkin fricasseed in snow." The portrait of Les Rochers gives him a weak, good-looking face, with silly eyes, but the face is not

so boldly bad in expression as his father's. Some years ago there used to hang in the Hôtel Carnavalet at Paris a very interesting picture. I saw it four or five years ago, when I was breakfasting with the widow of the former owner of the old Paris home of Madame de Sévigné. It represented Charles de Sévigné and his sister when they were twelve and fourteen years of age. Madame de Grignan, a very pretty girl, is seated at a spinnet, accompanying her brother, who is playing with quite an air of importance on the violin. They have charming young faces, but even at that early age François de Sévigné's face has more character and expression than her brother's. If the poor fellow did inherit the vicious tendencies of his father, he took from his admirable mother gay good humor and graceful, kind simplicity of manners.

Madame de Sévigné, with all her force of character, which enabled her to act with such dignity and prudence when she was a young attractive widow and an unusually fascinating middle-aged woman,—indeed, with such ability and propriety all her life,—was very weak in the management of her children. Though strong to herself, she was ruled by more than she ruled them. Thus, Madame de Grignan, though so touchingly adored by her indulgent mother, was always selfish, cold, haughty, unsympathizing. And Charles de Sévigné, though much more tender and loving to his mother, was never taught to restrain one single vice or egotism. Poor, dear woman! how touchingly she betrays her motherly weakness and tenderness! She listens, she tells us naively, "even to his naughty confessions, in order to have the right to put in here and there a word of God." "He accepts with sweetness, and admits all that is said to him," she says; "but you know the weakness of human nature. Thus, I put all into the hands of Providence, and reserve only to myself the consolation of never having done anything to reproach myself with." And again she writes, "As I was walking day before yesterday, I found your brother (*le frater*) at the end of the

Mall: he went down on his two knees as soon as he saw me. I had positively resolved to scold him, but I could not be angry, I was so glad to see him. You know how droll he is. He embraced me a thousand times; gave me the poorest reasons in the world, which I accepted for good." This was just after he had been leading the most *galante* life at Paris, "where," as his mother said, "he had found the way to spend without appearing to do so, to lose without gaming, to pay without taking receipts: always a thirst and need for money,—a veritable ruin!" She had succeeded in making him break off his bad career in Paris, and persuaded him to accompany her to Brittany; but on the road he slipped away from her and went off on a fresh escapade! And yet how tenderly she loved these selfish children! "I am anxious about your brother: we are on very good terms, however; he loves me and thinks only of pleasing me. I should be very wrong if I complained of either of you. You are truly very charming, each in your own way."

In the *salon* are portraits of her father and mother. The mother's face is pleasing. The father, Baron Rabutin de Chantal, was, as is well known, the son of the celebrated foundress of the Visitandine nuns, St. Jeanne de Chantal. The baron has a serious face, with the long nose of his mother, long eyes, sharp-arched eyebrows; the expression is self-contained, or rather repressed, and extremely dignified. You recall the agony of his youth when you notice this expression. He adored his mother; he was only fifteen when she left her family to take up a religious life. The boy in his passionate anguish threw himself down on the ground in the door-way, hoping to prevent her leaving. The unhappy woman stepped over the prostrate body of her sobbing, heart-broken son to fulfil what her conscience told her was a stronger duty. St. Jeanne de Chantal's portrait also hangs in this *salon*. It is the most refined, handsome one I have ever seen of that remarkable woman. Those I saw at Annecy some years ago

represent her as a stout, ruddy-faced woman, cold, and even stolidly indifferent. The portrait at Les Rochers has a long slender face, great dignity and sensitiveness in it, serious, thoughtful eyes, a slender, finely-outlined nose, fine brow, cheeks a little hollow: goodness, high intelligence, and keen moral suffering are the impressions this portrait makes.

Le Bien Bon, Abbé de Coulanges, hangs over the door of entrance. It is an excellent face,—square, well balanced, benignant, and kind in expression. You see in an instant that he was just the well-informed, essential man of order and judgment Madame de Sévigné needed in her young widowhood,—indeed, through all her life. She fully appreciated his goodness and usefulness. After his death, which occurred at an advanced age, she wrote, "I am overwhelmed with sadness. I have seen my dear uncle die: you know what he was to his dear niece. He did every good thing for me, even to giving up to me his entire fortune and taking care of and establishing the fortunes of my children. He drew me out of the ruin in which I was at the death of M. de Sévigné; he gained my law-suits, put all my property in good order, paid our debts, made of this place, where my son lives (Les Rochers), the prettiest and the most agreeable in the world, married my children: in a word, it is to his continual care that I owe the peace and repose of my life." The excellent Abbé de Coulanges lived to be eighty years old. "He lived honorably; he has died as a Christian. God give us the same grace!" No wonder Madame de Sévigné wept bitterly over his death.

Madame de Simiane's portrait is also in the *salon*,—"Pauline," Madame de Grignan's daughter, a fair, good-looking young person. Madame de Sévigné's friend the Duke de Chaulnes, governor of Brittany, is there, a red, full-faced personage, important-looking, as such a man had a right to be, for he and his king and his friend the châtelaine of Les Rochers believed that he was the *voce di Dio*,—that he had made four popes, Clement IX. (Rospigliosi, 1667-69), Clement X. (Altieri, 1670-76), Alex-

ander VIII. (Ottoboni, 1689-91), and Innocent XII. (Pignatelli, 1691-1700). When the Duke de Chaulnes was sent to Rome in 1689, at the time of the death of Innocent XI. (Odescalchi, 1676-89), a pope who was not very agreeable to Louis XIV., Madame de Sévigné wrote, most curiously for a Catholic, "The king says that he has resolved to send him [the Duke de Chaulnes] to Rome, because he judges him as the only one capable of doing the greatest work in Europe, giving to the Church a chief who will govern the Church to the satisfaction of all the world, and France especially." How characteristic of the spirit of that day! Allah was Allah, but Louis Quatorze alone was his prophet,—le Roi Soleil! Louis le bien-servi!

Madame de Sévigné's bedroom is to the right of the dining-room,—a spacious, fine chamber. There is her large bed, with canopy and curtains of red silk damask, on which her grand friend the Duchess de Chaulnes threw herself so frankly and slept so soundly. "On Thursday, Madame de Chaulnes entered, saying that she could do no longer without seeing me, that all Brittany was weighing down her shoulders, and, in fine, she was half dead. Whereupon she threw herself on my bed, and in a moment, behold! she was asleep from pure fatigue. We sat down and talked all the time. At last she awakened, finding it very pleasant, and adoring the charming liberty of Les Rochers." A droll scene ensued. Madame de Sévigné, with her friend and suite, took a walk in the woods. While the rest of the party played at mall, the châtelaine, with her charming tact, made the duchess tell about her life at Rome, also how she had married the duke,—two very agreeable topics, undoubtedly. Suddenly a violent shower poured down,—"*une pluie traîtresse*," said Madame de Sévigné: they were "wet to the skin." Then follows one of her inimitable rapid word-etchings: "*Nous voilà toutes à courir; on crie, on tombe, on glisse; enfin on arrive, on fait grand feu, on change de chemise, de jupe; je fournis*

à tout; on se fait essuyer ses souliers, on pâme de rire. Voilà comme fut traitée la gouvernante de Bretagne dans son propre gouvernement." The hospitable châtelaine gave her distinguished guest a "collation" after all this wetting and excitement, and they made merry over the accident. This "*gouvernante de Bretagne*" was not any more refined in her looks than her red-faced husband, if Saint-Simon's portrait of her is exact. He tells us in his "*Mémoires*" that "she looked like a soldier of the guard—a Swiss, indeed—dressed in woman's clothes: she had the tone, voice, and expressions of the common people."

Madame de Sévigné's dressing-boxes of red lacquered wood stand on the bureau of her bedroom, with brushes, powder- and patch-boxes of the same material, very gay and pretty. There are chairs covered with her needle-work. She says in one of her letters, "We work in the evening,—I at my two bands of tapestry." And again she mentions an altar-front she embroidered: "It seems that I am only ten years of age, and they have given me a little end of canvas to play with." She boasts playfully in a letter to her daughter of her neat way of working: "I never blacken my silk with my wools." Several portraits hang on the walls of the bedroom,—one of the popular novelist of that day, Madame de la Fayette, one of that *gaillard* and madman "*le divin* Pommenars," another of the Huguenot Princess de Tarente, the poor, proud widow of the Duke de la Tremouille, daughter of a petty German sovereign, aunt to the Princess Palatine, who was mother of the clever, bad Regent d'Orléans. The Princess de Tarente had a great deal of German pride, and also royal pretensions which matched as ill with her small means and neglected position as her assumption of youth did with her age. "She thinks she is still young," writes Madame de Sévigné, "to the very great contempt of her mirror, which tells her every day that with such a face she ought to lose even the memory of her youth." Poor old woman! A Protestant in France, at a period when such belief was at a

sad discount, and with the reputation of an early life *assez accidentée*, she was a piece of decayed royalty quite out of place,—out of court favor, too. Louis Quatorze undoubtedly thought he was very gracious to let the old lady live in a remote province, with the freedom to enjoy a religion that had never guided or controlled her youth. Madame de Sévigné's intimacy with the Princess de Tarente gave the châtelaine of Les Rochers consequence among her neighbors. To the common people of two hundred years ago a royal princess meant something of unknown value, even a poor, moth-eaten one such as the Dowager de la Tremouille. "Her favor makes my peasants honor me," says Madame de Sévigné frankly.

There is a portrait of a beautiful woman, the Marquise de Lambert, widow of that Marquis de Locmaria who danced the marvellous *passee-pieds* with his wife and improvised figures of dance that charmed Madame de Sévigné. "Imagine a man of perfect form and romanesque face," she writes. "He dances these fine *chacornes* with a very noble air, and, beyond all, the *passee-pieds* with his wife with a charm that is marvellous; no rules,—nothing but a just cadence,—fantasies of figures." The portrait is likewise there of the droll Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom Charles de Sévigné surnamed, with wicked mischief, "Mademoiselle de Kerlouche," because she had a cast in the eye. She was a bore, an absurd woman, it appears, who was a fit subject for quizzing and teasing. The portrait does not give the *louche*, naturally: it reminds you, however, of the unamiable character of Madame de Grignan even in her girlhood. Madame de Sévigné, in a letter to her daughter, recalls an incident *apropos* of Mademoiselle du Plessis: "One day something was said that did not please you; her ugly face being close at hand, you never hesitated, but gave her such a rousing box on the ear as to make her fall back. I, to soften matters, cried out, 'See how rudely those little girls are playing together!'"

There is a book of house-accounts at Les Rochers that belonged to Madame de Sévigné. Her name, written by herself, is at the bottom of some of the leaves, and one whole page is in her hand,—a fine, bold, legible writing, a little flourish now and then at the end of some words that tells of her courageous, gay character.

Of course we visited the pretty chapel of *Bien Bon*. While Madame de Sévigné planted and traced out her beautiful walks in the park, she tells us, "our abbé never leaves his chapel, which rises up visibly." There is the same carved wood-work, there are the same surroundings of this little circular oratory as then. After seeing where this charming woman wrote, received her guests, slept, dressed, lived, walked, it was most pleasant to come to the holy place where she prayed. Madame de Sévigné was a little tinged with Jansenism, and not very fond of devout practices; she wrote and spoke sometimes sharply, and was often severe upon a devotion the sincerity of which she suspected; but she was thoroughly religious. Her love of and trust in God, her faith in his beneficence, her sweet submission to his visitations that were often hard to bear, are visible in every letter she wrote that alludes to the serious events of her life. Her character was poised in the happiest balance,—tender-hearted, loving, even to sentimentality, gay, merry, fond of the world, of luxury, style, and display, but economical, wise, prudent, always controlled by straightforward common sense.

Luckily, the Breton château, associated with so much of the round, complete life of Madame de Sévigné, is in the possession of owners who value her memory. Their good taste and intelligence make them respect all the interesting remains that are connected with her existence there. Les Rochers is the same to the present châtelain and châtelaine that it was to the distinguished woman who decorated it two hundred years ago: "*ce lieu qui me plaît et dont la vie me convient et me charme.*"

ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER.

A MENTAL MASQUERADE.

I.

"YOU know well it is a curious fact that the cleverer the man, the stupider the woman he loves. Oh, not blundering stupidity, but one of two general types,—gentle, inane, clinging,—the traditional vine,—I wonder it does not oftener choke the oak in its twining process,—or pretty, gushing, giggling, without two ideas beyond dress, beaux, and flirtation. Has there been a single marriage among our friends—the exceptionally-gifted ones—for the last five years that has not been a surprise to us all? Though why it should be, heaven only knows; for it is the rule that is without an exception,—the brilliant young doctor who married a green little country-girl, the professor and his languid, lisping, insipid wife, the inventor in love with a nice little school-girl. Ivanhoe marries Rowena, and Lydgate Rosamond; and isn't it Amelia who gets the only man worth having in 'Vanity Fair'? Put it more broadly still, if you choose. Men may like, they rarely love, clever women. And, if I had my life to live over again, I would deliberately choose to be pretty, invalid, and idiotic."

"Rank nonsense!" But Tom Atherton laughed a little consciously as he knocked the ashes from his pipe,—the one thing, he was wont to declare, that he loved, or that loved him. "Besides," mischievously, "your last statement involves an amount of conceit that appalls me. The only thing is, men don't like eccentricity in girls."

"Say individuality. No; they like them made in a mould, of Italian cream, delicate and sweet and insipid. I wonder why it is." There was one of those flashes of grave questioning in Helen Atherton's tone that her best friends knew. "I sometimes think," reflectively, "that brains are no boon to a woman in ordinary life. They place her, like Mahomet's coffin, between

heaven and earth. Higher up, intellect is recognized and petted. It pays to be a Brontë, or George Eliot, or Charlotte Cushman; but in a lesser degree I am inclined to think brains merely serve to ostracize a woman."

Atherton looked at her curiously: though she was his sister, there were times when he felt he did not know her. The laughing, argumentative tone with which she began the discussion was familiar enough to him, but there was a look in her face, a strain in her voice, as she spoke the last words, that was like the glimpse of a picture one might get in a finely-illustrated book, seeing nothing of the finer text. It was in answer to the intangible look and tone more than the actual words that he said,—

"You have no reason to complain of ostracism."

"I don't complain of anything." If Helen Atherton had a fault, it was a little uncertainty of temper. "But, I repeat, in ordinary life, nine cases out of ten, brains in a woman repel, instead of attracting, love. And it is not enough: it does not bring its own recompense. If I had it in me to be a Cushman—but no, I have only talent enough to play leading parts in amateur theatricals. I can write an acceptable story for the magazines; but there is not the material in me for a Brontë or George Eliot. I can paint and not make myself ridiculous; but if I were to paint forever, I should never be Rosa Bonheur or Elizabeth Butler. And, somehow, it's all empty and dissatisfying, and I'm sure I wish I had never come with you to this nasty place, where the men eat with their knives in their shirt-sleeves, and it rains every day, and the boarders Solomon is predicting never come."

Helen looked a little brighter after having thus relieved her mind of its whole load of dissatisfaction with life, for pin-pricks are annoying, if they are small, and the fact that Solomon's knife

seemed prepared to follow his food down his throat somehow added greatly to the deeper and vaguer discontent. The change was abrupt; but to Mr. Atherton it was such that it put all else out of his mind.

"No boarders! Why, that was the very reason you came, and gave up going with the Fords to Newport, at the last moment, even when your trunk was packed. You said you wanted a piece of real country life and not to see a soul from civilized parts. What other reason induced you to invite yourself on my fishing-excursion? Not love of the sport, certainly; for you've made me take off every fish I've caught this morning and throw it back into the brook, and declared you felt like a murderer when, by sheer accident, a deluded hornpout swallowed your hook and half a foot of line. Catch me taking you fishing again!"

"Well, haven't we been here a week? Do you think nobody ever gets enough of a thing? And how did I know it was going to rain every single day?"

"Did you think I was any better acquainted with what it was going to do up here?"

"I've embroidered till I hate the sight of a needle, and read my books through twice, and I have not had a living soul—with you away all day—to speak to but Solomon, and I do not like to open conversation with him, because he frightens me with the internal growl that precedes all his remarks,—Gr-gr-gr, like a geyser." The excellent imitation of Solomon's speech was interrupted by her brother's laughter.

"I can't get out to paint while the waters are upon the earth, nor walk, for the same reason. I went out to talk with a peddler yesterday,—I thought travel might have given him ideas beyond barn and field,—such was my thirst for human society. It's cold, and they have nothing but corned beef for dinner, and one can't live on mountains and scenery, and, altogether, I think Robinson Crusoe was more to be pitied than any man I know of."

"I told you distinctly how it was:

that it was nothing but a farm-house; that the people had no more idea of comfort than savages; that it was over five miles to the village or any house; that the beds were stuffed with husks and live grasshoppers, the food a justification for one's turning cannibal, and the water full of arsenic. But, with the perversity of women, the more I said the more determined you were to accompany me; and now it's just as I said it would be: before the week is up you're crying to go home. That is what you had better do."

"The house is shut up, you know well."

It was not Mr. Atherton's fault that it was, but somehow Helen's tone conveyed that idea. She was out of temper, and knew it, which did not tend to improve matters; for ever since they had left Boston for this out-of-the-way place, the idea that had possessed her, of enjoying some ideal farm-house life, had been gradually dispossessed by another,—that ideal farm and farmer are alike myths.

"Now see here. I find I've got to run down to town to-morrow, and you had better come with me, and join the others at the beach, or the Fords at Newport, as soon as you can, and acknowledge you have had enough of the charms of solitude."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Then stay here. And, if you can't think of anything better to do, set yourself to work to prove the truth of the ridiculous theory you were expounding five minutes ago. It will give you something to do and think of."

"Whom shall I try it on?—Solomon, or the pigs?"

"Try it on the first man that comes along: the boarder he is forever expecting may turn up at last."

Tom laughed. It was a brotherly laugh. But his suggestion was received in altogether a different spirit from that in which it had been given. Helen's face had lost its bored expression, her mouth its listless droop; her eyes were sparkling with this unexpected answer to her cry,—something to do.

"I will! I will! What a delightful idea!" Her short-lived ill temper had vanished. "I will adopt the giggling, gushing rôle, and, if I do make a fool of myself, there will be no one round to see."

"I'll allow you two weeks for the experiment," said Tom, beginning to be interested himself by this unexpected reception of his chance suggestion. Helen had a way of making people care for what she cared for. "But mind," warningly, "there is to be no getting out of it, and it is to be positively the first man that puts in an appearance, be he doctor, lawyer, beggar-man, thief."

"I sign unto this bond," with mock solemnity. "The first living creature that crosses the threshold is doomed, like the victim promised to the devil in the legends. In two weeks' time return and behold me with my victim."

The dinner-bell had rung: they rose from the piazza steps, but with little alacrity, in spite of a long, hungry morning along the brook, for did it not summon to corned beef and pork?

"How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!" murmured Tom gently, under his burden of fishing-rods, as they passed into the house.

It was solitude, as far as human creatures were concerned. The farmhouse—big, rambling, ill built—stood at the foot of mountains; in every direction lay meadows and fields and woods, with now and then a glimpse of lake or brook. And it was twelve miles to the nearest railroad, over which fact Helen Atherton, in her genuine love for the "cathedrals of the earth," had once rejoiced. Yet it was with no lessening of her feeling for them that she merrily concluded her brother's quotation,—

"But give me still a friend in my retreat,
To whom to whisper, Solitude is sweet."

II.

"I AM sure," with lively reproach, "you gave me to understand that you had settled in this town two hundred years ago,—your ancestors, that is to say. You distinctly told me you knew

every family in the State, their pedigree, and the number of their children, their income, and their private history—Oh, well, very nearly that, I am sure. And now, when I ask you a simple question about this young man, Who and what is he? you stare at me, and are able to impart nothing more than that he is 'a young feller who came along to help you in the hayin'.' The imitation of Solomon's tones was so perfect that it struck even him; he grinned and looked abashed, for knowledge of his native State, its physical conformation, products, and inhabitants, was Solomon's weak point.

"Him with the brown beard and blue eyes?"

"You know well he is the only individual who has appeared here since my brother went this afternoon."

"His name is Lambert, — George Lambert."

"So I inferred from his introduction at the supper-table; also that he had engaged to work for you afternoons for his board and the privilege of having his mornings free to paint; further, that he came from beyond Laconia, and was walking to the city to try and earn his living as an artist. I don't believe," indignantly, "you know any more. Is this your boasted knowledge? Do you really mean to say you don't know this young man's father, or didn't go to school with his mother, or don't remember his aunt,—her that married a Foster?"

Solomon rubbed his hands. He was six feet two, and big in proportion, but he was looking frightened,—vexed, as well, with a woman's small vexation,—as he called after Helen, who had wheeled about and now was almost at the door, "Law, Miss Atherton, why didn't you say that fust place? I never see this young feller before, but I've known his folks well as I know my own."

"Well?" Helen had stopped, and was speaking over her shoulder: perhaps it was not worth while to return.

"His folks live t'other side Lacony; ain't got much money,—not forehanded, you may say. Farm mostly rocks, and they don't take boarders,—don't know

jest how to feed 'em, I expect. Good-hearted folks."

"This young man speaks very well." She had come back to her station by the piazza post. The piazza had been added in fond anticipation of "boarders;" but, as nobody could stand the fare for any length of time, the piazza had become a standing grievance to Solomon, with which he was wont to reproach Sarey his wife,—wherefore, no mortal knows, for the idea had been his own.

"Oh, yes, talks well. All the family are everlastin' talkers."

"He seems rather above his class—" Helen caught herself. Solomon was not sensitive, but she herself had the natural high breeding that is sensitive for other people. "Pretty well educated, I mean, as though he had read some; more than could be expected in a workingman, whose time, of course, is so fully occupied."

"George allers took to books, jest like his mother. She was a Fosdick; and the Fosdicks allers had their nose in a book."

A solitary nose was not the patrimony of the Fosdick race; but Solomon's pronouns were like many people,—they ignored their antecedents.

"Lizy Fosdick took her learnin' from her father: he was a minister. But none of the hull lot ever had a spare cent. 'Llection-time, this young feller's father had to borry a coat,—so I've hearn tell. Kinder shiftless, you see, but hard workers, father and son. In the breed, you may say. His mother—"

Helen had rashly called down the avalanche. Pedigree, once a native of New Hampshire is fairly launched upon it, is Mark Twain's story of the ram. She looked helplessly about her for some means of escape, as carefully as though the rough farmer were some fine gentleman at a reception. An unexpected one offered. She seized it eagerly, rushing hastily into her part without thought or planning. At that moment there had appeared in the door-way a blue-shirted young man, a young man with a healthy, tanned face and brown muscular hands.

He looked with natural interest at

Miss Atherton, as he stood hesitating a moment before passing her, his apparent destination a stroll down the road. Her voice detained him:

"We were just talking about you, Mr. Lambert.—Weren't we?" appealing in a childish way to Solomon, that so bewildered that individual's slow senses as to render him dumb. "And I know all about you. And I hope you aren't going to run away the very first evening, or I shall be quite, quite sure you are thinking dreadful things of me."

These amenities were wound up with a coquettish glance and a prolonged giggle. ("If there's any truth in my theory, I'm idiotic enough now to be utterly fascinating.")

"Do tell me, Mr. Lambert, you weren't going to run away?" beseechingly.

"I was only going to run thus far." He had advanced to her side now. Solomon had meandered into the house, glad of escape from his jailer: he never seemed to have any particular object in view when he walked. Lambert spoke in pleasant, cultivated tones. Helen was peculiarly alive to the qualities of a voice.

("I do believe this play is going to be more interesting even than I expected. Where in the world did he get that voice? And his reply was really more than could have been expected from a common farmer.")

"I was going down the road a little way. Perhaps—" He hesitated, then smiled suggestively at her.

"Oh, I should love dearly to go! The sunset here is too sweet for anything. I wouldn't miss seeing the elegant sunsets for worlds. Please wait till I put something on my head: the dew gets my hair out of curl. I won't be a minute."

But she was many minutes, and when she finally came leisurely down the stairs, stopping at the dingy little glass in the entry to pull out her curls under the becoming blue rigolette, with an embroidered parasol in her hand and some white lace added about her throat, only enough was left of the sunset light to shed a tender yellow glow over the

mountains and meadows and woods about them. It seemed to fill the air with a kind of hush and peace: it gave one the feeling experienced on a mountain-top or when for the first time in some great cathedral.

The pain that comes from too exquisite enjoyment brought the tears to Helen's eyes. Some writer has said that humanity must indeed be doomed to sorrow, since in its highest moments of enjoyment or happiness tears come perforce. She stood, silent, on the threshold.

"Don't you feel it? It is the music of a harp."

Lambert was standing where she had left him. His hat was off.

"A harp?" Helen craned her neck in every direction. "I don't hear anything. Are you sure it was a harp? Maybe it was a hand-organ. I saw one in the village the other morning."

("May heaven forgive me! Among my sins this will not be reckoned the least.")

Lambert looked disappointed, then amused, as he said, while his eyes took in with evident approval the becoming blue drapery, "I am afraid we cannot go far. The cows are all in; and that means—doesn't it?—we have not many minutes more daylight."

"If the cows weren't all in, I should never dare go." Helen was holding her skirt a little higher than was necessary, was protruding the sandalled blue-stockinged foot more than was essential to locomotion, as she tripped daintily along. "Dreadful creatures! I'm so afraid of them! The other day, that white one shook its perfectly awful horns at me when I was crossing the field, and I nearly fainted. If it hadn't been for Tom, I am sure I should have died." A fleeting thought of what her brother would have said to any such behavior on her part here caused a slight pause. "I don't suppose you're afraid of them, Mr. Lambert?" Helen giggled as a fitting close to this speech. Giggles were a kind of small change to her in this foreign part.

"Not exactly; no." He did not look as

though he were afraid of anything,—not so much from muscular superiority as from the bright fearlessness of the youth in the fairy-tale,—sheer physical inability to know what shivering meant. "I have been on rather too familiar terms with them all my life for that,—watering them, driving them home, getting up at two in the morning to drive them to pasture."

"Why, I'd no idea cows had to get up so early. What a bother to get up in the middle of the night! And then you'd go back to bed again?"

"And then there'd be corn to be sowed, wheat to be planted, potatoes to be hoed, and the haying and reaping and harvesting, and, if there were any intervals, rocks to be dug up and got out of the way into stone walls,—picturesque stone walls, but monotonous building, and rocks spring up out of the earth like old Cadmus's armed men."

"And Cadmus,—who was he?" Helen put the question with pretty feminine curiosity in whatever might interest her companion. "The militia, perhaps? Everybody belongs, don't they, in this State?"

("You're a gentleman, though you have dug rocks and potatoes for a living all your life," commented Helen mentally, as not a trace of amusement showed itself in the young man's face; "though where you got your breeding I don't see. Association with people like Solomon and Sarey?")

"I did not. No; 'me mother was hanged, and me father was transported; but, thank God! none of the family were ever in the milish.'"

He laughed now, longer than his light quotation called for, and Helen understood and appreciated.

"And when did you paint? I told you I knew all about you. It must be lovely to paint the pretty mountains and all the dear rivers and nice rocks and sweet—"

"I hardly know myself." Helen liked him the better for the interruption. "Odd times,—mornings, when the horses were drinking, and I would draw them with the stub of a pencil on a

brown-paper bag that groceries had been brought home in the day before; walking home after the cows of an evening, sketching, by the way, trees, fences, the sloping roof of an old barn, the cows stopping to drink at a brook; after the lamp was lit and the chores done. I think I must have drawn every corner of the house. The side of the barn was covered with drawings made with a lump of charcoal. One always finds time—don't you think?—for what one loves."

"Who taught you?"

"Oh, nobody. I could have got along faster with instruction; but, still, one can do without it."

He spoke modestly, but with a quiet confidence that aroused a dim feeling of provocation. Perhaps it was the ghost of her own listless or wasted hours in studios of artist-teachers that arose to reproach her. Besides, she was sceptical of self-taught talent, while in her pleasant assurance of her own clever knack at painting there was added a maddening patronage to her tone, as she said, "Some day show me all your pretty pictures. I go into the picture galleries and art-exhibitions in town often. It's such fun to poke around and laugh at them, if you have somebody with you to have a good time with, you know. I don't know how many pounds of caramels I've eaten looking at pictures. I adore art."

"I am afraid mine make but a poor show; but I will get them out for you, if you would like. I selected the best to take with me. I should like to take them to some well-known artist: he might give me advice as to the course I had better take in pursuing art for a livelihood. And perhaps, too, after all—but no—"

There had come over his face something of the look it had worn a little while before,—the "sunset look," Helen fancifully called it. She was getting more and more interested in this country-bred youth, who talked so well, and whose accent had the refined enunciation she had not deemed possible could come from other than culture and association. The thought, banished instantly,

only to return the next moment with redoubled force, crossed her mind, wondering, that in the solitude she had stumbled upon what in the city it had never been her chance to know.

"Intensity of instinctive aptitude,"—that was what she would scientifically have defined it not an hour ago. Now, looking at the face of her companion, there stole through her mind a wondering doubt if there were not in it something of what men call genius.

It gave new interest to the comedy. It looked as though she might be about to play leading lady, to a star.

"Oh! a gr—grasshopper! Take it off! take it off!"

Mr. Lambert took it off. If it had been an adder, his manner could not have been different. But Miss Atherton declared she would go no farther in a land so infested.

"I may thank Satan for sending me a most interesting victim," she thought that night in recollection of the bond. But there came to her no recollection of the childish rhyme that tells of something else that Satan has been wont to find "for idle hands to do."

Would the charm work? Helen tripped into the kitchen the next morning with that question uppermost. She was arrayed in a Watteau wrapper of delicate violet, with a quantity of white lace at neck and wrists,—appropriate for breakfast at a fashionable watering-place, absurdly inappropriate here. But it certainly was becoming, and more than once she caught a covert glance from her neighbor, that was evidently an approving one, while it was just as evident that it was the airs and graces of the dainty city lady that caused his absent air and random replies to Solomon's conversation.

He was not in his shirt-sleeves, he did not eat with his knife or help himself to the common salt and sugar with his individual spoon; all of which Helen noted with relief. Otherwise, and except for his better language, he seemed one of the others, for he was discussing farm and crops and doings "about Lacony" as one to the manner born, while

his brown face and muscular frame bespoke a life half passed out of doors. He was all farmer now; the artist had disappeared. But, to her surprise, Miss Atherton found him a study no less interesting.

She, meanwhile, was talking animatedly and affectedly to Sarey,—to her, at him; which sudden display of kittenish propensities, as well as the change of dress from the plain light prints she had hitherto appeared in, gave rise afterward to the shrewd remark on Sarey's part to Solomon, "Miss Atherton be one of the girls that chirks up amazin' when the men-folk are round."

Haying was the business of the morning. Helen's morning walk—she had conveyed the intention in her breakfastable prattle—led her through the field where the men were at work. She appeared under a dainty silk parasol whose color harmonized charmingly with the maize-colored muslin. There were half a dozen marigolds, bronze and crimson, at her belt. More than once—she could see that from her window—had one of the workmen looked intently in the direction of the house.

Miss Atherton was so thirsty; might she trouble Mr. Lambert for a drink of the molasses-and-water, if it really was good and he was sure she would like it? this with much pretty play and many bright glances from beneath the picturesque hat. Did they always drink that in haying-time? She should think they would prefer lemonade. And then—Solomon was debating within himself if there were not some way by which he could add this theft of his hired help to Miss Atherton's board-bill—she wanted to get into the road, only she did not dare climb that great high stone wall alone. Accordingly, Mr. Lambert accompanied her, and, vaulting over it like a gymnast, assisted her up, and then, carefully holding both her hands, encouraged her to jump on the bit of turf he had cleared with his own hands. And when, after the pretty thanks, Helen walked slowly along the road, well pleased with her success thus far, and Lambert went back to his haying,

there was a bronze and crimson marigold nestling in the band of his wide straw hat.

If the beginning was interesting, it grew fairly absorbing as the days went on, for that she was making the part a success was beyond question. There was in her enough of a writer to analyze the character as she went along, to make it consistent, balanced, natural, to take the keen delight a writer knows in—as far as in him lies—creating; enough of an actress to sustain the part, to make words, looks, gestures, manner, fit, to throw herself into it, and be, rather than seem, till there were times when she actually felt a kind of duality, a dilemma like that of the old woman,—“if I be I.” And, more than all, she was enough of a woman thoroughly to enjoy it.

She could see, now, how Lambert's face lit up at her approach, how his attention wandered when she came into the room, how eagerly he sought her at every opportunity. And the tribute roused her to exert herself as she had never done before in her life to attract and charm. It was not exertion thrown away, either, she told herself, for nothing of it all was lost upon Lambert; nay, it seemed to her that from his very lack of knowledge there sprang a reverent, chivalrous appreciation of dainty ways, so in contrast to those of the woman-kind he had been familiar with, bethinking herself of Sarey's coarse, uncultured womanhood.

He had become her shadow; even his painting in his holiday afternoons was for the most part given up to be with her. They climbed the hill behind the house,—it would have been a venerated mountain in any other locality,—though Helen, to whom five miles was a stroll and to whose vigorous health all out-door accomplishments were a delight, sank down more than once by the way, with the pathetic declaration that she could go no farther; she was thirsty and tired and timid, and would not drink the water when Lambert had at last obtained it, from a sudden frantic fear that there was arsenic in it: much of the

water in the locality was so impregnated. They went off on long, aimless rambles through meadow and field, and Helen screamed at every grasshopper that lit on her, nearly fainted when a harmless snake glided across their path, and superstitiously refused to go any farther after a hare had darted athwart the way. They explored the village, where time had stood still for fifty years, and she giggled at every house, made absurd criticisms on the village life, wondered why they did not build a theatre, thought it would be so nice to have the steam-cars run there instead of that lumbering old stage, and said, "How funny!" as they stood looking at the old inn, and he spoke out his thought, half to himself, "It was here Maurice lived, I am sure:

A little past the village
The inn stood, low and white;
Green, shady trees before it,
And an orchard on the right."

Though, even as she exclaimed, she caught her breath, for the lines had come into her own mind as well.

There was another surprise for her, too, in Lambert's reading. "An old minister," he explained, with the frankness that seemed a part of him, "had lent him books." But for the time bestowed on his wide and varied reading, made evident by thoughts, quotations, allusions, she could find no explanation but his own, given so simply: "What one loves, that there is always time for." And it was all such dear and familiar ground to her, she could admire and sympathize so well, could feel the very things which he felt so deeply, that there was a kind of princess-in-disguise feeling in the mental rags she had assumed that gave added zest.

And his art? He spoke often of it, modestly, but with a quiet confidence nothing seemed able to shake. It seemed to be so much a part of himself that it came naturally and readily into his conversation. But she had never seen any of his paintings, often and prettily as she had petitioned; and on the rare afternoons on which he worked, he set

out alone. He was so used to painting in solitude that any companionship, even hers, would make him nervous, conscious, miserable. "She should see them all before they parted," he promised; and there was no attempt to stifle the sigh with which the last words were uttered. She fancied in this one thing he shrank sensitively from what would meet his work,—her frivolous comments, the exclamations and conceited affectation; and she liked him the better for it. He had much about him, under his country exterior, that was of the artist nature: she had known more than one in her busy, cultivated life. He even, she fancied, had the studio trick of talking, the studio charm of conversation,—easy, pleasant, lightly anecdotal, a little discursive, sometimes high-flown or indulging in wild theories of art, with now and then a vanity that had something innocent and childlike in it; communicative, too, with a confidence in everybody that seemed to look for answering confidence, with occasional moments of despondency, while in his own personality there was a simplicity, an unworldliness, that did not border on foolishness, a sweetness that had in it no suspicion of effeminacy. And through it all was such a love for, an earnestness in, a high purpose, that one could never lose sight of the golden thread shining as through crystal beads.

"Never see such a feller for work!" said Solomon admiringly. "Them Fossdicks allers were great hands at pitchin' hay. Beats everything how this young feller goes at the taters."

So Helen thought, tiptoeing her way to the field, and asking all manner of ridiculous questions of Lambert, as he stood with his hoe over his shoulder, apparently as much in earnest over the hard, disagreeable work as though choice and not necessity had led him to it. Solomon would fain have hired him on the same terms for the rest of the season, for thrift—when its burden could rest on another—was a characteristic of the whole-souled farmer; but Lambert steadily declined. "Tain't wuth much," said Solomon; "but

thought I'd like to do ye a favor, being as I've allers known your folks." For there is something of the absurdity of the Spanish grandee in the native's reluctance to let any one suppose he solicits.

And how was it all to end? Well, Miss Atherton would return to the city, and her brief acquaintance with Lambert would become one of the most entertaining episodes a summer had ever afforded her, wherewith she might some day entertain,—no, on the whole, she did not think she should ever entertain anybody with it. And for him? Of that she never thought. It was a mental intoxication,—a moral callousness that had perhaps been born with her assumed character, and which was something new in her life, for a shrinking from giving pain to any living creature was one of the most prominent traits of Helen Atherton's character.

It was drawing toward the end of the fortnight now, and Helen's petitions to see the boy's painting—he was not much more than her own age, three-and-twenty—had grown more frequent and imperative.

"I'll promise not to be like the horrid critics, who always tell me the pictures I adore are daubs. You must not be afraid to show me," with pretty audacity. "I will not be put off any longer."

It was one afternoon, and she was sitting in the shadow of the great barn, with a flimsy novel in her lap, and by her side a piece of embroidery whose workmanship could find a rival only in its design. An accomplished actress does not disdain the least accessory to her part. She was lying back against the gray, weather-beaten wall, a delightful bit of color to even unartistic eyes in the pale-blue muslin; her hat was off; the wind was ruffling her brown hair that curled so prettily at temple and neck, the turn of her chin charmingly shown in the indolent way her head rested; her eyelids were nearly closed,—just distant enough to hint of deep gray within, just near enough to display thick dark lashes.

She was expecting Lambert. Hence

her pose. "And it has not even taken two weeks," she thought, "to—" She did not finish the sentence, even to herself. It may have been because of a vague feeling of discomfort that for once she did not try, or wish, to analyze.

He came at last, as he always did now, with the sunset look upon his face,—came quietly around the corner and stood for a moment looking down upon her. She opened her eyes, rubbing them like a sleepy child, started, and screamed:

"Oh, you naughty man! How you frightened me! It was too bad to startle me so! Only see how you have made my heart beat!"

"Not as you have mine." He had half turned away as he muttered the words, bending over the burden with which his arms were filled, and Helen seized the pretext to ignore them. Once she would have taken them up eagerly enough; now they caused a return of that undefined discomfort.

"Oh, you've brought your pictures with you," for this burden was a pile of canvases, "at last! at last!" clapping her hands gleefully. "I thought I never was to see them. And after I had 'most finished my book, I found I had read it twice before, for I remembered the dress the heroine had on when she died. To think of my wasting all that time!" She raised her eyes artlessly to Lambert. He was quietly smiling. Perhaps it was at her blunder.

He stood the canvases, one by one, against the barn, then stepped back, that she might look.

And she did look, and, looking, held her breath. Mountain, and stream, and ravine; a quiet meadow here, a bold mass of rock and torrent there; now a whole quiet landscape on a sunny afternoon,—you felt the sun,—side by side with a dark forest-pool on a gray, hopeless day. It had all been done with a sure, skilled hand, and by one that had loved the work.

Helen went from one to another in a kind of rapture, speechless. Talent, power, though probably in need of cultivation, the influence of masters in the

art, she had certainly expected to find; but nothing like this,—noting the sure touch, the bold masses to which had yet not been disdained a minuteness of finish, a delicacy of detail, which Meissonier himself need not have scorned. And that it should have been wrought out by this boy alone, unaided!—that was the wonder! It was miraculous. It was Chatterton with transposed genius.

Perhaps it sprang from the thought of the marvellous boy, and was mere unconscious association of ideas; perhaps it was a return of that strange uncomfortable feeling she had before experienced; perhaps it was the first faint foreshadowing of a terrible remorse she was to know in the days to come: whatever the cause, there welled up within her, over the admiration, nay, the reverence, a sudden flood of pity. But it was pity that in its kinship was divine.

"You don't say anything: you don't like them?" There was no mistaking the bitter disappointment in his tone, or misreading the look that accompanied it.

"Not like them!" Helen drew a long breath. "They are beautiful! beautiful! I have no words to tell you my admiration. And, though such work is as far beyond me as the stars, honestly, I am not a bad judge of such things, and—if you have ever doubted it, though I do not see how it is possible—you have genius beyond question. There is not much work like this to be seen even in the studios of acknowledged artists. And to have done it alone!"

For the first time in all her intercourse with him there had spoken her true self. For in his look there had lain the touchstone.

"Helen!"

Then she knew—saw as one sees a whole landscape in a lightning-flash—what it was that she had done; that on what, to her, had been lightly engraved "Comedy," on the otherside would be sunk, in black letters, "Tragedy." She was looking at one of the pictures at the moment,—a tree-trunk, overgrown with brambles, fallen across a wild little

brook. Years after she saw the picture again, and shuddered as at an open grave.

"Helen!"

"Don't speak; don't speak to me. Oh, what have I done?"

She stood a moment bewildered and dizzy, then, disregarding his beseeching call, his outstretched hand, hurried from him, leaving him standing there, amazed, with the pictures, the forgotten embroidery, and the absorbing book.

It was late that evening when a telegram went over the wires:

"Release me from the bond. Antonio."

Next morning a telegram came travelling back:

"I hold thee to the bond. Shylock."

III.

"You have been ill?"

She looked so, indeed, for there were great dark circles beneath her eyes, her face was pale, and the hand he held was hot and feverish.

"It was nothing. I am better. I have not slept much,—that is all."

They were in the great barn, where on Solomon had lavished every thought and convenience, for cattle must be cared for, though women struggle along with the rude household implements of half a century ago,—working from four in the morning till eleven at night. The Kingsleyan division of labor finds no echo in a farmer's household. The women not only have all the weeping to do, but they have most of the working as well.

Helen had slipped out to the barn that morning, as she hoped, unobserved, and had climbed to her favorite seat in the loft. Lambert had followed, and she, knowing what was coming, stood before him, distressed and anxious, the quiet self-possession that had always marked her departed, leaving her conscious and uneasy as any bashful school-girl.

"I am sorry." He still held her hand. "I wanted to see you, too, so much these last three days: I wanted to tell you something. You know what,

Helen?" His clasp of her hand had grown almost painful, but she did not feel it, as she drooped her head and made no answer. This the Helen Atherton who had quietly refused a half-dozen men! "You do know?"

"Yes, I know."

She made no attempt at evasion. There darted through her mind—and so strangely can there be at times two entirely separate trains of ideas, that she found distinct amusement in this lower one—the thought of how the girl whom she had been would have simulated pretty and foolish unconsciousness, would have blushed and giggled and declared she "couldn't possibly guess."

"Wait: I have something to tell you."

And then, from the beginning, she told him of the careless plot between her brother and herself,—how she had used her utmost effort to induce his love, had exerted herself to charm as she had never done in her life before, and, now that she had succeeded, would have none of it. She told the story quietly, effectively, the writer-element in her acting consciously. She knew she was telling a well-arranged story as she sat there on the hay, the great window in front of them,—a picturesque frame for the mountains and fields and rivers she felt she should always hate. There was no attempt at excuse in her story, her summer novel.

"And I,—what was my place in your plot?"

This was after a long silence that had been broken at last by her control suddenly giving way and her turning to him with the cry, "Say something!—say anything,—even though it be that you hate me!"

"Your place? I never thought. I don't try to excuse myself. I was blind, intoxicated. I saw nothing. We planned it thoughtlessly, and I carried it out,—criminally."

"Was it worth while, I wonder, for two weeks—no, eleven days—of happiness, to cause us both a lifetime of misery,—for you, perhaps, more even than for me?" with gentle and generous understanding. "I was not mistaken.

Poor, and friendless, and unknown, you do care for me?"

"Yes."

It was from the intensity of pain that her voice was sullen.

"Then what does anything else matter? I am young, and will work my way. Poverty, with you, will only be an additional spur."

She shook her head gravely and sadly. There was in her reply much of the material element that is in every good woman's love:

"I know the world better than you. I am not one to think it fails to recognize genius; but recognition is slow in coming. A wife would only drag you down. Though I might say 'yes' for my own sake, it should still be 'no' for yours. Necessity would elog your genius, or you would fail to reach the best, knowingly, for love of us. I have seen too many pot-boilers not to understand that. And then you do not know—you have had no means of knowing—how much in success besides talent is due to name and position."

"Archimedes was not the only person who weakly longed for a stand-point, that he might move the world. I will find the stand-point."

He looked so bright and hopeful as he said it that more than ever the pitifulness of the whole affair came to her. It had been such a useless, wanton sacrifice,—as though she had pulled to pieces in sport one of the butterflies hovering over the blackberry-bushes yonder. And then, in the midst of her broken sobs, she began, whimsically as any woman living does when cornered, for they all love to shift blame from their own shoulders,—

"Oh, if you could only tell me something dreadful about yourself! If there were insanity in your family, or your grandfather had murdered somebody, or if you were only something not quite as you seem!"

"I will, then." He turned suddenly on her a face full of love and laughter. "One masquerade is as fair as another. It has been diamond cut diamond all along. I'm not a cloistered country-

boy. I've lived in more than one city; I never heard of the Fosdicks; I never saw 'beyond Lacony' till this summer, and Solomon is an old braggart. I'm not poor, I'm not without position, I'm not friendless, I'm not altogether unknown."

"Why—what—I don't understand—"

"I met Tom two weeks ago at the Junction. Don't blame him: he has not an idea of it. He was waiting for the train, I for the steamer across the lake. We were old friends, though I had not seen him for years,—not since I went abroad. There was above two hours to wait, and we talked of everything under the sun, and at last, knowing my taste for odd theories, he told me of yours. My resolution was taken on the spot. I had been on a sketching-tour through the mountains, and was in tramp costume. His train came along first. Instead of the steamer, I took the stage, and turned up here two hours later."

"It has been a deception on your part all along—" Her brain was in a whirl. "You have made me suffer,—have caused me more agony,—and all along you saw through me: you knew what my foolish airs and graces meant, you were enjoying the spectacle I made—"

He nodded. His dancing eyes told even more how much he had enjoyed it, how much he was enjoying now this turning of the tables.

"You didn't drive the cows to pasture at two o'clock in the morning?"

"I was in error as to the rising-hour of the worthy kine," with an unabashed laugh. "Solomon has since enlightened me."

"And your education?"

"I am afraid Harvard is answerable for it."

"Your stories of the farm, your going barefoot through the snow, the old minister, the accident on the mountain, the visits to Laconia on the Fourth, your struggles to earn money for paint?"

"My inventive talent was at least equal to yours."

"Your painting?"

"Learned in Paris studios."

"And so you have been laughing at me all along! Oh, it is abominable! To think how I have trusted you, have believed in your gift,—and you are not what you appeared! I can never forgive you!—never!"

She was standing now and looking at him with flushed cheeks and angry eyes, fairer, it seemed to him, in her simple Quakerish print than she had ever been in her finery. He was standing, too. For her the foundations of the world were shaken. In his look were mingled love and amusement, and a budding contrition as she went on with her anger and reproaches.

He broke in at last:

"Let us call quits. Why, it was not a quarter of an hour ago that you were wishing—" He had committed the fatal mistake of reminding a woman, in argument, of her own words.

"Let me go." She tried to pass him.

"I will hear nothing further—"

"Halloo! What's up?"

A new figure, unobserved by both in their excitement, had ascended to their hiding-place and stood before them. It was Tom Atherton.

"Why, Lambert, I meet you all over the country," shaking hands with hearty cordiality. "And right glad I am of it, too. What's the matter?" For that something was the matter was evident to the most obtuse, which Mr. Atherton was far from being. "Thought I'd run up by the early train; but you don't seem half glad, either of you, to see me." His eyes were twinkling. He guessed something; the telegram had told him much; the faces of his sister and his friend still more. "What's wrong, Helen?"

"Nothing."

"What's up, Lambert?"

"A foolishness,—a mistake,—a mere nothing."

"A mere nothing! Indeed it was not. I have been shamefully deceived. And it was all your fault, Tom. I did not tell a soul. How was I to guess his appearance was all a deception?"

Then, brokenly, excitedly, in exclamations and phrases and reproachful

interruptions, the two tried to explain. On one thing only were they agreed: Mr. Atherton was distinctly the one to blame. So vehement were they in their reproaches that it was no wonder he looked ashamed, contrite, afraid to give vent to the laughter with which he was plainly struggling. But equally to both was Helen implacable.

"At least there was one reality," said Lambert, with a glance that left no doubt as to his meaning.

There was beginning to steal over her the humor of the whole situation; and, next to love, there exists nothing more potent to soften passion. His words and looks completed the work. She struggled with a smile,—it conquered;

she broke into laughter and held out her hand. He eagerly seized it.

"And so you forgive me?"

"We forgive each other. After all, I can afford to, for it has proved that I was in the right. You see my theory was correct, Tom."

"I see nothing of the kind. Why, you have contradicted it plainly. Of all the arguments ever advanced by a woman! Why, you were not—the charm did not lie. Oh, does a woman ever display the slightest reasoning power about love?"

"It was stupidity!"

"It was proximity!"

"It was—Helen!"

ESTHER WARREN.

SHELLS.

THESE castaways some billow rolled
 Along its sands, when up the rocks
 The young sun clambered, flushed and bold,
 Or when the moon led down her flocks,—
 Lone shepherdess with yellow locks.

O fairy citadels of stone,
 Upon whose darkly-winding stair,
 Like an uneasy ghost, a moan
 Goes up and down and everywhere,
 Have ye no legends dim and rare?

Where, in the greenish dark, with cold
 And stony faces, drowned men pass
 Amid a shipwreck's silk and gold,
 And women made for beauty's glass
 Float in their shrouds of tangled grass,

They lay, with spoils of swirl and swell,
 Until the heart that rocks a fleet
 And turns the spiral of a shell,
 Cloven by some melodious beat,
 Squandered their beauty at my feet.

RICHARD E. DAY.

AN INDIAN CATTLE-TOWN.

THE railroad-towns in the Indian Territory which are the centres of the cattle-trade do not differ in essential features from the others in the West which have been created for the same purpose, but yet have some peculiar characteristics not to be observed elsewhere. No matter how newly built the town in a Western State or Territory, where the title to the land is permanent, and when it is surrounded by agricultural settlements, it soon begins to take on a character of permanence; and amid all its inchoate rawness there are visible signs that its inhabitants have begun to create themselves homes and to manifest a corporate existence, in public buildings and the essential tokens of American civilization, the school-house and the church. In the midst of the frame storehouses will arise the substantial brick block; and among the board shanties of the first nomad settlers are the neat cottages and the flower-gardens that indicate the Anglo-Saxon instinct for the creation of the home. This is not the case in the Indian Territory, where permanent titles to land cannot be obtained by white settlers, who, in fact, can only remain by license of the United States agent for the conduct of trade and business-vocations, and in consequence their dwelling-places are only temporary shelters, and the town a board-and-shingle camp, except as some prosperous half-breed or white citizen by marriage may build himself a more permanent establishment. The instinct for comfort and adornment cannot be altogether checked, and is manifest in the occasional flower-garden or extra embellishment to the cottage; but, as a whole, the aspect is that of a merely temporary camp.

The two principal towns for the cattle-trade in the Indian Territory are Vinita, in the Cherokee Nation, and Muscogee, in the Creek, although a later rival, Tulsa, on the Arkansas River, the

present terminus of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, has perhaps by this time equalled them in size and importance. Of the two former, Muscogee, on the south bank of the Arkansas, and on the main route from Texas, presents the most peculiar and characteristic features. The first impression on seeing it is how ugly is the work of man when he first intrudes himself upon nature, and how little his habitations or his handiwork accord with her tranquil beauty. Muscogee is in a characteristically lovely spot of a lovely country. A short distance south of the Arkansas, which sweeps along in full yellow tide between its densely-wooded banks of cotton-wood and sycamore, the town lies within a gentle depression of the high prairie, which, in long rolls like the swell of a subsiding sea, stretches away to the timbered horizon. Knolls crowned with tufts of timber or bare in conical smoothness diversify the surface of the emerald sea of grass, and a few miles to the west rises a nobler hill, with the substantial agency buildings upon it. The landscape has all the features of the prairie, with a graceful variety often wanting; and in the opening spring, when the grass is of a bright green, sprinkled with brilliant flowers, and the plain seems bathed in a golden emerald glow, it is one of the loveliest of pictures. Into this is interjected a street or two of wooden buildings, stores, some of them of considerable size, but of the rudest construction, sometimes with the square-topped front painted, but more often not, and the frontier dwelling-houses of pine timber and matched boards, which are the first stage of development from the tent and the wagon-cover, and by no means so substantial or so comfortable as the log cabin of the agricultural settler. One would not be surprised to see the whole town hauled off on a train of flat cars some day, and it hardly seems more per-

manent than the lines of freight-cars that stand in front of it and rival the principal street in size and architecture. It is simply a camp of the nomads of trade. But, as the tent of an Arab merchant of the desert may contain a bag of diamonds worth a king's ransom, or a bale of priceless silks of Samarcand, so it is not to be supposed that the contents of these stores are necessarily as poor as their exteriors. On the contrary, although kid gloves and laces do not form an extensive feature of their stock in trade, their contents often represent a more substantial value in cash than those of some magnificent establishments in Eastern cities; and accompanying the long boots and shirt-sleeves of the keen-eyed and busy merchants may be found, more often than would be supposed, intelligent culture and good breeding, and almost always nerve, shrewdness, and vigorous enterprise. Nor are grace and intelligence wanting in the wives and families of some of these mercantile adventurers, and sometimes as sharply-contrasted evidences of refinement and fashion will be found in these temporary homes as in the officers' quarters of a frontier post.

But these are not the prevailing and distinctive features of the town, and, in fact, their presence is generally wholly unsuspected by the temporary visitor. One distinct and numerous class of inhabitants consists of the railroad-hands, who are here transferred and relieved on their long "shifts." The conductors and engineers, the brakemen and section-hands, on the long, double-threaded line of railroad that stretches to the limit of vision to the north and south, and of which this town is merely a ganglion, throng about the station and the cattle-yards and adorn the piazza and corridor of the railroad caravansary. They are a degree ruder and more vigorous than their fellows of the East, and the substance of their existence is almost as wholly of the line as that of the sailor on the high seas of his ship and her voyage. They are of a class which begins to have a typical appearance and manner; and the railroad-man may be

recognized as readily as the sailor, although masquerading with uncindereed face and unoled garments. And, considering his multiplication in emphasis, he may acquire a similar distinctive representation in literature and the drama. The Western train-man will be like the sperm-whaler or the man-of-war's-man in the comparison of his experience and manner of life with that of the ordinary fisherman or merchant-sailor; and the adventures and happenings of a week's trip through the Territory will furnish more variety than a lifetime in tamer regions.

The greater portion of the cattle come from the vast fields of Texas, and are shipped at the various rendezvous along the railroad to which they have been driven. They are crowded into the cars as thickly as they can stand, and are slowly transported in the long trains, indicating their impatience by their rattling horns and their sufferings by bovine sighs as their angry eyes gleam through the interstices in their moving pens. They are not allowed to lie down, for one in that position would soon be trampled to death by its companions, and each train is accompanied by a number of "cow-punchers," whose business it is to goad with sharp stakes the unfortunate animal which may have sunk through weariness, until it rises to its feet again. At rare intervals the cattle are disembarked at some corral for feed and water; and so the slow and painful journey goes on, by day and night, until the final market of Chicago or St. Louis is reached. The owners of the consignments travel with their cattle, and are of the usual class of rancheros and the rough-and-ready cattle-dealers. They eat and sleep in company with the train-hands in the caboose, which is a long car fitted up with benches along its sides and has something of the atmosphere and appearance of a ship's fore-castle. Such passengers are apt to amuse themselves during the tedium of the trip with "draw-poker" and refresh themselves from supplies of frontier whiskey. As a natural consequence, there is a good deal of friendly riot, and occasionally an

altercation, which is settled by the prompt weapons in every one's belt, and it more than once happens that a wounded cow-boy, or even a dead one, is taken out of the car at the next station. The train-hands have to be of the sort to cope with passengers of this kind on some sort of equality and defend themselves, if they cannot keep the peace, so that they are generally as quick on the trigger as the average frontiersmen. They are sometimes compelled to deal with these gentry under still more critical circumstances, when some of the outlaws and desperadoes who infest the Territory undertake to secure transport with no other tickets than their revolvers. A party of these will sometimes board a train as it is halted at a watering-tank, and then there is a prompt show of force between the train-hands and the intruders. If the latter are wholly overmatched by numbers, there is usually a frank admission of the fact, and the right of passage is admitted in an interchange of the rough and racy badinage of the border. If the odds are the other way, there is as prompt an ejection; and on a fair equality there may be a fight, resulting in submission or expulsion, in the one case the bleeding conductor and brakemen going on with the train carrying its unwelcome passengers, while in the other it moves away bombarded by pistol-shots. A long journey of this kind under the burning sun by day and through the wide plains bathed in mist at night, the shriek of the engine alone breaking the mysterious silence, and the lamp-lit caboose seeming like the cabin of a ship on the illimitable ocean, is one to fill the mind with strange fancies, and is as little like the ordinary prosaic travel in a passenger-car as the life in the fore-castle of a merchant-ship is like that in the cabin of an ocean-steamer. Over the vast plains, too, the head-lights of the locomotives are visible at a distance like ships' lanterns at sea, or rather like the red star of the light-house, and their slow approach and increasing glare, and the weird effect of the noise and lumbering strain of the laden cars, are sugges-

tive of the apparition of some strange monster. The sharp bark of the coyote echoes the shriek of the engine, and the wild deer breaks out of the thicket and scours the plain at its approach. It is like voyaging in the mistiness and mystery of the sea, and the storm and wind are hardly less appalling in their strength and power as they sweep over the vast reaches of the plain. Under these circumstances it is not singular that the railroad-hands differ in essential degree from their sober fellows of the East, whose labors are comparatively an episode in the commonplace circumstances of ordinary life.

Muscogee, besides being a point from which the constantly-increasing herds raised in the Territory are shipped, is a place for feeding and watering the cattle *en route* from Texas, which are turned out into large corrals, and consequently there are large numbers of rancheros and cow-boys congregated in its caravansary or camped about the town. It is also on the road to the ferries across the Arkansas River, and a natural halting-point for herds that are being driven on the eastern trails to points in Missouri and Arkansas. Perhaps some thumb-nail sketches of typical figures among these wild horsemen and the nomads of the plain will give a better idea of their characteristics than a more general description. It is needless to say that they are all hardy, bronzed by the sun to a deep red unless nature has given a darker pigment to their skins, keen-eyed, and of the free and reckless carriage natural to their manner of life, long-haired and flapped, and dressed in the rough-and-ready garments of the frontier. Not unfrequently there is a border-dandy among them, who is as punctilious in regard to his dress and accoutrements as a fashionable exquisite, and quite conscious of the elements of picturesqueness in his appearance. Such a one will show a set of white teeth through his moustache, and will very probably carry a tooth-brush in his boot-leg, while his long locks are carefully oiled and his slouched hat is set on

at an accurate angle. There goes a remarkable specimen of the kind, tall and graceful, with an easy swing to his broad shoulders and a slight self-consciousness in his carriage. He has been in Mexico, for he wears a sombrero with stiff rims and dangling tassels to its band in place of the slouched felt, and gives further token in the red sash around his waist, in which the ivory handles of his brace of revolvers are conspicuous. His flannel shirt is embroidered down the breast, and has a wide collar that sets off his bronzed and columnar neck. His trousers are of buckskin, glossy and stained by constant contact with the saddle; his boots reach to the knee, and their heels are adorned with enormous spurs, whose bells jingle as he walks. Under some circumstances such dandyism might give the impression of fraud, of an attempt at masquerading for the purpose of astonishing the "tender-foot;" but the instinct for ornament is not confined to fashionable society, and the bravest and most skilful Indian warrior may be the most careful to get himself up in war-paint and feathers. The experienced eye is not readily deceived in such cases, and there is something in the glance and carriage of the dandy ranchero which shows that he is no sham. As a matter of fact, he is the owner of one of the largest herds of cattle that are being driven through the Territory this season, and dominates his band of cow-boys as much by his personal qualities as by his position. When he gets to St. Louis he will don broad-cloth, have his hair cut, and conduct himself like a polished gentleman until he is ready to return to the plains. More than one scion of the English aristocracy or college graduate from the Eastern States is managing his cattle-ranch in these days and showing himself the equal in manhood of the frontiersman who has passed his life in the dangers and vicissitudes of the trade.

At the same time, one would fancy as a companion in an emergency the stout and unpretending individual whose careless roughness of attire shows that the idea of his personal appearance is wholly

absent from his mind, and whose short and sturdy form is without the slightest element of the picturesque. There is an air of good-humored determination in the lines of his countenance and about the firm lips, which are not obscured by the closely-trimmed beard; and his air, although unassuming, is that of one equal to all comers. Nor, although his garments are covered with the dust of the trail and the neckerchief that sheds the sun from the back of his neck is soiled, does he seem like the sloven any more than like the dandy. Grease and slovenliness are, in fact, the surest outward signs of the frontier humbug, and are readily distinguished from the rough-and-ready carelessness of attire that is suited to the storm and dust, the days in the saddle and the nights with the ground for a couch.

Here ride a couple of cow-boys up the street on their ponies, which are thin and worn with the long trail, but hardy and vigorous. Their riders are likewise somewhat subdued, although not fatigued, by the journey, and ride in a business-like way, with their thoughts on the herd and the camp. Their minds are not yet relieved of the sense of responsibility as they will be when the herd is delivered at the shipping-point. Then they will "turn themselves loose" with their fellows in one grand and prolonged spree, in which they will very likely "take the town," and turn its streets into a pandemonium, charging to and fro on horseback, shouting, yelling, and pistol-firing, until they have worked off the enthusiasm of the "hurrah," or the forty-rod whiskey has laid them out senseless on the ground. A cattle-town on one of these occasions is a very lively place, in which those who are not protected by the divinity that hedges drunken men would do well to keep within-doors. For the present these cow-boys are under the burden of responsibility, and, having renewed their supply of tobacco at the stores, are on the way to camp, where, after supper, they will take their turns as sentinels of the herd, which will be "rounded up" at sunset. Each carries

his "slicker"—otherwise his oilskin coat—in a roll behind him, and the handles of their brass-mounted pistols protrude from their worn leather holsters.

A more notable, or at least a more famous, figure than either of those that have been sketched is seen crossing the street on foot. This is a half-breed Indian, of strong and active although somewhat corpulent figure. His face is beardless and full, the expression too sedate to be called good-humored, but very far from being reckless or ferocious, and, except for his reputation, he would hardly be picked out as one of the most coolly courageous men on the frontier, the commander of a partisan corps whose service is one of constant hardship and danger, and whose formidable name does not reach the record of the men who have fallen by his hand. This is the redoubtable Captain Sam Six-Killer, the commander of the United States Indian police, under the orders of the Agent of the five chief tribes in the Territory. He is a native Cherokee, having commenced his service against criminals as a sheriff in his own nation, and his surname is inherited, and not derived from his own exploits, the Six-Killer family being a numerous and powerful one in the tribe. He is dressed in a linen duster, and not even a pistol is visible, although of course he is not without one; and the only token of his service is the pair of blue pantaloons ornamented with a gilt stripe. His force consists of about twenty native Indians, usually half-breeds like himself, who may be seen lounging about the town or the agency when not on active service. The duty of this body is to hunt down the horse- and cattle-thieves, arrest the native outlaws and criminals, break up the illicit whiskey-selling, which is carried on to some extent in spite of the vigilance of the white and native authorities and the severity of the punishment, and meet the thousand and one exigencies of preserving order among such a population. Its ordinary demands are exacting enough in hardship and danger, where a circuit of hundreds of square miles may have to be

traversed and where every man is armed and ready to shoot, to discourage even the rough riders of the Territory, and its frequent episodes are of an appallingly desperate character. Very frequently an Indian desperado who has been outlawed by his tribe, like the notorious Dick Glass, a half-breed Creek and negro, the fame of whose exploits has been the theme of telegraph news-dispatches, will gather around him a body of followers as desperate as himself and embark in a career of plunder and outrage. To overtake such a band, which helps itself to the best horses it can steal, when in flight, requires hard riding, and to track it in the wide circuit of the woods and prairie, when it is familiar with every hiding-place and expert in every form of plains-craft, requires accomplished skill. And when either is done, there is the certainty of a desperate fight, in which the foes are equally matched in marksmanship and courage, and the dead and desperately wounded are sure to be counted on both sides. Several such fights have occurred with this very Dick Glass and his followers, and, although the band has been dispersed and its leader wounded and made prisoner more than once, he has survived and escaped, and at this writing has not yet been "wiped out," although there is no question but that he will die in his boots. I saw the posse bring in a couple of prisoners who had committed a murder on a native Creek with whom they had been at feud. They had ridden out of the thicket upon him suddenly, as he was sitting at the door of his cabin, and shot him dead before he could get inside and secure his gun. His widow had ridden in with the news as soon as they had disappeared, and in a very few minutes a party was out in pursuit. They followed the trail for three days, and finally surrounded and seized the murderers at their camp in a cane-brake. The chief criminal was a burly half-breed of the negro admixture, which often makes a very bad cross with the Indian, the result combining the vices of both races. He was mounted on his own horse, which was led by one of the

police on horseback, and wore handcuffs, being also further secured by a rope from his ankles under the belly of his horse. He was a most forbidding and desperate-looking reprobate, his thick lips pouted out in sullen anger and his small eyes gleaming ferociously under the pent-house of his hat. The other prisoner was hardly more than a boy, probably led into the crime by the influence of his older companion. They were consigned to the calaboose, and would be delivered over to the Creek authorities for trial. Captain Six-Killer sometimes varies such duties as these with the more agreeable task of escorting railroad magnates who make the journey through the Territory and whose wealth gives them nervous apprehensions of being kidnapped or robbed. Under these circumstances he bears his lionizing modestly, and discreetly carries off his share of the champagne, doubtless inwardly amused at the fears which too much money brings to its possessors.

It was my fortune to meet at Muscogee the hero of a siege on a small scale, who had obstructed the progress of a railroad by a fortalice of his own construction and defended mainly by his own six-shooting rifle. He himself and his exploit were specimens of one, and not altogether an extraordinary, phase of Territorial life. He was an Irishman, bearing the name of Pat Shanahan, and, although he had readily adapted himself to the border ways, his genuine Kerry brogue retained its unadulterated flavor, and the cast of his features, his red hair, and his blue eyes were unmistakably Celtic. He was voluble on the subject of his wrongs, and recounted his exploits with native eloquence. Mr. Shanahan had penetrated into the Territory with the progress of a railroad, and when an end had come to his employment with the pick and shovel the free life was so attractive that he was loath to depart. He took up with an Indian woman, and, without, it was said, going through the formalities either of marriage or of taking out papers for citizenship, had built himself a cabin on the prairie and proceeded to fence in and cultivate a field. In

course of time the railroad resumed its progress, and its line was run through Mr. Shanahan's demesne. This was an invasion of his rights which he could not tolerate, and he promptly ordered the surveyors off his territory, enforcing his demands with the moral force of a rifle in his hand and two pistols in his belt. After vainly attempting to convince him that they had the authority of the tribal council for their action, Pat's temper rising higher at every moment, they discreetly withdrew for reinforcements. On the succeeding morning, when they rode up with a more formidable party, they discovered that Mr. Shanahan had occupied the hours of their absence in constructing a formidable fortification from which to defend his possession. He had built a fort of sods and earth directly in the path of their survey. It was duly loop-holed for musketry, and above it, on a pole, floated a flag of defiance, which was an article of wearing-apparel of a different sexuality from that under which Midshipman Easy and Gascoigne distinguished themselves in defence of the felucca, and not of a color that would seemingly have enlisted the sympathies of an ardent Irishman. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, it was a red flannel shirt. As they rode up, the face of the commander appeared above the ramparts, and his voice poured out upon them a flood of oburgation and defiance. Again discretion prevailed, and the surveyors retired, to make their complaint to the tribal authorities. The sheriff of the district went out with a posse to remove the obstruction; but in the mean time the commander of the fort had not only strengthened and enlarged his defences, but had summoned several of his squaw's relations to his assistance. It was said, in fact, that she had instigated his resistance and had threatened to abandon him for a coward if he allowed himself to be run over by a set of intruders. At any rate, there were several rifles showing at the loop-holes, and, after a brief parley, the sheriff himself concluded that it was safer not to attack a party that had the advantage of protection and was evidently determined

on a desperate resistance. For the third time the valiant Shanahan was left master of the field; and it was not until the chief himself arrived with a formidable force that he became convinced that further resistance was useless and struck his flag, having, however, secured the glory of having stopped a railroad for a week by the force of his own right arm and stout heart. The fort was ploughed over and dismantled, and its material is undistinguishable in the railroad-embankment, but the memory of his gallant defence against the encroachments of monopoly deserves a commemorative monument. It unfortunately happened, as is not uncommon in such cases, that he forgot that he had no legal right himself in the premises, and the consequences of his exploit were not only that his fields were broken through, but that he was ordered to depart from the reservation, in which he had not acquired the rights of citizenship. His journey to Muscogee was to plead his case before the Agent, which he did without success, in spite of his eloquence. What became of him I know not; but, from his unsubdued spirit, I am of opinion that he went back to his squaw and is still a resident of the Territory, with or without the formality of acquiring citizenship. He is by no means the only strange character and exile from the uttermost parts of the earth who has found shelter in the Territory or been left stranded there by misfortune. I once had the pleasure of conversing with a Portuguese physician, who had spent many years in the islands of the Pacific, and who was passing the decline of his years as a Creek citizen as comfortably as a severe ophthalmia would permit.

Not many of the native Indians are to be seen about Muscogee. They are uneasy in its noise and bustle, and feel like aliens in the strange colony that has settled within their borders and whose people eye them with curiosity or contempt. There is occasionally an intelligent half-breed who has a store and holds his own in the keen competition of trade with his white rivals, or is the owner of

a plantation or a cattle-ranch. There are some among the Creeks, as well as the Cherokees, who are wealthy and enterprising and who inherit the qualities as well as the names of the adventurers and army-officers who early formed connections with the tribe. Among these are families like the McIntoshes and the Perrymans, who exercise a commanding influence in the political affairs of the nation. These visit and do business in Muscogee, but are not distinguishable in their manners and customs from the whites, while some of them bear such small traces of their Indian blood as to leave its presence entirely unsuspected. But the full-blood Creeks, like the Cherokees, draw away from the presence of the railroad into remoter and less disturbed regions, and, although occasionally visiting the town to trade, do not mix with the white inhabitants, and withdraw as soon as possible. And this in spite of the fact that the Creeks are less solitary in their habits and more gregarious than the Cherokees, living in communities of their own, which are called "towns," but which are more like a rural neighborhood, and which have a sort of subordinate government of their own, under headmen, who exercise a modified authority in the affairs of the community.

When the native Creeks visit the town to trade they usually come in parties from a neighborhood, or at least in families. Yonder is a party going home after having exchanged their skins and furs or game for store-supplies. They look like a band of gypsies, except for their unmistakably Indian contour and color. They are mounted on tough and wiry ponies, the men unencumbered, but the women with the bags of supplies behind them on the saddle, and very often the stout urchin, with his legs spread out, roosting on the bag, another in front, and the baby in arms. The women wear gaudy shawls over their heads, and homespun or calico dresses, and the men the usual rough garments of the frontier, generally betraying the Indian instinct by the feather in the hat-band or the striped hunting-

shirt. They ride on silently and soberly, casting stealthy glances from their black eyes, and evidently uncomfortable, until the broad prairie swallows them up or they disappear in a belt of woods, when their silence will give way to chatter, unless by chance they come upon some strange white man. There is a very considerable mixture of the negro among the Creeks, which is rarely or never seen among the Cherokees; and the powerful African blood is conquering a predominant place over the native strain, although there are still many Creeks who are jealous of the purity of their race and descent. Some of the half-breeds of Creek and negro blood are among the leaders of the nation in wealth and intelligence; but very often, as has been said, the cross results in a specimen who combines the ferocity of the Indian with the sensuality of the negro. This element creates most of the disturbances which are more frequent among the Creeks than among the other civilized tribes, and which sometimes take the aspect of small wars, requiring the interference of the military to suppress them, as well as producing bands of desperadoes like that of Dick Glass.

Among the Creeks, as among the Cherokees, there yet linger specimens of the primitive whites of Georgia and Alabama, who were bred on terms of familiarity and equality with them, and married Indian wives, not as a freak of fancy, but from neighborly choice and the consideration of the right to citizenship and a share of the communal lands. These accompanied the tribe in its removal across the Mississippi, and have grown old in the Indian "towns" in perfect equality of manner of life and condition. At the same time, they preserve their native characteristics unchanged, and have the hard features, the dialect, and the habits of the inhabitants of the secluded cabins among the red hills of Georgia and the mountains of Tennessee. One of them paid a visit to the town in quest of the Agent, for the purpose of having some real or imaginary claim upon the national fund adjusted in his favor, and, not finding the

official at home, had seated himself on the porch of the railroad hotel with the patience of one to whom hours and days were of no consequence. He was singularly tall, but somewhat bent with years, and the relaxed fibres of his long limbs indicated the decay of his bodily energies. He was dressed in a suit of homespun blue jeans, with an unbleached cotton shirt, also of home manufacture. His raw-boned face was cleanly shaven, and his long nose and hard features were characteristic of his descent. Constantly chewing tobacco, two streams of which marked the corners of his mouth, he sat unmoved and silent—only shifting one leg occasionally over the other, and on one occasion briefly detailing the object of his errand to an acquaintance—from the hour at which he arrived in the morning until the close of the day, when he threw his leg across the saddle of a rusty old pony, which had been standing, with bowed head and equal patience, hitched to a post, and slowly rode off to some neighbor's house, where he would rest for the night, to renew his waiting for the Agent in the morning. The mixture of the Georgia "crackers" with the Creeks did not result in any particular increase of energy or enterprise in either race. The former drift through life even more easily than at home, quite inferior in station and influence to the half-breeds of more vigorous ancestry, and to the full bloods whose native intelligence and vigor have produced worthy successors to Weatherford in the councils of the nation, and statesmen and warriors like Ootle-yehola, who were capable of winning victories from Confederate officers in the late war, into which the Creeks, like their neighbors the Cherokees, were dragged and compelled to take sides, to the division of the tribe, whose animosities resulting from it are not yet entirely healed, but are still perpetuated to some extent in political strife and private blood-feud. Still, the native Creeks are a peaceful and placable race in comparison with the ordinary Indian type, and family vendettas carried on from generation to generation are more rare,

perhaps, than among the Cherokees or the Seminoles, who are of the same parent stock.

It does not take long to be rid of the impress of the town and to receive that of the wide landscape and the strong power of the far-reaching prairie in which it is but a pitiful excrescence. A few minutes on horseback,—for no one goes on foot in this country except about the streets of a town, and sometimes even the trading is done from saddle to stoop,—and you are out on the wide, green carpet of the plain, with all the freshness of its air in your lungs, and your eyes gladdened with the purity and vitality of grass and tree and stream. To view the scene from the top of one of the broad swales that surround the town and give a commanding prospect of the landscape, at the close of the day and under the shifting light of a coming storm, is to receive a mental picture which will be long in fading. The dark cloud is rising black into the sky up the valley of the Arkansas, its edges puffing out into convolutions of rolling vapor, and the zigzag streaks of lightning playing across its dark bosom. The light of the angry sun is spread over the green grass of the plain in a yellow glare, and gusts of wind whirl past, freshened with the dampness of the coming rain. The birds that find shelter on the earth are singing as merrily as ever on the swaying weeds or in the grass; but yonder over the dark woods flies a flock of white cranes for shelter, while the sailing buzzards have disappeared from the sky. The cattle are uneasy with the prescience of the coming storm, and near us a herd is being rapidly "rounded up" by the active cow-boys, whose shouts and yells are singularly clear in the electrical atmosphere, and the cracks of whose long whips resound like pistol-shots. As the herd was being "bunched" under the shelter of a grove, the bull, a tremendous animal of a deep-

red color, separated himself from it and started out into the prairie with lowered head and deep and sullen roars, pausing occasionally to paw the earth and send it in clouds over his back, and presenting a perfect picture of strength and obstinacy. One of the herders, a mere boy, mounted on a lithe and active pony, rode after him. The bull was apparently afraid of his little antagonist, and fled at a lumbering gallop, which, although seemingly slow and heavy, enabled him to cover a good deal of ground in a short time. But in a moment the pony was upon his flanks. Out flew the long whip far in the rear, and then it darted forward, falling upon his hide with a startling crack. Doubling and twining with the most active speed, the little pony headed and drove the bull, the whip falling as fast as it could be wielded, until, with a sullen bellow of submission, he was driven into the limits of the herd and subsided for the night. While we had been watching this performance, the clouds had rolled up the sky, the light had disappeared from the plain, and the storm was upon us. It came sweeping down the valley in a wall of rain, the tossing trees being swathed in its vapor and the earth smoking under its advance. There was no need of the spur, as our excited horses fled in a vain race to escape its fury, and in an instant the rushing, tearing, driving rain was beating upon us, while the thunder crashed with deafening peals, and the lightning ran over the ground in streams. For half the night the storm roared and flashed and beat, shaking the flimsy walls of the caravansary, and through it the herdsman made their patient rounds, and the railroad-train beat its strong way against the thundering gale, until it swept itself off the sky, and the quiet moon and stars once more illumined the silent and solitary plain, buffeted and beaten, but fresh in the misty robe of the vanished rain.

ALFRED M. WILLIAMS.

THE GREAT JIGTOWN FAILURE.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more depressing place than Jigtown in May, except for one who had seen Jigtown in April. The spring there had a peculiar effect of deferred hope. Obdurate patches of grimy snow lay along the fences, with outliers here and there into the stony fields. The winter road-bed of impacted ice, furrowed with miniature brooks, seemed as likely as not to last till it formed a "bottom" for the next season's sleighing. The shapes and attitudes of the few straggling trees suggested a struggle for an existence hardly worth struggling for. They had the dejected air of aborigines nearly civilized out of existence. Turn whichever way you might, it invariably seemed up hill and into increased chilliness. It is true, Jigtown enjoyed a certain reputation among scientific circles as the "centre of an elevated plateau," and had been the subject of acrimonious personal controversy, one learned gentleman having eloquently described it as "that peculiarly interesting locality, that great Silurian island round which the billows of the Devonian ocean had rehearsed their ancient song of chaos," and another openly deriding it as "a modern refuse-heap, simply the dumping-ground for all that was worn out and worthless in the great continental glacier." But to ordinary people, whose imaginations do not habitually carry them back to x millions of years B.C., it was only a collection of shabby wooden houses on a bleak hill-side, most of them unpainted and representing the second growth which thirty years ago had succeeded the log cabins of the settlers. Two white wooden boxes with high windows were apparently meant for churches; and one, distinguished by slightly greater size and shabbiness, was evidently the tavern. There was a blacksmith's and a cooper's shop, a "general-purpose" store, and near the brow of the hill a narrow two-story

building announced itself on a faded sign to be a "drug-store." In the window of this, two glass vases filled with a bright-red liquid gave the only bit of color to the cheerless scene. Nearly opposite was a lower house, with a newer sign,—*"Miss Bloom, Milliner."* This had a neat fence in front, and a general air of smartness, as befitted the temple of Fashion.

On a chilly morning in the early part of May the owner of the drug-store was standing in front of his door in a downcast and irresolute attitude. He was a sandy-haired, light-colored, thin man of thirty-five, of that undecided appearance which gives little intimation of age or character. He walked slowly back and forth on the narrow porch in front of the store a few moments, and then moved more quickly across the street and entered the low house opposite. The jingling of a bell attached to the door gave notice of his approach and summoned Miss Bloom from the inner fane of the temple of Fashion, where the sacred mysteries of her craft were hidden from the public gaze. She was a short, plump young woman, with dark hair, not exactly pretty, but with that wholesome, helpful look in her face which the eye finds it pleasant to rest on.

"Well, Norman?" said the girl, with cheerful interrogation, looking steadily into his downcast countenance.

"It's no use," said the man. "I was out all day, and I only got forty-seven dollars. I didn't get back till nine o'clock, or I would have told you last night."

"Well, that's quite a beginning. Tell me all about it."

"Some of 'em was mad at being asked, and said they guessed they was good for a little drug-bill, but didn't pay me a cent. Some of 'em hadn't sold their butter 'cause this oleo-margarine is making it so low. The widder Brown

was the only one that paid me in full, 'n' she gave me my dinner besides, 'n' I guess she is the poorest one in the lot. She had the four dollars and thirty-three cents all ready by itself in a drawer, and said that was the last debt her husband owed. I might have got a yearling calf over to Bronson's, but Harbert & Froud won't take a yearling calf for their pay. They say they must have the money, and the whole of it; and I don't see any way how I can raise it. They will have to come up and take the store. I'll go out to Middletown tomorrow; but it's no use for me to try to raise six hundred and eight dollars. I don't believe there is as much money as that in all the township. I wrote 'em last night after I got back, and gave the letter to Silas Van Duser to take to town this morning. I told them that I had committed an act of bankruptcy, and must make an assignment, unless they would give me time. But what is the use? I don't see how time can make it any better. I'm a failure; and I'd better fail."

This long speech was delivered in a monotonous, resigned tone, as if it had been learned by heart. Indeed, the limited intellect of the man had dwelt on the subject so long that its action had become mechanical, and the recital of his troubles flowed from him with as little spontaneity, and with much the same dull suggestion of pain, as the opening of "Paradise Lost" from a school-boy. Miss Bloom could not but recognize the hopelessness of the man before her. But she tried to answer cheerfully:

"We can't tell what time may do, Norman."

Do what she could, the brave little woman could not keep the tears out of her voice. Sympathetically she looked at the world through the man's eyes, and it seemed hard, forlorn, joyless. The little fabric of their lives seemed about to be crushed in a pitiless necessity. She raised her face with tearful eyes and put her hands instinctively on the young man's shoulders.

"I don't feel as if I had any right to kiss you, Carry," said he..

"I gave you the right when I promised to marry you; but you are the best judge of that. Men have wanted to kiss me when they hadn't any right," said she, drawing away from him with a touch of resentment.

Even poor Norman Downer, broken in spirit as he was, could not resist this.

Then she whispered tremulously, "I've got sixty dollars, Norman, that you can have to help make up what you want."

She moved as if to go into the other room, but the druggist stopped her with more decision of manner than could have been expected in him.

"No, no; I cannot take money from you,—least of all to pay my debts. You are the very one that I could not take it from. Besides, all your money!—oh, no! not if you had a thousand dollars clear." He shook his head with a vigor that seemed to transform him.

"Why, Norman," said the girl, "who could you take it from rather than from me? I shan't want it before next winter, and I wish you would take it."

"You've got yourself and your mother to take care of, and I will never be a burden on a woman. You've done me a mighty sight of good by offering it,—more'n a hundred dollars' worth. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll go out West and find something to do."

He was so evidently in earnest that the girl did not attempt to renew her offer, and Downer, again saying that he would go to Middletown next day and collect what he could, crossed the street with a much firmer tread than before, and entered his store to wait for such customers as chance might send him.

Silas Van Duser's idea of an "early start" was so primitive that he drove out of Jigtown at three o'clock in the morning, and thus it happened that Norman Downer's letter to his New York creditors was posted in the county town at eight, and at four o'clock of the same afternoon formed one of a neatly-tied package on the desk of Mr. William Froud, managing partner of the great wholesale drug-house of "Harbert & Froud," to which the debt that caused so much uneasiness in Jigtown was due.

He read them rapidly and laid them in separate boxes, with a few pencilled words on the back of each. When he came to the one in which Downer with needless frankness confessed his utter inability to pay his bill, he frowned slightly. "'Act of bankruptcy'! What does the fool mean by that? This letter is enough to jug him." He called sharply to the office-boy in the outer room, "Robert, tell Mr. Blood that I wish to see him at once;" then to the book-keeper, "Make out N. Downer's bill as quickly as you can, and charge the amount over to profit and loss."

The man sent for came running up the stairs from the basement, where he had been checking off an invoice of bottles. He hastily brushed some straws from his sleeve, and, on entering the room, assumed at once an air of alert attention tempered with respect.

"Henry," said the manager, "that rascal Downer is trying to beat us out of his bill. You will have to go to Jig-town and get what you can out of the wreck, if it isn't more than enough to pay travelling-expenses. You mustn't let the rest of the creditors get ahead of us, if we are not too late already. You can take the six-o'clock express, and reach the county town to-night in time to find out whether any assignment has been filed, and be on hand with an attachment early to-morrow morning. Nab everything there is in sight. I'll go right down to the lawyer's office and swear to the papers and have them sent to you at the Barclay-Street Station. Get what money you want from John, and have him telephone to 41 Wall that I'll be there in ten minutes, and one of the firm must be in the office."

Saying this, the manager jumped up, caught his hat, and walked briskly down the store, putting on his overcoat as he went. In a few moments he was rolling down town on the elevated road; and, two hours later, Blood, seated in a railroad-car just moving out of Jersey City, was endeavoring to read a paper courteously addressed to "any constable or sheriff of the State of New York, greeting," and containing, in a vast

labyrinth of verbiage, a peremptory command that "ye take, hold, and possess all the goods, chattels, credits, choses in action, of every kind, nature, name, sort, or description whatsoever, now being in the possession of or in any way pertaining or belonging to the said Norman Downer, the above-named defendant."

The clerk of Summit County was much surprised by a call at eleven o'clock that night from an impetuous little man with a full black beard and bright black eyes, who wished to know whether Norman Downer had filed an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The clerk assured him that no official claim had been entered, and that the attachment he now received would be the first lien, and should go on file at the opening of the office in the morning, and bowed him out with the impression that a great commercial crisis must be impending.

"Now," said Blood to himself, as he walked back to the livery-stable near the station, "if that beat hasn't removed the goods, and if there is no one else already in possession, I ought to be able to light on enough to make fifty per cent. and expenses, anyway. Must be a good six hours' drive over there; and I may as well start now as later."

Some little delay was caused by the caution of the stable-keeper, who was so much astounded by the receipt of ten dollars in advance and by the energy of the New-Yorker's manner, and so unable to conjecture why any sane man should insist on driving to Jigtown in the middle of the night, that he suspected his customer of being a bank-robber fleeing from justice. He sent for an athletic young giant who acted as driver for him on occasions when there was a likelihood of a personal encounter with a passenger, and, when he came, cautioned him:

"You've got to drive the blacks over to Jigtown to-night, and you want to look out for that feller. He might knock you on the head and run off with the team."

"I kin handle him," said the man, with calm confidence, after a careful survey of Blood's figure, which the

other illuminated by the feeble rays of a stable-lantern.

"He's quicker'n a cat in his motions," said the livery-keeper nervously; "'n' mebbe he's science. Don't you run the team, whatever he says; 'n' keep your eye peeled for him."

"Let him be science if he wants to," said the son of Anak contemptuously.

"Come, driver," sang out Henry, "if we are going to get there, we must start."

They drove out of the barn, carefully watched by those that remained, as is the habit with the hangers-on of a livery-stable, who regard every start with as much interest as if it were the trial-trip of an experimental vehicle drawn by newly-domesticated animals. Blood, with the experience of a veteran traveller, appropriated the larger part of the robe, and made himself as comfortable as possible on his side of the seat. The driver sat with his neck slightly forward and the muscles of his shoulder in a state of tension, ready for a fierce grapple with his suspected companion on the slightest warning; but the latter nodded and dozed with perfect equanimity, except as he was awakened from time to time by some unusual jolt,—for how could the driver, whose eyes were partly closed and inversely turned toward the seat, avoid in the imperfect light the holes and ruts which make up the greater part of a country road in the spring? It would have been hard to tell which of the two men was the less impressed by the beautiful night-effects of the mountain-road, the gray floating mists, the dim light of the half-moon on the western horizon, the wayside pools obscurely reflecting its rays, the mysterious and suggestive shadows of the trees; for each was utterly blind to all such things by nature, and no culture had widened the scope of his natural vision. So they drove unconscious through the silent night, past farm-houses which seemed as unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a dream," till the monotonous and drowsy caw of a cock from the adjoining barn seemed to give them reality and coherence of outline, past banks of forest

from the depths of which the wood-thrush was already sounding his magic flute, through hollows filled with mist-clouds, over hills from which the mist showed like the fleecy covering of a lake, till soon after daybreak they slowly climbed the last hill and halted before one of the Jigtown taverns.

Blood jumped down as fresh as if the corner of a buggy were his usual nightly resting-place, and ran briskly in, relieving the jaded driver from his vigilance. Early as it was, the working-day of Jigtown had begun. The landlord, in answer to Blood's hasty inquiry, said that no stranger had been in the town for weeks, and that Downer was in his store and meant to go to Middletown in a few moments. Henry said, "I'll be back to breakfast shortly," and went to Downer's store.

"I'm from Harbert & Froud," said he to the druggist, who was looking over a package of bills. "We got your letter yesterday, and I've come to see about your little bill. How are things?"

Downer was so staggered by the sudden appearance of a flesh-and-blood creditor in answer to a letter which seemed but just to have left his hand that it was some seconds before he could reply: "Bad enough. I haven't got the money for you, and I don't see how I can get it."

"The bill has been running a good many years with small payments, you know, and it ought to be closed up. What have you got that is free and clear?"

"What there is in this store, and not quite one hundred dollars in money."

"Does this stuff all belong to you?"

"It would if it was paid for."

"Well," said Blood, "I'll take possession. This is a copy of the attachment, and this is the original."

So saying, he handed Norman a roll of legal paper, attached to which was a copy of the unfortunate letter, the writing of which, though an act of pure integrity, constituted a legal fraud.

"Now," said the New-Yorker, "we are going to treat you perfectly fair; but we must go to the bottom of this

thing. You seem disposed to be square, and we will with you. I must have an inventory of what there is in the store, and I don't know that there is any use for an outsider. You and I can take an account of stock and a schedule of your debts and book-accounts well enough alone. Then I can tell you what we will do. It is not going to be much of a job, and we might as well begin right off."

Drawing a long, narrow book from some mysterious hiding-place in his back, and a Mackinnon pen from his breast, he gave it a smart jerk, and said, "Take one shelf at a time, and begin right here."

Downer was so much bewildered by the rapidity of these operations, and awed by the decision with which the stranger gave his orders, that he moved mechanically to the place indicated, and said, in a weak voice, "Some cinnamon."

"All right," sang out the crisp voice of the New-Yorker. "Give me the number of jars, and hold them up so that I can see the stuff.—Two jars cinnamon,—say, ten cents.—What next?"

"Ipecac," said Downer, still more feebly.

"Tinct. ip.,—say, two gills; twenty-five cents.—Fire ahead."

These repeated spurs roused Norman's energy, and he began to feel as if he were really "doing business."

Blood relaxed slightly his peremptory manner as he put down, "Four doz. ten-oz. vials sulph. quinine." "Powers & Weightman's mark, and the seals unbroken, by all that's sour!" said he to himself. "Good as the gold. But what under the sun was he doing with so much quinine?"

Suddenly the door flew open, and Carry Bloom burst into the dingy store. Very pretty she looked, with tears in her eyes and wrath and alarm in her face. She went past Blood to where Norman stood, and clasped his arm.

"Oh, Norman," she said, "what does it all mean? I couldn't stand it a minute longer. I saw him come in fifteen minutes ago. What is it all about? What is he doing here in your store?" And she confronted Blood with a defiant expression.

Norman, who felt the moral support given by the presence of another man and the dignity of having really failed, said gently, "We're taking an inventory. This gentleman represents Harbert & Froud." He felt that using the word "represents" almost gave him a mercantile standing. "We're going to the bottom of this thing. Don't feel bad, Carry."

"How can I help feeling bad? I've brought the money over." And she deftly inserted a small roll of bills into his waistcoat-pocket.

"No, no," said Norman, putting the money back into her hands and nervously but firmly closing them over it.

Blood looked on with conflicting emotions. He was rather afraid of women, regarding them as beings who did not respect the sacred nature of invoices and bills of lading and capable of endless argument against a point definitely settled by a trial-balance, besides being the main cause for which money was drawn out of business and failure invited. He was not insensible to the value of the money as a hard, incomprehensible asset; but since he had inventoried the quinine and glanced at the contents of the remaining shelves, a glittering vision of seventy-five cents on the dollar began to rise before his commercial imagination. The certainty of being ahead of all other creditors was soothing to at least the amount of the other twenty-five per cent. Besides, he took it for granted that the girl owed the money to the druggist, and meant to inquire into it as soon as she was out of the way. At present, having nothing to say, he wisely kept silence, and regarded Miss Blood with a blank and impassive countenance.

The young woman felt the awkwardness of the situation, and, saying, "Come over and tell me all about it as soon as you are through, won't you, Norman?" left the store.

Blood closed the door after her, and said, looking through the narrow glass, "A good, square-toed girl; handsome, too." Turning round and pointing to a trap-door: "Is that the way you go down-cellar?"

"Yes," said Norman curtly. It was

not pleasant for him to hear Carry's good looks commended, as if she, too, were an article to be inventoried.

"What do you keep down there?" said Blood.

"There's nothing there now but some barrels of whiskey," answered the druggist.

"Whiskey!" said Blood, with sudden interest. He bent over and pulled up the door by a leathern thong nailed to one side. A smell of damp, musty wood, mixed with a peculiar aroma which seemed greatly to excite him, filled the room. "Why, so it is! but it is different from anything I ever smelt before. Where's your light?"

Norman brought him a dingy-chimneyed kerosene lamp. Having lighted it, the two descended a rude ladder into an oblong cavern extending under the entire store, and empty except at one end, where two rows of wooden-hooped barrels were ranged. The men were obliged to stoop down to avoid the beams of the floor overhead, which were of round timber flattened on the upper side. In some cases the bark still remained, and from nearly all cobwebs hung, white with dust and motionless.

Blood crouched down and counted them. "Twenty-eight," said he eagerly. "Are they all whiskey?"

"I believe so," replied Norman.

"Is it yours?"

"I suppose it is yours now," he replied bitterly. "Father bought it before he died, to make some bitters; that's how I came to have so much quinine. He paid for it, and it took all the money he had, and I've been in debt more or less ever since. Then he joined the temperance, and I did too, and I promised him the last thing that I would never sell any of it, and I never have."

"He ought to have died," rejoined Blood, "if he was going to make bitters of real whiskey and P. & W. quinine."

He began tapping on the heads of the barrels. "Why, they ain't more'n half full!" he cried. "What is it?—corn or rye? It has the rye smell, but something queer."

"I don't know anything about it,"

said Downer. "It was made at the old still over in Windham. I wish it were all gone. It is accursed stuff, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for Blood clutched his arm with violence and whispered mysteriously in his ear, "Where's the stamps,—the government stamps? Is there anything crooked about this?"

"They'dn't have to put any stamps on in those days," answered he, rather surprised at his companion's expression.

"Do you mean to tell me that this whiskey was made before the war?" said Blood in measured tones.

"It's been here ever since I was a boy. Father said he got it in '59; and I guess you will find a mark on the barrels saying so," said the druggist, still more surprised.

In fact, on rubbing the head of a barrel, the words "Rye, Windham, 1858," were plainly visible, burnt into the misty wood. That it should have evaporated one-half was no longer a wonder.

Blood excitedly placed the lamp on the floor and mounted the ladder. Going out of the front door, he looked keenly up and down the road, to assure himself that no emissary of a rival creditor was in sight,—a proceeding which filled Carry Bloom with new apprehensions. Was he looking for an army of constables to carry Downer away?

He returned with rapid steps to the store, and, opening a drawer, procured a small vial and a piece of twine. Armed with these and a hammer, he again descended the ladder, and by a few quick, skilful blows caused the bung of one of the barrels to leap from its seat. He then lowered the vial into the barrel and drew it out again. It returned filled with a bright liquid the drops of which, as they lazily trickled from the outside, were transmuted by the rays from the dingy lamp into gems of opalescent fire. A subtle aroma, the sublimation and quintessence of what had been perceived before, diffused itself through the cellar and seemed to fill the little man with a frenzy of agitation.

"Come up-stairs," said he, frowning sternly.

Arrived there, he poured a few drops of the liquid into a tumbler of water, watching narrowly the manner in which they mixed, tasted it, poured a drop carefully on his hand, sniffed at it, and seemed to reflect on some nice and weighty question in a highly professional manner. Finally, he said, with decision,—

"Mr. Downer, there is no whiskey like that in New York. In fact, there are not ten men in the United States who would say that it was whiskey. You can't make anything like that by these quick ripening processes. I never saw anything like it, and I have been examining and testing for fifteen years and am called as good a judge as there is in the trade. Our house will be glad to get this lot. Now, we will take it on your debt at two dollars a gallon and credit you the balance. It won't fall short of a thousand dollars. How shall we fix it?"

"I don't like to sell whiskey. I professed temperance when I was a boy, and seems somehow—"

"You've got to sell it!" struck in Blood sharply. "I've attached it; but it will be simpler to make out a bill of sale."

He went to the desk and wrote rapidly,—

"Sold and delivered to Harbert & Froud twenty-eight barrels of whiskey, now in my cellar, at two dollars a gallon, warranted to be equal to the sample this day shown Henry Blood, subject to measurement in New York."

"Now sign here."

"I can't do it: it is against my principles."

"You sell laudanum every day, I see by that jar over there half full," said Blood. "For my part, I can't see much difference. If this is taken under the attachment, it will have to be sold here by the sheriff for your benefit. You might as well sign this paper and get rid of the whiskey and me at once."

Norman shook his head and said, "Laudanum is different from rum; I can't—"

As the words passed his lips he caught sight of Carry Bloom coming out of her

gate. Taking up the pen, he wrote his name nervously at the bottom of the paper.

"The whiskey is yours," said he.

"And the girl is yours," said the sharp-eyed New-Yorker. "Now I will help you make out a list of your debts, and we will get you into good shape. Let's see your schedule of your debts."

"I have no list," returned Downer; "but here are my bills," handing him a bundle of narrow slips of paper.

"Why, these are bills for drugs against your customers," Blood cried out. "I mean debts you owe your creditors."

"Why, I don't owe anybody but you," said Downer simply.

"Don't owe anybody but us! then what under the sun are you failing for, with three times the value in your cellar?"

"I couldn't see any way of raising the money. I never meant to sell the whiskey."

Blood sat down with a blank look: "Well, this is a high old failure. Guess we'll declare a first payment of two hundred cents on the dollar, and secure the rest by a mortgage on the stock,—notes at three, six, and nine months." Then, recalling the precipitancy with which he had swooped down on the unfortunate druggist, and his own fears lest some rival might anticipate him, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Checking himself abruptly, he said to his companion,—

"Go right over and tell your friend. See here, now; you marry her right off, or I'll bust this arrangement all up. Start!" stamping his foot and making a movement as if to run at Downer.

The bewildered lover, in rather a dazed condition,—who would not have been dazed if stripped of all worldly goods and restored to solvency by an impetuous stranger before breakfast?—took his hat and crossed the street.

Blood went back to the tavern, and, after making inquiries as to where he could hire some farmer's wagons to haul his barrels to the railroad-station, "Landlord," said he, "you haven't got a very large town here, but you have got the

squarest man in the United States, and his name is Norman Downer."

"He is square," said the landlord, who was fat and wheezy. "He is square, but he can't stand grief."

"He is so square he might as well be crooked," replied Blood. "That is a handsome girl lives opposite him. What is her name?"

"They call her Carry Bloom," replied the other, "and she is as good as she is hansum. The real hansum ones is most ginerally good, if you notice it. Some say the blacksmith's darter is the hansumest; but I say give me the Bloom girl, by one hundred dollars."

"There is more odds than that in women," rejoined Blood.

"Some thinks so," said the landlord, "when they're young; but I tell you good women are good, and that's all there is to it."

After making arrangements for some wagons and teamsters to be sent for, and breakfasting in a leisurely manner, Blood returned to the store, to be near his treasure. He seated himself in the splint-bottomed chair, and, lighting a cigar, took a pencil and note-book from his pocket and devoted a few moments to profound thought. A weighty prob-

lem seemed to oppress him. He wrote a few words, examined them critically, erased, and interlined. Suddenly his face assumed an expression of poetico-commercial joy. "Blood's Velvet!" he cried aloud. "They can't refuse to allow my name to go on the label,—bottles shall be made on purpose,—I'll see to it myself; crimson label,—'Blood's Velvet,' in black; underneath, in small script, 'Twenty-five years in the wood:—it will be the best thing that comes out in New York this year, and it will make a perfect furor among the big bugs if it is worked right. It will bring four dollars a bottle, easy; and—"

His creative rapture was interrupted by the entrance of Downer, looking rather sheepish.

"Well," said Blood, "when is it to come off?"

"She says," replied Norman,—"she says that she's got to have a new bonnet."

He looked steadily at the New-Yorker, as if to call his attention to this new and unexpected development of feminine character, but Blood answered, with decision,—

"You'll find, sir, that you have got to wait for that."

C. F. JOHNSON.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SESENHEIM.

IN Goethe's long and significant life, perhaps the most fascinating period is his young manhood. The dawning consciousness of varied powers which came to him at Strasburg, the tempestuous ardor of his Wetzlar entanglement, the first flush of creative genius breaking forth in "Götz," in "Werther," in his incomparable lyrics, and in the beginnings of "Faust," and the wild whirlwind of his early days at Weimar, form a record of brilliant experience which awakens in the reader a kindred enthusiasm.

It was in the old Alsatian capital by the Rhine that Goethe completed his

university career. An extended acquaintance among agreeable people, and an entertaining society, to which the contiguity of France had imparted a Gallic tinge in customs and culture, chased at first his days away, leaving him but little time for calm reflection. Then followed the stimulating intercourse with Herder, the impulse toward the study of Greek and English literature, the fleeting fervor for Gothic architecture, and the lovely idyl of Sesenheim. More than forty years later Goethe delineated in his autobiography this attractive episode with so tender and vivid a touch that the humble ham-

let is illumined with a ray of the poet's own fame.

The well-known incidents of the story are few and uneventful. A young man fresh from the perusal of Goldsmith's "Vicar," a work which Herder had introduced to Strasburg circles, wanders away on horseback with a student-friend over the smiling meadows. In the picturesque little village of Sesenheim he is presented to a pastor's family, whose situation to his quick imagination reproduces with strange parallelism the environment of the Wakefield group. Received with full rural cordiality, he lingers and returns, and returns and lingers, until a fair heart is fatally his own. The end of his academic course is the end of the idyl. The world demands him, and to the world he yields himself; and a summer of perilous sweetness has saddened one joyous life and left in another a lasting sting of remorse. Traces of this remorse one may find in the long-deferred confession which Goethe's narrative contains,—a narrative which the aged poet could not dictate without signs of the deepest emotion. He depicts his conscious feeling that a withdrawal would be indefensible, his inability to break away from the beloved object even when he had in purpose renounced her, the pain of the final parting, and the heart-rending answer of Friederika to a farewell in writing. "Here, for the first time," he continues, "I was guilty. I had keenly wounded a most beautiful soul; and the period which followed was an almost unendurable time of gloomy repentance." He seeks for aid in poetry, and acknowledges that the two Marys in "Götz" and "Clavigo," and the sorry rôles which their lovers play, are the results of his remorseful contemplations. In the Gretchen of "Faust," too, one may recognize traits of the unaffected village maiden; and some of the most irresistible of Goethe's earlier poems were directly inspired by his acquaintance with Friederika Brion. What a gust of stormy fervor sweeps through the stanzas of "Willkommen und Abschied"!

Es schlug mein Herz; geschwind zu Pferde,
Und fort, wild, wie ein Held zur Schlacht!
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht!

And, again, in the glad "Mailed," where every line is a joyous heart-beat:

Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne!
Wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zweig,
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch,
Und Freud' und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust.
O Erd! o Sonne!
O Glück! o Lust!

A few years ago a work appeared under the title "Der junge Goethe," edited by Professor Bernays, of Munich, and comprising the correspondence and literary proceeds of the first twenty-five years of Goethe's life. The editor had consulted the original manuscripts, and had carefully restored the early orthography, which had been modernized in the later editions. All the spice and raciness of Goethe's youthful style, the strongly-flavored South-German vernacular, the erratic spelling and even more erratic punctuation, have been preserved in their primitive freshness. Especially valuable is the series of letters, in which his whole outward and inner life is mirrored with all the warmth of unreserve which marked the epistolary literature of the last century. Goethe's first note to Friederika, despatched the day after his return from the brief initiatory visit, deserves quotation as a specimen of charming *naïveté*:

"STR., Oct. 15 (1770).

"DEAR NEW FRIEND,—I do not hesitate to call you so; for, if I understand the language of the eyes a faint bit, my own eye at the first glance found in yours a hope for this friendship; and I would vouch for our hearts. Tender and kind as I know you to be, shouldn't you favor me a trifle, since I am so fond of you?

"Dear, dear friend, there is, indeed, no question about my having something

to tell you; but whether I know exactly why I wish to write just now, and what I should like to write, is another matter; thus much I perceive by a certain inward unrest, that I should like to be with you; and in that case a morsel of paper is such a genuine consolation, a winged steed for me here in the midst of noisy Strasburg. . . . You can readily imagine the fashion of our ride back if you were able to observe how sorry I was at departing, and if you noticed in what haste my companion was to reach home, however gladly under other circumstances he would have tarried with you. His thoughts went forward, mine backward, and so the conversation could naturally be neither discursive nor interesting. . . . At last we arrived, and our first thought ended in a project to see you soon again. . . . Surely, Mamsell, Strasburg never seemed to me so vacant as now. I hope, indeed, that things will get better when time shall have extinguished a little the memory of our enjoyment, when I no longer shall feel so keenly how kind and agreeable my friend is. But could I or would I forget that? No, I will rather keep the little heartache and write often to you."

The following extracts are from letters written from Sesenheim to his friend Salzmann in the ensuing summer, and give a glimpse of the struggle which agitated Goethe's heart at the thought of the inevitable separation drawing near:

"Whether I'll come or not, or— all that I shall know better when it is over than now. It is raining outside and inside, and the wretched evening wind is rustling the vine-leaves before the window, and my *animula vagula* is like yon weathercock upon the steeple, turn and turn about the whole day long. . . . Point! This is the first point upon the page, to my knowledge. It's hard making good periods and points at the proper time. Girls make neither comma nor period; and it's no wonder if I am assuming girl-nature."

" . . . It were high time now that I should go, and I wish to and wish to; but what avails wishing against the faces around me here? Strange is the con-

dition of my heart. The pleasantest neighborhood, people who are fond of me, a round of joys! Are not the dreams of thy childhood all fulfilled? I often ask myself when my glance feeds upon this horizon of happiness: are not these the fairy gardens for which thou didst long? They are! they are! I feel so, dear friend, yet feel that one is not a whit happier when one has attained what one desires."

" . . . Things around me are not very bright: little Friederika continues to be sadly ill, and that makes everything seem awry, not counting *conscientia* and, alas! not *recti* which I bear about."

" . . . My eyelids are drooping, and it is only nine o'clock! Last night all enthusiasm, and this morning driven from bed by my projects. Oh, the inside of my head looks like this room. I can't even find a bit of paper except this blue scrap. . . . My spirits are not very blithe. I am too much awake not to feel that I am grasping after shadows. And yet—to-morrow at seven my horse is saddled, and then adieu!"

Eight years afterward, when *en route* for Switzerland with the Duke of Weimar, Goethe visited Sesenheim again, one moonlight September evening. In a letter to Frau von Stein, then his ruling divinity, the kindly reception is recorded which Friederika and her family afforded to their errant friend. With the utmost delicacy and reserve, the painful features of the past were passed lightly over, and the unexpected guest was welcomed with the wonted cordiality. He spends the night, and departs at sunrise, dismissed with friendly smiles. "And so," he concludes, with a manifest sigh of relief, "I may now recall once more with calm that little nook, and live in peace with the spirits of those who are reconciled with me."

It is natural that the fortunes of one who, by the charm of simple maidenhood, had made so powerful an impression upon the fancy of Germany's literary master, should possess a peculiar interest for lovers of the romantic. The unassuming circumstances of her life

have been investigated with the greatest assiduity; her quiet home has been invested with an attraction that has drawn many a pilgrim to the "little nook," and for a number of years a movement has been under way to place there some permanent memorial.

In 1879 a committee headed by Professors Martin and Schmidt, from the neighboring University of Strasburg, both well known for their researches in German literature, took active measures to raise the necessary funds. The little hill and surrounding grounds described in Goethe's account as Friederika's favorite resort were soon purchased, and an arbor constructed with a suitable inscription. The following year a pleasant festival was held on the spot, and the entire locality was made over to the village authorities. It was during a recent summer that the writer chanced to be at the home of Professor Martin, and became acquainted with the success of the enterprise.

A curious incident attending its inception was the discovery that the wooded hillock from whose crest the former lovers had so often enjoyed the twilight landscape was but a "grassy barrow of the dead," which Celtic hands had once erected. Various archæological treasures have already been exhumed from the mound, in the form of vases, gold rings, and other utensils and ornaments of the post- and pre-Roman period.

Sesenheim is twenty miles by rail north of Strasburg, a distance which the leisurely *Bummelzug*, after half a dozen stops, accomplishes in about one hour and three-quarters. Two horse-men galloping along the bordering highway, a reminder of Goethe and his friend, were fully able to equal our pace. The prosaic bands of steel which have knit together the countries of Europe at the cost of its fairest scenery, tunnelling the Alps, and piercing even the lovely Lorelei promontory, have severed the hill of Friederika from the village proper. Sentiment is, however, all that suffers by the innovation, for, agreeably to the cautious German custom, the gates

which guard the crossing are closed before the train is visible.

Sesenheim is a still and homely corner, scarcely touched by the tides of life. In the cleanly winding lanes, innocent of sidewalks, curious old cottages cluster closely, embowered in foliage, while around and beyond the village stretch broad and level meadows. A peasant inn receives the transient traveler, and permits him to share its hospitality with the dogs and pigeons forming the permanent occupants. Not far away rises the eccentric semi-Saracenic spire of the village church, and near at hand appears the parsonage. The present tenant is Pastor Lucius, a stalwart patriarch, whose life has been passed in the same placid neighborhood. As he stood with snowy head upon the threshold of his home, the white beard fringing the strong face, the long pipe in hand, it was the same picture of rugged manliness and rustic homeliness with which Voss made his readers familiar in the reverend pastor of Grünau a century ago.

We walked across to the small church, from the tower of which the cathedral of Strasburg may be seen. Friederika's parents lie buried in the enclosure, and their blurred epitaphs can easily be traced. Friederika herself rests in the churchyard of Meissenheim across the Rhine. The pastor's pew, high-backed and stiff, which Goethe once occupied, was still preserved, and in the chancel a Catholic altar. The villagers divide their allegiance between Rome and Wittenberg; and the same sanctuary, as is not unusual among small communities in the border provinces, shelters the worshippers of both creeds. The present parsonage replaces the Brion cottage, which was destroyed in 1835; but the old barn remains,—a huge structure, resembling many of a similar class in England, dating from the period when tithes in kind were paid to the rector. But, as our clerical cicerone remarked with a sigh, the granary re-echoes now to emptiness.

Pastor Lucius has lived in Sesenheim for many years, and has devoted much patient labor to an examination of

Goethe's narrative. After an extended correspondence with previous commentators on the story, and with relatives and acquaintances of the former pastor's family, in addition to a careful study of the parish registers of the period and the topographical features of the locality, he has embodied the results of his researches in a little work entitled "*Friederika Brion of Sesenheim*." It is interesting to note that, apart from some unessential inaccuracies and inconsistencies, Goethe's memory retained a trustworthy impression of his early experiences. It is true that discrepancies of detail have often crept into the relation, that events may have been depicted in a manner somewhat different from that of their actual occurrence, that a character may have been idealized and the outlines softened and harmonized to accord with the poet's purpose. But, with all this, the portrayal of his youthful days must be considered thoroughly faithful to the inner meaning of his life.

In the twilight glow we chatted in the study of the parsonage, discussing the occurrences which our surroundings so naturally suggested. As my host kindled to the subject, his tone grew more familiar, and his language occasionally lapsed into the quaint phrases of the provincial dialect. Letter after letter was read, reminiscence followed upon reminiscence, until the gloom was peopled with the fulness of a distant past. Quite marked was Pastor Lucius's earnestness when speaking of the slanderous reports circulated at a later date regarding *Friederika's* reputation. Whether originating in a desire of some unworthy members of the Catholic priesthood to cast obloquy upon the good name of a Lutheran home, or through the eagerness of blind admirers of Goethe to palliate his undeniable recklessness, the discreditable rumors failed to obtain the expected credence. The testimony of those whose relations were nearest to the Brion family only illustrates an unsullied and lovely character, whose life was passed in works of kindness and of charity.

The conversation presently turned upon America, the enormous emigration thither, and the probable future of the country. The pastor had been reading a work upon California, which the little circulating library of the parish had afforded, and was much interested in the wonders of the Pacific slope. Children were heard singing at intervals in the street outside. At nine the curfew tolled, and gradually silence settled down. Warned by the lapse of time, we had more than once made an effort to withdraw, and our host, with old-time courtesy, lighted our steps into the starlit night, leaving us to wander by a willing *détour* along the winding way which encircled the place, until at length the friendly tavern was regained.

The traveller in England will recall the placid town of Stratford, the garden of Shakespeare's house, where the aged *Ophelia* kindly distributes the rosemary and the pansies, the pleasant walk across the meadows to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, the Avon, and the venerable church. He will recall the indefinable sense of a faded presence invading the spirit, the vague feeling that the days which have vanished with their freighted memories retain a power to render the present shadowy and unreal. And so with *Sesenheim* and its past. Was it the current of reflection roused by the discussion just concluded, the quiet lane, the darkened cottages, the hush of evening, which seemed to spread a momentary spell around the little *Alsatian* village? Enough that the charm was there. To those who follow the poet's later course, *Weimar*, with its wealth of reminiscence recalling the eminent assemblage of an older day, will ever most powerfully draw and hold the fancy. The mellow glow of that earlier age still tinges the famous court of the Muses with a radiance no longer its own; but the memory of *Sesenheim*, with all that it implies, is like the fragrance of the spring-time, the freshness of youth, which fascinates perennially because it is perennially renewed.

HORATIO S. WHITE.

ON A GLASS ROOF.

WINTER fishing in Northern latitudes is not the perfection of the sport of angling. It lacks many of the things which contribute to make that almost a fine art and so delightful a pastime. The fine tackle of the fly-fisher and the skill to handle it properly, the long-contested and exciting fight between man and fish, are not for him who goes fishing in winter. Neither for him is the balmy air that wafts the odor of blossoms and voices of song-birds and babble of free streams, nor verdant sward, nor leafy woods, nor glint of sunlit waters. In fact, it savors somewhat of the pot; for, it is not to be denied, it is oftener more the object to get fish than sport. But any fishing is better than no fishing; and when we remember that our fishing-days are growing fewer as the path behind us grows longer, it behooves us to make the most of those that are left us. Furthermore, it may be said in favor of this fishing that in one respect it excels all others,—that is, in the proportion which the pleasure of getting ready for it bears to the actual sport. Though there are no flies to be artistically tied, nor fine rods to be inspected, nor reels to be oiled, the simple tackle must be overhauled and made ready in its way, and proper hooks and lines provided. If one is to try for pickerel through the ice, he must make his “jacks,” or “tilt-ups,” and have them so nicely balanced that they will give no sign of the struggles of the live bait, yet rise at the first touch of “Long Face’s” jaws. Over all these preparations one will have a good time with himself and his thoughts, whether or not he, at last, gets any result from his pleasant labors. One must have the provident forethought to dig his worms in the fall and store them in his cellar if he intends to go perch-fishing in winter, and to catch his minnows while the brooks are open, and keep and feed them in a water-trough or spring-hole till the winter day that he takes them

pickerel-fishing. One needs not to go far for the bait for smelt and herring, for the pork-barrel furnishes that till the first fish of each kind is caught, when an eye or undercut of the tail of the smelt and a bit of the chin of the herring are used to lure their brethren to the upper world, where death and the frying-pan await them.

I do not know how many times I had promised to take myself a-fishing the next winter and had made some preparation toward fulfilling the promise. More than once I had dug a quart of worms in the latest pleasant, unfrozen days of fall, and put them in a big box of earth in the cellar; but among all the short days of many a long winter the day wherein to go fishing had never come, and in spring the worms, their destiny unfulfilled, were set free, to bore to the core of the world if they chose. I had once laid in a stock of minnows, caught with mutual pains, of which the only good I got in winter was in watching and feeding them, and by June, when I might have used them for bass-bait, such friendly relations had grown up between us that I could not find it in my heart to treat them so cruelly, and so turned them out in the nearest stream for nature to deal with as she would,—let them grow to the utmost of minnowhood, or feed them to her big fish, or let them be twitched out by the pin-hooks of her boys. It was a tough tender-heartedness, I confess,—like turning adrift a kitten one dislikes to kill.

So winter after winter had come and melted away, adding nothing to my experience but a little to my knowledge of winter fishing, got verbally from old fishermen, and, with that, strength to my determination that I would some time go. At last the day came, a March day, with a promise of spring in the soft sky that endomed the winter landscape, when I found myself fairly started, well outfitted with an ice-slick for cutting holes,

worms for perch, fat pork for smelt and herring, and tackle for all three.

The air was sharp and frosty, though the sun had got a good hour above the Green Mountains,—white enough now,—and there was a firm crust that would bear, which makes the best of walking, as a crust that will not bear makes the worst. On such good footing, with all my outfit pocketable but the ice-slick, and that almost as good shoulder-ballast as a gun, I got on so speedily that I was soon on the "Crik," a broad and level roadway to the lake. At the last turn of this I found a couple of men fishing for pickerel, and stopped for a little chat with them and to see what sport they were having. Our conversation was mostly carried on at long range, fired back and forth across the ice,—for they had a line of holes cut two rods or so apart for fifty rods along the channel, and the jack set at the farthest hole was as likely as any to point skyward and start them racing to it. Then I, at the farthest up-stream hole, would watch them as they reached the jack, snatched it up, and quickly overhauled the line, pulling out sometimes a pickerel, sometimes a naked hook which the pickerel had got the better of and robbed of its minnow. They would shout back the tidings of their luck if good, or roll it back in a growl if bad, and then come leisurely toward me till another jack arose to beckon them more swiftly forward.

As I stooped to examine the fashion of a jack, the tip of it flew up and nearly bumped my nose, resenting which I laid hold of it and caught a three-pound pickerel, or rather the hook caught him, and I only pulled him out onto the drier side of the ice, for the hook and line and jack and the tortured minnow do most of the fishing. The angler only baits the hooks and sets them to fishing, while he watches them and pulls out their catch.

These jacks were two slender pieces of wood, about fifteen inches long, turning on each other on a pivot at the middle. When in use, the ends of the under piece rest upon the ice on either side of the hole. The upper stick, now at right

angles with the under, has its heavier end also resting on the ice, while the lighter end holds the ten- or fifteen-foot line, a slight pull on which raises the butt of the upper stick and signals the alert fisherman to it. Wishing my short-time friends good luck, I left them racing with their fish and went my way. Theirs could not be called a high order of sport, but it is good fun wherewith to stir the dulness of winter, for one cannot help getting excited in the game if the fish are biting freely and three or four jacks are up at once. It is better than toasting one's shins at the fire on such a day as this.

Presently I was out upon the broad bay of the lake which the old French explorers named the Bay of the Vessels, whether for their own craft, the birch boats of the Indians, or the vessels of pottery found here, many fragments of which the lake even now tosses ashore or exhumes from the banks. If in either way it would give me one perfect succotash-pot just as it came from the hand of the Waubanakee squaw that fashioned it, or with the smutch of camp-fire smoke upon it, I should prize it above all the old china in the world. But I was born too late for such a gift, and get only shards.

As I skirted the rugged, silent shore, walking where last summer I boated, there were traces enough of the fierce fight that had raged before the cold subdued the lake and got it safe under hatches. All the nearest rocks and trees were mantled with ice, the spray of the last waves hurled ashore by the north wind, and twenty rods lakeward was a line of broken cakes, frozen into a jagged barricade, where the open water made its last stand. All quiet now along Petowbowk, and King Frost reigning supreme and majestic. But the captive begins to groan as the sun, his deliverer, climbs upward and northward. Two months hence he will be playing tyrant in his turn, buffeting craft, waterfowl, and shores.

Beyond the first grim headland that clasps the bay, I saw some steadfast, upright specks, which I took to be fisher-

men, and, having faith that they knew better than I where to fish, made my way toward them. Coming nearer, some of the specks proved to be men, while other bigger ones turned out to be young evergreen trees set in the ice, —better than the men, likely enough, if they had but been left growing, but now only brush-heaps to break the wind off the smaller specks. An ignoble use, I thought, to put a lusty young tree to for so short a time, presently to go drifting about the lake, doing no good to even so much as the eye of man. How much it might have done if the axe had spared it for a hundred years! Oh, these cursed hackers and hewers of trees! Will they never stay their hands from destroying the beauty and goodness of the earth?

Every hole already had its man, if not its bush, and I had to cut one for myself: so, slipping the thong of the slick over my wrist, I began chiselling, like a woodpecker mortising a tree for his grub, only I was boring hap-hazard, while his feathered ear or horny nose leads him straight to his prey. I cannot hear a fish swim, nor smell one till he is above water or in the frying-pan. But as a grub might be anywhere in the wood, so might a fish be anywhere in the water. I began to wonder how many bushels of crystals one must hew to come to the water of Petowbowk at this season; but at last I struck through to it, and it came to meet me faster than I wished, before I got the bottom of the hole big enough to let through the biggest fish I intended to catch.

Then I put a worm on my hook and dropped it through the scuttle I had made in the glass roof of the house of the fishes, and invited them up to take a look at the sky which they had not seen for so many weeks. Sunbeams, moonlight, and rays of stars had come to them but dimly and distorted in their recent quiet life; but they seemed satisfied with it, undisturbed by the tumult of winter storms and buffeting of waves, and had no desire to see anything of the world above-board.

For an hour I had such exciting sport

as fishing in the well or cistern at home would have afforded, for not a bite did I get. It made it none the pleasanter to see my neighbors hauling out both perch and smelt, while my bait—tempting enough for the best of them, I thought—dangled untouched, if not unnoticed, by even the least minnow. I began to imagine my luckier or more skilful neighbors the fishermen laughing at me, if they were not too busy with their own affairs, and doubted not that my nearer neighbors of the nether world were on the broad grin, peering up at me.

“How many miles has he come just to show himself to us? and not much to look at at that, for he is not handsome, neither is he terrible, like the Canucks who are making such havoc among our friends over there. Does he look rather green? or is it only that we see him through this emerald water?”

Some such whispers, I fancied, came from below. I made my line fast to a stick laid across the hole, and went visiting, for lack of something better to do, which is a winter custom in these parts.

I called first on the nearest fisherman, an ancient Canuck, so dried up I was surprised to see him spit, and so old, I thought, that, being of no use at home, his grown-up great-grandchildren had sent him fishing. Here he was valuable, for he had the gift of his race, and two or three dozen lusty perch were lying on the ice about him. He kept his short black pipe continually in blast when not recharging it, smoking home-grown, greenish-black tobacco twisted into a half-inch rope which must have been endless, and so rank that I thought the friends of his youth in Canada might have their memories of him refreshed with a sniff of it, now that the south wind was blowing. As he knew as little English as I French, we had no very sociable intercourse, and it soon grew rather dull for both of us. So after a short tarry I moved on to the next hole, held by a younger Canadian. He had conquered the Queen's English, which if he did not murder outright he treated barbarously. He was also a conqueror

of fish, and many of his victims lay about him, dead and dying,—perch in mail of iron and gold, smelt sheathed in silver, and herring in mother-of-pearl armor of all nacreous hues and tints.

"You don' ketch no feesh, ain't it?" he cried, with a grin. "Wal, da's too bad. Ah'm sorry, me." But I doubted his sorrowing much for this, for these Canucks think all the fish and all the berries belong to them.

"Hah! Dis pooty col," he said, beating his breast with his red hands. "'F ah feesh here mauch, ah have haouse." (They out-Yankee us Yankees in twisting the fourth vowel.) "But prob'ly ah won't, prob'ly ah will."

He told me that wherever on the lake his brethren make a business of winter-fishing it is done mostly in little board huts, which are moved out upon the ice when it has fairly made for the season, and hauled ashore before the spring break-up. In these little houses the fisherman spends his days and nights, for they are very comfortable, being banked with snow and furnished with a stove and bunk. A movable floor-board gives access to the fishing-hole beneath. This is the hatchway to a noble common cellar, reaching from Wood Creek to the Richelieu in length, and in width from Vermont to New York State, stored with plenty of food and drink of the wholesomest. It must be a cosey way of fishing, and, I thought, would suit me; for if, as it seemed, I was to get no fish, I might so take my bad luck comfortably and shut out from prying eyes,—keep it unknown to any but myself and the fish. My new acquaintance told me much of his affairs, of his luck in fishing at all seasons, of the money he had earned in haying and in chopping, and bragged of his wonderful horse:

"He worse more as *hundred dollar*. 'F you want heem go slow, he go *slow*! 'f you want heem go fas', jus' de same! Yas, sir."

Of our withered neighbor he said, "He got too hole. W'en ah got hole lak heem, ah been dead great many year' 'go!'"

He used the shortest rod I ever saw employed, it being only about a foot in length, with a slender cross-piece more than half as long, to wind up the line upon when not in use. When he had hooked a fish he tossed this aside and pulled it out hand over hand. He said that, besides perch, smelt, and blue-fish, they occasionally caught a pike-perch, a little rock pike, and "de mudder of de eel," as he called the ling and believed it to be. If this theory will help settle the vexed question of the generation of the eel, the scientists are welcome to it, if they will only give credit therefor to my friend Joseph Gerard of Vermont, commonly known as Joe Gero.

The perch and smelt swim deep for the most part, and are usually fished for a little off the bottom. Worms are the best bait for perch; but after one smelt is caught his eyes are used to lure his fellows. It is said that these Champlain smelt do not visit salt water, though they might if they would; but they have the cucumber smell and taste of those taken in tide-waters. The salmon-herring, lake-herring, or whatever he is who here bears the name of "blue-fish," is a recent comer to these waters; for, from all I can learn, he was unknown here till within ten or twelve years. It is possible that the supposed white-fish turned out here some years ago by our Fish-Commissioners were these. No one can deny that he is a very handsome fish, symmetrical in form, and, when first taken from the water, of beautiful mother-of-pearl hues; but as to his goodness opinions differ. The flesh is rather soft, and has its share of bones, but is of rich flavor. When he bites he comes close to the surface for the morsel of fat pork or bit of his brother's belly that is offered him, with a constant gentle motion. When he is seen to take the bait, the angler strikes at once, or it is spit out. He is very shy, perhaps through being a stranger in strange waters, and will fly from the fisherman's shadow or sudden motion.

The ideal angler has quiet ways; and, observing that my third and last fellow-

fisherman—if I had a right to claim such fellowship—kept to his post as steadfastly as an Esquimaux to a seal-hole, never wasting a motion, I was attracted to him. He proved to be a Waubanakee of St. Francis, plying the gentle art here in the war-path of his ancestors. One fishing here two hundred years ago would have needed to keep at least one eye open for something more than fish, but both his little black ones were intent upon his line. From our low stand-point the rough indented shore of Split Rock Mountain showed only as a straight ice-line, and it seemed as if a war-party might slip by unseen behind the round of the world. Over there passed many a one to and fro in the old days,—Iroquois, Waubanakees, and whites; notable among them, with a bloody page in history, that of De Ste.-Hélène and De Mantet, French and Indians, creeping like panthers toward doomed Schenectady, then returning, gorged with blood and pillage.

This tamed great-grandson of those panthers looked peaceable and kindly enough, but was at first as taciturn as his ancestors could have been, and as slow to be drawn into conversation as the fish to the companionship which I desired of them; but, baiting with tobacco and lunch, I at last drew some talk from him. He told me that he and a few of his people were wintering in a neighboring village, making baskets and bows and arrows. They found but little sale for these, and, for want of something better to do, he had come a-fishing. Years before I had known some of his people, and through him I learned somewhat of my old acquaintances. One of them was Swasin Tahmont, who I doubt not was the Tahmunt Swasen of Thoreau's "Maine Woods," and of whom I was surprised to hear that he had gone to the happy hunting-grounds by the fire-water way, for when I knew him he would not touch whiskey and was very pious. He used to sing hymns to me in Waubanakee, and always said grace before his musquash-meat. Wadso, who many years ago had told me the Indian names of all these

streams, had also gone thither, but by a better path. His father still lives, the oldest man of his tribe. He commanded the Waubanakee warriors at the battle of Plattsburg. My new acquaintance had fleshed his war-arrows, having served in a New York regiment in the late war, and he looked as if he might have done good service. I wondered if then any of the old savagery had been awakened in him,—if the war-whoop had risen to his lips when his regiment charged, or if he had been tempted to scalp a fallen foe. I heard of a Caughnawaga in one of our Vermont regiments who, when reproached for kicking a wounded rebel, justified himself by saying, "Me list to kill um!" That was setting forth the truth with unpleasant plainness.

The ice was now whooping like a legion of Indians. Its wild mysterious voice would first be heard faint and far away, then come rushing toward us swifter than the wind, with increasing volume of groans and yells, till it seemed as if the ice was about to yawn beneath us and devour us. The fish quit biting, —as well they might, with a pothor overhead enough to frighten a hungry saint from his meals. If I had been alone I should have fled to the shore; but, seeing my companion undisturbed by the uproar, I tried to feel at ease. When I asked him what made this noise, he simply answered, "The ice."

That was reason enough for him, and he evidently thought it should satisfy me. I asked him if his people had any legend connected with it, and he answered, with a quiet laugh, "I've heard some stories 'bout it, but I guess they wo'n't very true."

After some coaxing, he told me this: "You know that big rock in the lake off north,—Rock Dunder, you call it? Wal, our people use to call that Wojahose,—that means 'the forbiddin',—'cause every time our people pass by it in their canoes, if they didn't throw some tobacco or corn or something to it, the big devil that live in it wo'dn't let 'em go far without a big storm come, and maybe drowned 'em. He forbid

'em. Wal, bimeby they got sick of it,—s'pose maybe they didn't always have much corn an' tobacco to throw 'way so,—and the priests all pray their god to make Wojahose keep still an' not trouble 'em. After they prayed a long time, he promised 'em he'd keep Wojahose from hurtin' on 'em for a spell every year. So he froze the lake all over tight every winter for two or three months, and then our people could go off huntin' and fightin' all over the lake without payin' Wojahose. That made him mad, an' every little while he'd go roarin' round under the ice, tryin' to git out. But he couldn't do much hurt, only once in a while git a man through a hole in the ice. That's the way I've heard some of our old men tell it; but I guess it's a story."

Wojahose has taken more to French customs of late years, and feeds now mostly upon horses. Not a winter passes that he does not swallow a score or so.

The south wind was blowing softly, and a veil of summer-like haze had fallen over the rugged steepes of Split Rock Mountain. At its northern point, which gives it its name, the sleeping light-house loomed ghostly through it, awaiting the spring evening when it should again awaken and cast the glitter of its eye across the released waters.

From behind this promontory suddenly flashed the sail of an ice-boat, swifter than a puff of wind-blown smoke, a phantom flying faster than feathered wings could bear it, and out of sight behind Thompson's Point almost as soon as we had seen it.

The mellow baying of a distant hound came to us, and presently we saw the fox creeping out from a headland, picking his way along the streaks of glare ice till he had got a half-mile from shore, when he put his best foot foremost and headed for the eastern border of the bay at full speed. When the hound came to the scentless ice he gave a long howl of disappointment, then circled and snuffed in vain, and at last went ashore, stopping now and then to cast a wistful glance behind him.

The day was on the wane, and home at the other end of a long walk. I pulled in and wound up my guiltless line, dropping the untouched bait to the fish or Wojahose, and took the homeward way along the shore for a mile, and then up the Little River of Otters, for hundreds of years, as now, the road of men, fowl, and fish. From it the pickerel-fishers had departed, and the only tokens of their recent occupancy were the deserted holes, with here and there beside one a mangled minnow, a few pickerel-scales, half-burned matches, and the ashes of pipes. The deadness of winter brooded over the lonely ice-bound stream, and the only sound that broke the stillness besides the crunching of my footsteps was the storm-foreboding hoot of a great horned-owl.

I had almost forgotten to say that I bore home a goodly string of fish, and, as no questions were asked, I got the credit of catching them. Indeed, after a few days it almost seemed to me that I had caught them.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

SHE moves to measures of ethereal song
Along the starry corridors of heaven;
Her tresses float the moon's white beams among,
And on the golden mists of dawn are driven.

Through woodland ways, o'er lake and stream, she glides,
On mountain-peak, in dim, mysterious dell;
She rocks in sea-shell boat on tropic tides,
Or sleeps within some field-born floweret's bell.

Her voice is heard in Autumn's gusty sigh,
When Summer's tender folk are perishing;
She shouts afar with Winter's boisterous cry,
And hails with earliest birds the birth of Spring.

In some white pillared temple of the past
She sits with hero shades of deathless name,—
With solemn eye and brow of tragic cast,
Refines the blood-stains from the book of Fame.

Or in the East, with feudal clang and sheen,
Where Murder bears the cross for Jesus' sake,
She rolls a purple mist before the scene
And bids phantasmal shapes of splendor wake.

She consecrates the blood in battle shed,
If tyrants fall or Liberty arise;
She flings a pall of glory o'er the dead,
Streaked with the crimson of her sunset skies.

She comes to us in hours of bleakest care,
Unseen till time has wiped away our tears;
Then trace we her benignant presence there
In memory, sadly sweeter through the years.

Deep-veiled she stands with Grief beside the tomb;
Yet, when the first wild agony has fled,
She sheds a hallowed radiance through the gloom,
And makes all-perfect the imperfect dead.

Hers is the holy influence of home,—
The love that lingers latest in the breast,—
Whatever hopes may fail, or sorrows come,
The heart's one friend, the calmest, surest, best.

From wilful childhood, pattering through the rain
To seek the sun-bow's root behind the hill,
To manhood's sterner strivings, not less vain,
The charm is hers that gilds ambition still.

She looks upon us through Love's lucid eyes,
And well for him who knows and holds her fast;
For him life's perfect purpose never dies,
And loveliness and love are never past.

Lost child of heaven, she wanders everywhere,
And where she goes transforms the sordid Real,
Or bursts the bonds of beauty hiding there,
And moulds of basest clay the pure Ideal.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

EXPLAINED.

"**D**ESIRE is at home, and the relatives have come in full force. Can you visit me and protect her?"

I had only been waiting for the moment when something should give me a hint that Desire might be helped. Now, when the summons came from Gretchen, I packed my trunk and was off that same day.

Desire had been away three years, wonderfully married, living her double life ecstatically. We at home had times of trembling for them in Italy. It was apparent that they were giving themselves up wholly to the joy of being together. Might they not lose hold on outside things, and, some time, when the world no longer existed for them, turn to it, and, finding no response, cry out with blame upon each other? But the immortal gods dashed their cup otherwise.

News was flashed over to us that Chello was dead; then, silence. Not a word came from Desire for a month, until Gretchen received another despatch, saying she was on her way home, and the housekeeper at the Nest had orders to put the place in readiness. After this, silence again for me, until Gretchen sent me the note which opens this story.

It was not the first time we two had waged war against the relatives,—often victoriously, and as often defeated. Desire had inherited a magnificent property from her maternal grandfather; she had also inherited a score of cousins on the other side, who were only too servilely attentive to her. I have seen her serene and beautifully unconscious when Martha Fellows insinuated that, after sending William to college, Desire might as well give him a year abroad. I have seen her adorn the Montagu girls with laces and put a plain little collar about her own Juno-like throat. One imposition followed another; but whenever it was possible Gretchen and

I stood in the van, boldly denouncing the relatives and insisting that Desire's uncommon wisdom should not interfere with her common sense. It would be interesting to know how many thousand dollars we saved her.

When I arrived at Gretchen's, she was sitting placidly beside a sand-heap where her three square, blonde little Stieges were rolling. Gretchen herself is blonde; so is her husband; but, being a German, he has a right to his complexion. It was an easy process to denationalize his wife. All that was needed was the conversion of her stately English name of Margaret into its synonyme, and her *physique* did the rest.

"My dear woman, I knew you were ready," she said, taking me in her arms.

"And about Desire?"

"She is either very well or very ill. Come to your room, and I will tell you afterward."

When I had finished my hasty toilet, we stationed ourselves beside the sand-heap, in the shade. That, however, lay in glaring sunlight. Gretchen explained that Herr Stiege believed in dirt; the children must roll.

"But with your grounds, and all this land about you!"

"They do not roll enough," said Gretchen in her phlegmatic way,—why wasn't she a German?—"if they are left to themselves. They will run, play; but they must roll!"

Then she began Desire's story, interspersed with shrill yells from the little Stieges, who were burrowing and appearing startlingly through the sand-heap, like so many worms with lank white hair and piercing blue eyes:

"When Desire came home she was like a dead woman. She had no color; her face was like marble; her eyes were dead. I was there that night, but I hardly think she knew me. She went to her room immediately on arriving, and didn't come out till morning. Then

she was transformed. She went in in black; she came out wearing a white dress and a knot of pink ribbon. She had color; she walked with me to the gate; her eyes were bright, and she talked,—not about Chello, though. And she has been just the same ever since."

"Is it—her reason?" I dare to say. Both of us knew Desire too well to suspect her of a shallow sorrow.

"I can't think that," said Gretchen, hurrying her slow utterance a little; "but it is very strange. Martha Fellows is there; the Montagu girls are coming, and some second-cousins—a Harding and a Thorn—have settled down on the Nest. One is a doctor, and the other a priest. Unless Desire has somebody to support her, she'll be persuaded into taking them all to live with her."

Without waiting for lunch, I hurried over to the Nest, which was nearer than one would think who judged from the apparent distance of the roof visible through tree-tops. There was a small forest between the two friends. When I entered the grounds and ran along a winding path, I came suddenly upon a young man stretched at full length in a spot of shade formed by four or five spruces. He was combed and shaven and shorn, his clothes were well enough, and yet at first sight my inward critic said, "Faugh! dirty." I knew him: he was the physician, Solomon Harding. Rounding another turn, I came upon Desire herself, sitting in a great chair, her hands crossed in her lap, her head bent forward. What rapt yet peaceful eyes! She had become Saint Cecilia since I saw her,—Saint Cecilia in cameo. A white dress made her more unreal; a bunch of sturdy, spicy pinks at her belt held her down to earth. We looked at each other an instant in silence, her face gathering trouble which swept magically away again.

"Dorothy, you!" she said, rising and putting her hands on my shoulders. "You, my dear!" We had always said of Desire's voice that it was full of music,—a deep, vibrating contralto. I fancied now that I caught new tones in

it. The tears were running fast down my own cheeks. "Ah, I know, dear; yes," she said soothingly, putting me into her chair. "It's Chello; you think of him. It is good of you to love him so, dear, though I can't bear to have you miss him enough to grieve."

Was it the wife who could say this, and as placidly as if she herself had no grief? It was so strange, Desire was so unlike herself, that I sat still, my sobs scared away, letting her talk.

"How charming it was of Gretchen!" By this time she had seated herself on the arm of my chair, taken off my bonnet, and was stroking my face. "She sent for you, didn't she? like her dear, kind old tricks! But you are coming to me, dear, now, now,—yes, to-day,—and Gretchen shall have the last part of your visit. I will send somebody to tell her. No, I'll go myself, if it will satisfy you better."

I knew very well what Gretchen would prefer. Was not Desire her first thought, as she was mine? So I stayed. Desire was childishly excited. She would dress for dinner; she would see herself that my room was in order. One would have said, "She is a bride, not a widow." To me there was some intangible change in her.

I was in the dining-room early, to watch the relatives file in. Our first meeting is always funny, sometimes unbearably so. They hate me; they say I have an undue influence over Desire. Martha Fellows came first,—a shadow with glazed brown eyes and a conciliatory face. Martha reads abstruse scientific works and murders the English language. "To think of you,—you of all people!" she began, rapidly sliding up to me and moving my hand up and down, as if it needed to be put in place. "It's been a good while since we met here, ain't it? And such changes since then! You miss him, don't you? I do,—the place don't seem the same; but Desire bears it well. You never can tell about people, can—" She came to a full stop. I had yet to learn that Martha Fellows was subject to an external influence. It was that of

Dr. Solomon, who had just come in. Without his cigar, in an upright position, he was no more tolerable than before. "You're Miss Fletcher, aren't you?" he began exuberantly. "Oh, I remember you. I used to see you; that was before I took my degree."

Treading on the heels of his speech came the third visitor. I was like a lay-figure,—the goddess in the pantomime, whom all the *dramatis personæ* have to salute in passing. This was the priest. His long legs kicked his drapery as if he despised it; his mouth was rebellious at being clean-shaven; his eyes, which met mine with a flash, were angry at being condemned to seek only the ground. He bowed to me without a word. Then Desire came, and our meal began, enlivened by a monologue from Dr. Solomon. The priest spoke to none of us, and Martha Fellows, beginning once or twice, was brutally switched off by the medical nephew, who cut into her sentences remorselessly, having apparently not heard them. Desire had settled into apathy. She was sweet and gracious, but like a woman in a dream.

So she remained through the fall and into the winter. We stayed on, all of us: the doctor was practising about the neighborhood, and Martha Fellows was always free to visit; the priest gave no reasons, and I knew Desire needed me. Sometimes her calm would be strangely broken. I was with her one night in her room. We had taken a cup of chocolate there, she making it over a tiny lamp and serving it daintily. Then we sat in the dark, broken only by the jewel of the fire, while she told about their Italian days, talking fast and fascinatingly. Chello's name was always on her lips. "We did this," she said. "We went there." It seemed not to occur to her,—that pungent thought which stabs the lonely,—"there is but one to go, now." It was ten o'clock; then I heard the quarter and half hour, and hoped she would not notice. This was like one of our old, wakeful nights when we searched the universe with questions. Ten minutes more, and her

brightness flagged. She stopped in the midst of a peasant romance to go to the window and look at her watch in the moonlight. "Twenty minutes of eleven!" she said, with a quick change in her voice: then suddenly, "Dorothy, good-night."

"Not yet. One half-hour more."

"Not one," she said, laughing, but in earnest. "Dorothy, good-night."

I used to take privileges with Desire when no one else dared. To-night was like going back ten years; therefore I dared again:

"I'll go at eleven. You never used to sleep early. To-night you are like a cat when the wind blows. I can almost see your eyes through the dark."

Desire stood still by the window, a white shape in the moonlight. She turned to me suddenly.

"Dorothy, go," she said, in a low, intense voice. "I can't tell you why, but you must. Go, dear, if you love me."

She pulled my hand impatiently, drew me up, and almost dragged me to the door. When she had pushed me through and closed it, I heard the key turned with a sharp click. Some one moved hastily aside; he must have been waiting close by the door. The hall-lamp had been turned out; the figure and I were alone in the dark. Luckily, its head came within range of the window, and I recognized the ignoble *silhouette* of Dr. Solomon.

"What are you doing here?" I said sharply. I was surprised, frightened. A dozen emotions filled the instant.

"Seeing if the house was safe. I was round this way and heard you talking. Do you often stay so late with Desire?"

We were groping down-stairs by this time.

"I stay as late as she wants me," I said curtly, opening my own door and rattling my key. For all his persistent brazenness of demeanor, Dr. Solomon had a wily, insinuating manner of questioning, which I remember as "meeching."

In that alone did his relationship to Martha Fellows crop out. In the morning Desire looked quickly

and eagerly at me when I entered the breakfast-room. I think I was quite the same,—I tried to be; and she was not forced into explanation.

Dr. Solomon had taken to watching her. He did it slyly, artfully. Not so the priest. His rebellious eyes, grown covetous, were ever on her face. I wondered if he began to be tempted by her money for himself, instead of the Church. Desire was uneasy under his glance. She never met it willingly, though a little of her rare haughtiness cropped out in response to Dr. Solomon.

When the first snow came, Gretchen planned a sleigh-ride in celebration. She told me privately of the fact that the Montagu girls had written that they could not visit Desire until spring. The grandmother (Madame Montagu was also wealthy) was ill, and their duty lay in her sick-room.

Gretchen, her husband, and the blonde children, Desire, and I, were to go. Desire demurred, half refused; but, when the morning of the day came, the sparkling fields, feathery tufts on the evergreens, and sting of the air fascinated her into consent.

The mishaps that befell us that night would deserve a separate chapter. Gretchen forgot the hot-water bags for our feet, and insisted on driving back for them. Then, one of the children was hungry and stoutly asserted his stomach's rights, so that Herr Stiege went in and bravely heated milk over an alcohol-lamp for the gourmand. Gretchen and her husband have ideas of their own as to the management of children. So our second start was half an hour late. We reached Norton safely, gay, exhilarated. Desire was like a star, tingling when the rest of us were but numbly and stupidly cold, and flashing like an opal when we could only listen to her and return a laugh as our best answer. At the hotel, where we ran for warmth before going back, she was wildly impatient. No other guests were in the little bare parlor, and Desire sat down and sung to us ballads that made the heart ache. Then she broke into

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie," gayly, with *abandon*. I could not look at Gretchen. She knew as well as I that this had been the call and signal between Desire and her husband. Long ago, in their days of courtship, he had whistled it at the gate, and she had run down to meet him in the dew and starlight. I have seen him a hundred times drop his book or his sentence and hurry to find her when he heard her voice in that song. Had she forgotten? Was Chello becoming a memory?—less than a memory,—a shadow?

"Come, Herr Stiege, it is time to go, is it not?" she said, rapidly going up to him. "After nine now, and an hour and a half to go home. That will make it half-past ten certainly. Oh, we must go." She gave us no peace until we started. She lifted in the children while Herr Stiege was settling his wife and me on the back seat, and had the reins in her own hands ready for him.

"Drive fast!" she cried. "It is such a beautiful night! Make the fences spin by us! make the trees waltz! Oh, go fast!"

Half way to town the horses sheered out, and we went softly over into the snow. No accident could have been more harmless. The horses trotted on a few paces and stopped. Herr Stiege righted the sleigh, and we packed in again, laughing. Only Desire did not laugh. She was almost raging with impatience. This time she was not satisfied till he had worked the horses too into fever-heat. Where the time was lost, I never knew. Possibly it had taken more minutes at the hotel than we had expected; possibly the catastrophe in the snow was longer than it seemed. When we were two miles from home, Desire took out her watch and studied its face by moonlight. "Ten minutes of eleven!" she cried, in a sharp voice. "Oh, drive fast! drive fast!"

No one spoke now. Desire sat like a pillar, looking straight before her: Gretchen and I felt the commotion in the air, and could only be silent. We came to the Nest, to find the great gate closed. Herr Stiege prepared to get out and

open it, but Desire sprang from the other side of the sleigh.

"I shall save time!" she called back to us, as she ran through the foot-path into the shrubbery.

"Follow her," said Gretchen. "Oh, follow her, and hurry."

When I reached the house, Desire was pacing, almost running, up and down the long piazza, ringing the bell every other instant. A clock struck in the town.

"My God! eleven!" she cried, and then began to call wildly,—

"Let me in! oh, let me in! Somebody come!"

Somebody had come. I heard a running together of servants, then Dr. Solomon's voice close to the door: "Go back, every one of you. I'll let them in. I said I would. Go back!"

The steps retreated, but the door was not opened. Desire sank down on the threshold and kept on calling. Now it was in a dreadful voice, full of despair. Some one ran down the stairs, some one else was hurled aside,—against the wall, it would seem,—and the door was thrown wide open. It was the priest; no, it was the man, grown in stature with his indignation, softened into tenderness by love. He stooped to lift Desire, but she escaped his arms and ran like the wind to her own room. I followed, and reached the door in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

I leaned against the wall and waited. I dared not knock. She was talking hurriedly, then calling in a voice little above a whisper, but sharply penetrating. Then she seemed to plead, to remonstrate. I fancied I heard her praying.

A figure stole up the stairs,—Dr. Solomon. "Listening?" he asked, evidently not to insult me, but with eager curiosity. "Can you hear anything?"

"Go down," I said, moving toward him. "If you come a step farther, I shall call Father Thorn."

He grew green at mention of the priest. So he *had* been knocked down five minutes before.

"Come down-stairs: I want to see you," he said. "You can't hear any-

thing up here. I've tried it enough to know."

I followed him. Anything was better than having his quick ears at watch over Desire. We went into the library.

"Now," said he, trying to transfix me with his shifting eyes, "what does it mean?"

"I don't know. If I did, I shouldn't tell you."

"No, you think you wouldn't; but I should get it out of you. I did it on purpose to-night. I told the servants I'd let you in. I shut the great gate. I made sure she shouldn't get in till after eleven. Every night she holds some sort of a ceremony in her room at eleven. If she is delayed almost to the hour, she comes near dying. She talks for an hour. At twelve it stops short. Now, this is my opinion: his reverence the most reverend priest"—here he grew green again and sneered—"has made a convert of her. She holds some sort of high mass, and she'll be in a sisterhood in less than a year, with all her property."

I answered by walking out of the room and up to Desire's again. On the top stair, before her door, sat a figure, its head bowed into its hands. "What is it?" I said.

"A man of sin," answered the priest, lifting a face dreadful to see. "A man who has denied his God for a woman. Do you think she would let me touch her hand with my lips? I would pay the penalty: I would give up touching the sacrament for that."

"Do you love her?" I asked.

"Am I dying for her—or not?"

"Then leave her in peace to-night."

He turned without a word and went down the stairs. There was no sound from Desire's room, and, after waiting half an hour, I went to my own. It was a fatal error, a mistaken fear and delicacy.

The next morning, long after the usual breakfast-hour, she opened the door to my knock. She had not taken off her dress the night before; she was quite ghastly, and too hoarse to speak. I took her hands, which burned me.

"Oh, you have taken such a dreadful cold!"

"Yes, it is very likely," she said quietly.

"Desire, will you go to bed and let me send for Gretchen?"

"Yes, I should like to. I should like to be warm."

So we began nursing her through the attack of pneumonia which Dr. Brigham said promised ill. Dr. Solomon was raging, for he was not admitted to the room, and the priest was our messenger. A wretched man, a criminal as he felt himself, he ran in this and that direction as we told him. Desire lay in a stupor all day. As the darkness gathered, she revived, and called me to her in a whisper: "Will you leave me alone from eleven to twelve?"

I hesitated, but her eyes gathered such misery that I could not resist them, and promised. As the evening advanced, her impatience grew until she was beautiful and brilliant again,—consumed by fever. At ten minutes of eleven she whispered, "Now, both of you leave me till twelve."

Gretchen and I took up a miserable watch outside the door. No words can describe Desire as we found her when we crept in again at midnight. I doubt if human genius could paint her. It was a white and glorified face on the pillow, lighted by an immortal happiness. Her voice was clearer, too, and we exchanged delighted glances. She was better. The night wore on, and I was watching alone. Gretchen slept soundly on the little sofa.

"Come," whispered Desire.

I put my face close to hers, and fed on the wonderful brilliancy of her eyes while she talked:

"I must tell you something. I am a very happy woman. Chello died, you know, and I was dead until I came home from Italy. The first night I stayed here in my old room he came to me, and we talked together. The next morning I laid away my black clothes: I had nothing to mourn for. Every night he came at eleven. If I were late, or if I told any one, the spell would be broken, he said. I was never late until that dreadful last night. I nearly died. But he has been here, and everything is right. We have had such talks! I used to sit in that great chair by the window in darkness,—always in darkness. I can tell you now, because he will not need to come again." She closed her eyes contentedly.

In an hour she was dead.

I met the priest on the threshold, when I went out in the early morning, leaving her like a sweet bride ready for burial.

"Do you think I might kiss her hand now?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Her wedding-ring is on it," I said; and he turned away.

I never saw him again. He was gone almost before light. Dr. Solomon and Martha Fellows stayed till everything was over and the will read. For Desire had made a will, leaving all her property to build a hospital which should be known by her husband's name.

Alice Brown.

HEALTHY HOMES.

II.—SURROUNDINGS.

IN looking over the real-estate advertisements of our utilitarian newspapers, we generally find that in nine out of ten cases the proprietor of a "desirable homestead" states the distance from the next railway-station. In

the mediæval age of faith he would have specified the advantages of the next miraculous shrine. In the primeval age of health-worship he would have mentioned the proximity of a good spring. Few health-lectures can rival

the eloquence of the grand South-European aqueduct-ruins. Athwart an eighteen-hundred-years interregnum of science and naturalism, they preach the long-forgotten lesson that pure spring-water is a primary condition of human well-being. The cut stones of the Aqua Claudia would have built forty Coliseums. The Anio extended *sixty-three miles*,—twice the distance from Philadelphia to Wilmington. The aqueduct of Antioch has outlasted the wars and earthquakes of two thousand years. Rock-springs formed the nucleus of many famous cities. The Delphic Oracle, according to Herodotus, speaks of the Corinthians as “those who dwell around the blessed fountain of Cyrene.” Rome, Agrigentum, and Ephesus had their sacred springs, and Seume’s water-wise peasant of Chios descended for hours on the merits of a natural well.

We have lost that water-wisdom. Hot soups, distilled, fermented, and narcotic drinks, may have blunted our palates, but only the saddest mistrust in the testimony of our natural instincts could have persuaded us to prefer cistern-water—*i.e.*, half-putrid rain-broth—to the pure water of the springs and mountain-brooks, in which form alone the all-purifying element deserves its name. It is the fallacy of anti-naturalism, the same delusion that persuades us to feed our lungs on the sickening air of an unventilated bedroom and exclude the pure out-door atmosphere. Even the best-constructed cisterns are liable to the objection that *stagnation undoes the work of filtration*. Spring-water moves and filters unceasingly. The fluid that bubbles up from the rocks has circulated for weeks in the veins of the interior earth,—for months, often, as a simple experiment would demonstrate. Very dry years affect even perennial springs, but only long after the end of the drought, and if we count the days from the beginning of the next rainy season to the flushing of the springs, we find that the October rains do not begin to tell before Christmas.

On sloping ground it is well to have

a spring *above* the house, and thus secure it against the possibility of contamination. In dry seasons even a mountain-brook, at least for the upper five miles of its course, is preferable to the best rain-tank. The citizens of Groesbeck, Texas, used to send a daily ox-caravan to a neighboring creek, and got better water from their clean oaken barrels than the tax-payers of many larger towns from the lead pipes of their expensive water-works. Where there is no surface-water, dig. If the ancients had known our steam-drills, there would have been no cistern from the Alps to Cape Matapan. In the French department of Indre the Artesian Corps connected with the Agricultural College of Châteauroux bores wells at three francs per ten feet, or less than eight dollars per hundred, with no extra charge for test-borings, since experience has shown that in a depth of less than five hundred feet water can be guaranteed on any acre of ground in the lowlands. In a country like Illinois every county should have its well-company; and even in drier regions contractors doing a wholesale business could afford to guarantee water at fifty dollars.

There are few absolutely level countries, and, where there is a choice of ground, houses should stand on an eminence,—a hillock, or the terrace of a mountain-slope; *faute de mieux*, on an artificial mound. There are few finer streets in the world than Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, where a broad, shaded road runs between a double row of artificial ridges, or rather *mesas*, flat-topped hillocks flanked with lawns and flowery parterres and crowned with villas. At first sight the arrangement recommends itself to the sense of beauty, which is, after all, the sense of fitness. Drainage-facility is not the only advantage of a hill-top dwelling. On high ground the air is purer and drier than in the surrounding valleys, with less difference in the diurnal changes of temperature. In the warm sunshine the heights are cooler than the bottom-lands, and in the night-time warmer, as has been ascertained by actual measurement. At an

elevation of eighteen hundred feet above the river-level, Professor Lenz found that at nine P.M. the temperature on the plateau of the Kardis Alps was 65° Fahrenheit, while in the valley of the Aar it varied from 54° to 50°. In clear summer nights travellers descending from the uplands into the bottom of a deep valley are often struck by the remarkable chilliness of the air in the vicinity of a brook or pond. The *rational* of the phenomenon is this: in daytime the direct rays of the sun operate more powerfully on the vapor-laden atmosphere of the bottom-lands; but after dark other physiological laws begin to assert themselves: warm air ascends, and cold air settles in the valleys. It is true that in winter-time the valley-dwellers enjoy the advantage of better shelter; but only in the homes of the poorest is that shelter worth the cooling summer breezes of the hill-tops. All the domestic arrangements of our Northern civilization combine to make winter as comfortable and summer as uncomfortable as possible. In the dog-days our weather-proof rooms become torture-chambers. Our streets admit the glare of the sun and exclude the breezes that sweep freely through the shady arcades of the forest. Basement-kitchens add their caloric to the heat of the sun-blistered buildings; fumes of all sorts linger behind the solid walls; no balcony, no terraced roof, to escape from the suffocating air of a sultry night. At such times a breezy hill-top atones a hundred-fold for the inconveniences of a few winter storms. Besides, highland houses, with their free prospect and their *Himmelsnähe*,—"heaven-nearness,"—have a moral value. A far view is a specific for narrow-mindedness, and the very sense of elevation is conducive to mental health: it favors the development of the excelsior instinct, and counteracts the influence of a baneful legacy of the past,—the snuffing, furtive-eyed self-abasement of the Middle Ages. I have often suspected that the defiant altitude of an ancestral château must have helped to preserve the unbent moral backbone of the Bismarcks and Mira-

beaus. "*Montani semper liberi*" is the motto of West Virginia.

Highland houses include, indeed, the finest residences of the Old and the New World,—Probasco's country-seat at Clifton on the Ohio, Dom Pedro's Petropolis, Captain Nichols's octagonal castle near Mount Yonah in the North-Georgian Alleghanies, the castles of Heidelberg, Gastein, Salzburg, Linz, Pau, Perugia, and Medellin, Lismore Hill, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, the Abbeys of Johannisberg and Monte Casino, and the incomparable Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, a fairy-realm of fountains, terraced precipices, mountain-forests, lakes, and orange-gardens. In an absolute plain an artificial mound need not be very high to command a fair prospect: the "Hanging Gardens" of Semiramis were in truth nothing but home-made hills covered with garden-earth and planted with trees; and who knows if the hillocks of our mound-builders were not the pedestals of their dwelling-houses? On plateaus of limited extent the residence may form the acropolis, with the stables and outbuildings at the foot of the hill, but never *vice versa*, for drainage cannot be controlled to the extent of protecting the cellars of a lower house. Houses at the foot of a high mountain are liable to other objections, being exposed to rock- and snow-slides, water-bursts, etc., besides the disadvantages incident to a circumscribed prospect and obstructed air-currents. Only the French kings evinced a remarkable predilection for valley-palaces,—perhaps, as Wieland suggests, because they cared more to be seen than to see.

On the slope of a high hill the south and west sides are, on the whole, preferable. Few people can be persuaded to rise with the sun, but all enjoy a lingering sunset; besides that, in the higher latitudes west-slope plantations have the advantage of the afternoon sun. Four hours after noon, on about six days of the week, the weather is warmer and less cloudy than four hours before noon.

Science protects our forests, and ought to countermand the impending crusade against shade-trees. Leafy trees in the

close proximity of a dwelling-house are supposed to make the lower rooms damp and chilly; but the Golden Age would still flourish if the causes of human disease were limited to dangers from that source. "I shall not attempt to explain," says Ben Franklin, "why damp clothes occasion colds, rather than wet ones, because I doubt the fact: I suspect that neither the one nor the other contributes to this effect, and that the causes of 'colds' are totally independent of wet and even of cold."

That our ancestors emanated from the shades of a tree-land is one of the few points on which Moses and Darwin agree, and it seems hardly probable that the descendants of a forest-race should be damaged by a little tree-shade, especially where that shade is confined to the six warmest months in the year. After October, when sunshine becomes preferable to shade, trees do not obstruct the rays of the sun. They merely moderate its summer glare, and at noon offer the best possible refuge from the brooding heat. No human contrivance can rival the anti-caloric arrangements of a leafy canopy,—free access to all the winds of heaven, and a roof impervious not only to the direct light of the sun-rays, but also to their warmth, which is felt through a shingle roof as plainly as through a flimsy sunshade. But a shade-tree, with its hundred strata of light-absorbing leaves, interposes an effectual barrier to the hottest sun; and, moreover, plants have a direct refrigerating influence, analogous to that of animal bodies in generating warmth. Even under a blazing sun the juice of oranges, watermelons, apples, etc., is from ten to fifteen degrees colder than that of stagnant water, and on cloudy summer days the air of a treeless district is considerably warmer than the atmosphere of a shady forest on sunny days. In the neighborhood of a dwelling-house the advantages of such a noon-shelter far outweigh all valid objections, such as the litter of the falling leaves, katydid charivaris, and sparrow-roosts. Trees need not surround a house: the west side may be preserved for "bask-

ing-rooms," or sun-loving invalids may cut out a loop-hole through the foliage opposite their favorite window-corner.

Trees also purify the air, by exhaling oxygen and absorbing or neutralizing a variety of noxious gases. Savannah, Georgia, the forest-city of the South, surrounded by swamps, but intersected by dozens of magnificent avenues, is pleasant, cool, and fragrant on the hottest days of the year: remove her trees, and the delta of the Nile would hardly be a less agreeable summer resort. In the South the magnolia, pride of India, and eucalyptus make the best shade-trees, as in the North the linden, elm, holm-oak, and, above all, the horse-chestnut. The ailantus, or heaven-tree, thrives almost anywhere; but the smell of its greenish flowers is not wholly celestial, nor its way of abusing hospitality where its roots have once got a chance to sprout. For the lower fifteen miles the banks of the Miami Canal have become a rank jungle of ailantus-bushes, unavailable for all human purposes, for as fuel the branches are as worthless as cabbage-stalks. But where rapid growth is an object the ailantus excels both the acacia and the China-tree, the latter by its hardness and the former by the greater luxuriance of its foliage.

In Eastern North America the streets of the larger cities are, on the whole, better shaded than in any other part of the world, hardly excepting Java, where every wealthy man's house is surrounded by a grove; but our indifference to fragrant shrubs would amaze an Oriental. It is only exceeded by our hyperborean indifference to good music. The wax-wing, the only winged denizen of the North-Scandinavian forests, is a silent bird, and on the icy shores of Jutland our forefathers had no motive for music: frost eliminates the very vowels of a language. But even the Norwegian reindeer prefers the fragrant pine forests of the mountains to the rank fens of the coast-lands; and there is no reason why we should not cultivate a few jessamine-thickets to counteract the breath of our fat-rendering establishments. When asked to specify the "three most

beatific things on earth," Mohammed, the man of God, named Prayer, Love, and Perfume; and in the garden-suburbs of Southern Europe the latter kind of beatitude fills the air from March till October. The honeysuckle arbors of Trieste can be smelt in the offing of Capo d'Istria. The poor peasants of Roumelia rarely emigrate, and submit to all preposterous kinds of misgovernment for the "sake of the sweet roses,"—the attar-plantations that often extend along a whole mountain-range, with eight hundred rose-bushes to every acre of ground. One plantation of that sort would redeem the smokiest factory-district. Lavender, thyme, heliotrope, dwarf-rhododendron (white rosebay), and honeysuckle will thrive anywhere south of Maine, and quickset hedges of hawthorn, intertwined with woodbine, fox-grapes, and, for greater security, perhaps with a few lines of barbed wire, would be a manifold improvement upon the prevailing methods of demarcation. The Puritans banished incense from the English churches as "both vain and unwholesome;" but nature probably understands such matters as well as Sir Hudibras, and is not in the habit of recommending unwholesome things. There is no reasonable doubt that for human lungs perfumed forest-air is both more wholesome and more pleasant than sea-air, which—next to carbolized hospital-air—our anti-naturalists commend as the *ne plus ultra* of a health-giving atmosphere.

When railway-trains have to make their way through a rain-storm, no philanthropist can help pitying the plight of the half-sheltered engineer and the unsheltered stoker,—with a pity not unmixed with wonder, considering how easily the grievance could be remedied by introducing roofed locomotives. Not less easily might we obviate the horrors of the long-drawn sloughs of despair which our rural districts honor with the name of country roads. Roof the roads, or at least their sidewalks, by lining them with shade-trees. After such trees have once become large enough to form an arched avenue, no amount of rain or

travel can spoil the road: the half-exposed net-work of flattened roots will form a more durable and less slippery path than a plank walk, and in making a new road through a forest it would be easy enough to spare a few of the larger wayside trees. In the immediate neighborhood of a dwelling, along the roads from the house to the principal out-buildings, it would be worth while to plant forest-trees in their teens: half-grown beeches and oaks, for instance, stand transporting better than is generally supposed. Baron Sina, the Vienna banker, surrounded his Hungarian country-seat with a park by constructing a tramway to the mountains and fetching whole Birnam-woods of oak-trees; and Barnum tried the same experiment on a smaller scale, but with equal success. If Chicago engineers could uplift hundreds of three-story buildings, there is, indeed, no reason why we should not invent machines for moving even full-grown trees, together with a liberal slice of their native soil.

In the neighborhood of a large city it is an excellent plan to surround a whole farm with a belt of forest-trees. They depurate the atmosphere at the very time when its impurities are most morbid. Their leaves sift out the soot-flakes that emanate in clouds from every factory-chimney. The smoke-clouds of Liverpool, for instance, drift far beyond the Mersey; even at a distance of six miles from the shore, a piece of white linen exposed in an open window is soon covered with a precipitate of black dust. But the houses on the other side of Birkenhead Park are exempt. The soot cannot penetrate the tangle-wood of beeches and pines, and sticks to the leaves till a rain-shower washes it off in big, black drops. Tree-foliage intercepts mosquitoes, and also, as Dr. King assures us, their invariable concomitant,—malaria. "Forests, or even woods," he says, "have the power of obstructing the transmission of malaria; . . . and though in the case of a single belt of trees even the mosquitoal filter may appear imperfect, the insect, should it have been carried far, is probably

anxious to settle, and may so vary its course by steering as to take the first opportunity of clinging to anything that may come in its way." Besides, leaf-trees afford nest-hiding facilities for all sorts of birds, including many varieties of insectivorous song-birds. Tree-planting is the only solution of the locust-problem.

In selecting a site for a country-seat, most people prize the "absence of disturbing noises;" but the term is somewhat ambiguous. There are noises that do not disturb. The intermittent creaking of an open door effectually interrupts every train of thought; the night-long barking of a vicious cur can tempt a man to resort to dynamite and poison. But there are soothing sounds,—the drowsy echo of a distant mill-wheel, for instance, or the mystic whispering of a pine grove, when the spirits of the past seem to ride the night-wind; but especially the low murmuring of a mountain-brook. I knew an exiled Highlander who had outgrown his homesickness in all other respects, but was ever haunted by the voice of a little waterfall that had mingled with the dreams of his boyhood and down in the glen seemed to resound through the rocks like peals of merry laughter. English landlords delight in the myriad-voiced clamor of a rookery, as much as retired mariners in the boom of the breakers. As a rule, natural and continuous sounds seem less irritating than artificial and intermittent ones. The neighborhood of a large factory, with the incessant hum of its steam-engines, is therefore often less undesirable than that of a hammering little workshop; many people get used to the singing of the telegraph-wires or the continuous rumbling of distant railway-trains. But happier are they who can retire to an undecorated sanctuary of nature, where, as Trelawney's friend wrote from a villa in the Euganean Hills, "you will find no litter but the litter of the rose-leaves, and no noise but the noise of the nightingales."

Camoëns pities the man who has to live out of sight of the sea; and, indeed, only the grandest highland scenery can

rival the soul-expanding influence of a fine ocean-view. A sea-side burg was the *beau-ideal* of the adventurous Greeks and the still more adventurous Norsemen; and something of that instinct seems to have revived in the shore-dwellers of the great Canadian lakes, three of which are on both sides lined with thousands of villas. Like the ocean, those inland seas of ours purify their atmosphere by a sanitary system of their own. They use ice instead of salt. On Lake Superior winter begins in October and lasts till April, with successive weeks of frosts that would dismay a St. Petersburg. The result is that the lake freezes every year to a depth varying from four to seven feet, and that steamboats on their way from Detroit to Marquette encounter shoals of drift-ice as late as June. Every paulful of lake-water is a paulful of cold drinking-water. The swamps of Northern Michigan end at Sault Ste. Marie, and from Detroit to Ogdensburg, New York, the lakes are lined with an almost continuous series of high, dry bluffs. Such lake-shores are as healthy as a rocky sea-coast.

But the same cannot be said of our great river-valleys. The bottom-lands of all broad streams are more or less malarious. Professor Kennedy, of Oswego, ascertained that the rainiest seasons have rarely an appreciable effect upon the level of the lakes, while on the Delaware the difference between low and high water amounts to fifteen feet, and on the lower Ohio to as much as thirty-five feet. In such valleys every heavy rain raises a flood, and every flood leaves a layer of fever-breeding sediments. An elevation of two hundred feet above high-water mark forms, however, a safety-line. Whenever the yellow fever visited Chattanooga the settlers on the Missionary Ridge escaped; and near Memphis it was found that the Raley Hills, overlooking the river, but at a horizontal distance of six miles from the water's edge, enjoy a like immunity.

The neighborhood of a small, rapid stream, on the other hand, is desirable, for several reasons. It secures a peren-

nial water-supply, it obviates the necessity of extensive drainage-pipes, and it affords motive-power for all sorts of labor-saving machinery. On large estates a brook can be widened into a fish-pond or a bathing-place. Garden-ponds fed by water-pipes are apt to stagnate, and are liable to the same objections as the old castle-moats, which, as Haller assures us, have effected the extinction of more than one noble family. They should be rock-lined (cemented, if possible), and ought to be cleaned at least

once a year, at the beginning of the warm season. A moderate water-supply, however, had better be utilized for irrigating purposes, especially where there is room for a good-sized grass-plot. A homestead without a play-ground is like a year without a holiday. Where the available area is limited, I would sooner forego an orchard and a flower-garden (though not a hedge of flowering shrubs) than a lawn where old and young playmates can enjoy their leisure hours.
FELIX L. OSWALD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

One Aspect of Household "Phyllism."

AMONG interesting and recent Parisian *ventes* was that of Emile de Girardin, journalist and *littérateur*, who spent a lifetime and a fortune in amassing the statuary and paintings now dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer. M. de Girardin's collection represented no particular period or school, although a general romantic character dominated it. It was rich in Bouchers and Fragonards, well-to-do in Poussins and Corots, but its chief strength lay in important examples of Delacroix. There were Courts, Courbets, Benjamin Constants, Hubert-Roberts, Guillaumets, but not a single example of Flandrin or of Ingres, or of any of the earlier ancients of our own century or of the last, even though the classic Rachel was represented in many an antique pose by many a romantic artist. Twelve important sculptures by Clesinger were prominent, with others by "Marcello," by Falconet, Carrier, Belleuse, Truphème, Aizelin, and Falguière. An almost colossal reclining figure, bequeathed by M. de Girardin to the Louvre, was by Clesinger, and called "Woman Bitten by a Serpent." Jules Janin and Théophile Gauthier had much to say of this work when their

pens were all-powerful in France. The original was a beautiful actress of the Odéon, dead and forgotten to-day, but in her time adored by the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris.

The private view previous to the sale took place in the very rooms of the elegant *hôtel* where all the various artistic objects had held their respective places during long years, and thus to the intrinsic interest of the collection itself was added that of its original setting, the domestic taste of its owner. This setting has a curious interest in view of the decorative *renaissance* of to-day, and gives rise to sundry speculations and reflections upon the nature of what we call exclusively "decorative" art. Emile de Girardin, friend of Delacroix, of Rachel, of Clesinger, a spirit alive to all the artistic impulses of his time and abreast of all its theories, associated with the brightest intellects and most artistic temperaments of his day, received his guests in an "interior" furnished and decorated in a fashion sneered at to-day by every one who is unconscious that his own little moment in life is not the absolute one of all times, or that what his generation declares to be eternally high art will perhaps be regarded as a mere ephemeral

fashion by generations to come. Emile de Girardin's friends sat upon sofas of dull-crimson cloth upholstered to show none of their wooden frames, and trimmed with heavy fringes in a manner to make Gothic Eastlake shudder. The carpets all over the palatial hôtel were supremely unæsthetic according to Morris and Marshall, but warm, rich, and comfortable-looking, sombre and restful to the eyes, with dull reds, blues, and bronze-yellows woven in Oriental patterns. These carpets were evidently woven expressly for the polished *parquets* they partly covered, and were long, square, or oval according to the shape of the rooms. The walls of the immense *salon* were dull-red panels set in long walnut frames above a solid walnut wainscoting. The dull-red ceiling was painted in delicate *grisaille* with *renaissance* designs, each design enclosed in elaborately-carved and gilded medallion-shaped frames. From the massive carved and gilded cornice were reflected the same pseudo-*renaissance* designs. Windows were draped with the same sombre red of the upholstery, surmounted with lambrequins and bordered with an unobtrusive *renaissance* pattern in *appliqué* of dull dark blue outlined with white. Long low easy-chairs, kindred with the long sofas, held large embroidered cushions of black satin for backs and shoulders. Some of these cushions were embroidered in silk by famous fingers, Delphine Gay's and Rachel's, and represented the floral designs of thirty years ago, which seem so inartistic to us in our rage for missal borders and hues of mediæval illuminations, but which have far nearer kinship and likeness to Mignon's Dutch masterpieces of the seventeenth or Van Huysum's of the eighteenth century than anything that fashion will tolerate at present. Many of the *fauteuils* also were entirely covered with silk and crewel embroidery,—lilies, poppies, roses, pansies, more realistic than æsthetic, yet wrought by hands that knew better than to gather nature's colors at random, and that sought as intelligently for color-values and tone as if working in paints. The effect of all

these wonderful embroideries was decidedly old-fashioned (so were Watteau's pictures when they sold for five francs apiece), but, abstracted from their time and placed in relation with universal art, they have just as much right to be as all the sunflower efflorescence that gilds our own drawing-rooms.

The chimney-piece was of a design filtered down through various "periods" from the *renaissance*, and was surmounted by a panel in fresco,—a portrait of Descartes, looking down with philosophic abstraction upon the scene below, as if saying, "*Je pense, donc je suis.*"

The tables, *encoignures*, pedestals for statues, consoles, were copies more or less "free" of the various Louis periods, while some gave no hints whatever of their individuality, being voluminously draped in Oriental stuffs. A sumptuous writing-table that had once belonged to Rachel was of the most styleless period of our own century.

As may be seen, this interior, regarded aside from its objects of imaginative art, is a complete expression of what nowadays we are pleased to style philistinism of taste. In form it shows the last fading shadow of every idea it half unconsciously imitates, without a single dawning ideal of its own. So more than faint, so even dead, are all memories of other periods that it is unfair to charge it with the decadence of any ideal, not to acknowledge its utter formlessness as a quality of its own. It expressed luxury and comfort, if one insisted on finding an expression in it; otherwise it maintained a discreet reserve beneath its general air of sombre and dignified magnificence. Yet, with all its artistic inexpressiveness, this is exactly one of the interiors that Balzac loved to describe,—Balzac, who slaved and starved himself into a premature grave to indulge his passion for art,—and exactly one of the interiors which were the brightest expression of domestic taste at a time when the artistic atmosphere of France was vital enough to produce its Delacroixs and Troyons, its Corots and Millets, and, earlier, to stimulate such a

fierce artistic revolution as our own more æsthetic and decorative days have not the hot blood for. *Cela donne à penser.*

So also to the writer does the fact that not in all her rather wide experience of æsthetic and high-art interiors can she call to mind a single one where statues and pictures—the very culminating point of all decorative art—stand forth in such vital emphasis as against this same vague, sombre-hued, and intellectually inexpressive background just described. Every subtle curve, every vigorous line and angle of white marble revealed all the subtilty and force with which the sculptor had gifted it, against the dull, unbroken crimson prevailing everywhere, while not a tone of the painted porcelains or a *finesse* of pictured color was either absorbed or contradicted by this same all-subordinate but all-enhancing shade, whose background efficiency is acknowledged in all large art-galleries, although the mediævalized domestic taste of 1883 can call it by no better name than *bourgeois* or philistine.

It may be remembered that Balzac, microscopic in detail as he otherwise was, rarely identified the mere *furniture* of his scenes, but was wont to describe the *ameublement* of charming interiors with a sort of atmospheric vagueness of words giving *effect* without detail. This very "atmospheric vagueness," it cannot be doubted, was a calculated and not accidental element of his otherwise always so realistic art, and it always gave the effect of the half-aerial, half-terrestrial distances which so frequently in figure-pictures throws up the foreground figure-modelling—the real decorative purpose of the picture—in strong relief. In this respect it would seem that Balzac and Emile de Girardin, as well as all the other art-lovers of a now altogether *démodé* generation whose artistic collections and household *ameublement* occasionally appear at the great sales of the Hôtel Drouot, have a lesson to give to our generation. For this generation has no faith in "backgrounds" as backgrounds, but spreads decoration over every available surface, as if *decoration*

and not *art* were the pyramidal and fundamental object of all taste.

All art, even the most imaginative, is decorative. But if everything becomes decorative, what remains for decoration? and thus lifted into artistic prominence above the surrounding level, where remains the inexpressive background upon which every artistic object depends for the optical strength of relief that is as much an essential of its effectiveness as the grace or power of its own forms? Who in looking at those little cabinet-pictures by Rubens, around which the most famous flower-painters of his time wove their decorative garlands, does not see that both the greater and the lesser decoration, the central picture and its floral circle, rob each other of the emphasis and quality each would have in isolation upon a background of its own? Who can read the florid descriptions of highly-decorated and æsthetic "interiors," in which our fashionable journals and æsthetic periodicals are so eloquent, without a sense of mental as well as of visual fatigue, without a half-exasperated realization that all artistic concentration and focus is lost in a general maze of artistic ideas each as insistent as the other, and amid which not even the Neapolitan Psyche or a Gentile Bellini Madonna would arrest other than a bewildered eye, while tapestries were insisting upon themselves as epitomes of the Flemish *renaissance*, chairs crying aloud their Cordova-leatherhood, chimney-pieces and wall-paintings vociferous of their Italian neoclassicism and Pompeian paganism?

Our decorative time is a highly-spiced *réchauffé*, in which all flavors unite and none preponderate. We are heirs of the art of all ages and countries, without an art of our own. Had we any settled decorative style, no matter how unrepulsive that style might be in itself, familiarity and custom, the monotony of fashion, would soon reduce it to the background unassertiveness which high imaginative art requires as its foil. All vigorous artistic periods have lent their aid to household ornamentation, but in each of them one general monot-

any of style has prevailed, so that chairs and tables, wall-decorations and upholstery, *encoignures* and *escrittoires*, have been of one family and time, and not seemingly blown together from every age and country by such æsthetic winds as collect our *meubles* nowadays. And when Raphael's arabesques bloomed, grinned, and scowled upon Vatican *loggias*, or when Boule's opulent color-taste spread summer dawns and sunsets over the furnishing of Louis-Quatorze palaces, neither arabesques nor inlay thrust themselves into individual prominence or robbed statue or picture of a single imaginative or material charm by crying, "Look at me! I am Florentine, Genoese, Pompeian, Egyptian, Grecian, Indian!" but all, of one general artistic character, sank into their natural place as backgrounds to ideally-inspired objects.

M. B. W.

A Disorderly Fancy.

I HAVE often wondered whether there is anything singular in my reluctance to follow the regular order of a collection of poems, or whether the feeling is common to most readers. It makes no difference whether the poems are old friends or new acquaintances, when I have finished one I look coldly—even a little suspiciously—on the next in order, with a feeling—it can hardly be called a thought—that it will not prove such a "well-spring of pleasure" as the last has been. I want to turn over the leaves, thinking leisurely of what I have just read, until some line or word arrests my fancy. After this brief "vacation," this lapse of space as well as time, I can go on reading with unabated pleasure. In prose, my feeling is entirely different. Here I want to proceed regularly. Emerson's essays, for instance, hurry me on from the close of one to the beginning of the next with hardly pause enough to lift my eyes, much less to flutter the pages. What has been said on one theme has so aroused me that I am eager to go at once to the next, to meet the thoughts which I know are waiting—"burning"—there. When I began to read Emerson, I was told that I must

never read more than one essay in a day. Sound as the advice was, I could never follow it except by taking each essay in a separate volume. After a single sentence it was easy, as it was often necessary, to pause and think in order to come somewhere near to getting the whole of its meaning, but the closing sentence of one essay always seemed to make the best possible introduction to the opening sentence of the next, like a dominant chord which, instead of resolving into the key-note and leaving the ear satisfied, leads by skilful modulations to other beautiful harmonies.

As an illustration of my feeling when reading poetry: a few hours ago I finished Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," that allegory (if it indeed be such) which tantalizes by the elusiveness of its meaning and satisfies by its delicate beauty, its perfume as delicious as that of the flowers it describes. Next on the page stood "A Vision of the Sea," rushing and lurid enough, one would think, to have afforded a welcome contrast to the shadowy garden just left behind. But, though I wanted more poetry,—and Shelley's poetry, too,—nothing short of a tremendous effort of the will, much greater than it would have been worth while to expend, could have brought me to go on with the poem which followed.

Is this a foolish notion which wiser, more methodical readers will scorn? It may be. At all events, I am sure I can never hope to equal the lady who said to a friend of mine one day on a hotel piazza, "Don't you love poetry? I do. I've 'most read Tennyson through this summer." There can be small doubt that her reading was done "decently and in order."

M. H. B.

The Fly.

A MONOLOGUE.

[FRENCH authors cultivate fraternity in ways which seem to be unknown in other countries among citizens of the republic of letters; and to this end they frequently hold public entertainments, to which they admit only each other.

Recently on one of these occasions the elder Coquelin, the father of the Monologue, thus defended his offspring:

"Monologues are in almost every instance an agreeable pastime, an intellectual amusement, and generally acceptable if they take place in drawing-rooms: in the theatre the monologue is out of place, unless under peculiar circumstances, such as a benefit, for which a combination of short pieces must be provided, or an entertainment got up for charitable purposes.

"Literary men find the composition of monologues excellent practice during the apprenticeship they serve to their profession, and, popular as the monologue is in French society, a successful effort of this kind brings the young author into speedy recognition; while writers who have already taken an acknowledged place in the front ranks of literature find in the monologue what the artist finds in the sketches in his portfolio,—studies from which to draw hereafter material for more finished and elaborate works.

"As for those who recite monologues, professionally or otherwise, they rapidly acquire an affection for their art, as one that is both difficult and delicate, and they will all tell you that the monologue offers great scope to their powers of interpretation, besides possessing unusual capabilities of giving pleasure both to themselves and others. To give pleasure is the aim and object of charity, considered in its relations to social life.

"Many of the leading French poets and dramatic writers have been very successful with monologues for recital,—Manuel, Coppée, Delair, Deroulède, Halévy, Normand, and Guiard.

"French literature has had thus far a monopoly of the monologue, as it has had of fable. We have monologues of all kinds, grave and gay, sentimental and satirical. Some seem like a bit cut out of real life as the scene was passing; some are short social dramas, some satires, some idyls; some even are songs without music, which each hearer may adapt to his own love-melody.

"But, besides the monologue which stirs its hearers by its sentiment, there are those which rouse the heart to merriment. Let no one despise a hearty laugh, from whatever source it comes. A laugh refreshes and expands the life within us. Each laugh sends us a step backward on the pathway to old age. Messieurs et Mesdames, let us prize the laugh. It sends a thrill of fraternity through a mixed assembly; a hearty laugh shuts down on imbecility; it wipes out for the moment our woes and our annoyances; it opens the doors of our hearts. A laugh of real enjoyment is never succeeded by remorse: it is the Hygeia of existence!]

All's at an end! My marriage-dream is over.
At noon I hoped to quit my rôle of lover.
I'd reached the bourn of blessedness. A mate
I should have had at noon; but cruel Fate
Demolished by one motion of my hand,
Before the mayor, my castle built on sand!
My friends, my best man, with mirth half
suppressed,
Suggest in vain, "Things turn out for the best."
Well, they may laugh! It is no joke to me.
For six long months I courted her, you see;
For six long months, with pains, but small delight,

I stuck my right foot foremost in her sight,
And mortified my tastes *pro tem.*, till, ah!
The blessed gates of Eden stood ajar.
I saw the gleam of home's soft light within,
A perfect wife, sweet, gracious, not too thin,
One to be chosen from a thousand brides.
I loved her to distraction;—and, besides,
She had a fortune. After six months' pains,
The bubble's burst, and not a trace remains.
Who snatched her from my arms when bliss was
nigh?
Who dashed my hopes? Who leaves me poor?
—A fly!

Morbleu! If ever any fly should dare
Again to light on me, by Jove I swear . . . !

Dressed in my wedding-suit this morning, I
Reached the mayor's office. There I found my
fly.

It chose me out of all the wedding band,
And dashed against my neck. With gentle
hand

I waved it off, not dreaming it could be
Intentionally hostile,—and to me!
The fly undaunted from my neck arose,
And the next moment settled on my nose.
I made no motion this time. For, no doubt,
I thought, 'twill take us turn and turn about.
Not so. The hero of the day was I:
I was selected by that devilish fly.
Full twenty times—how could I change my
place?—

It lighted, tickled, settled on my face.

It bothered me persistently. Of course
If it flew off it came back with fresh force.
And whilst, in silence, in his pompous tone
The mayor pronounced the words that make two
one,

The fly (you know the tactics of its race)
With its six legs walked slowly round my face.
It was too much! Blind fury seized my soul;
My thirst for vengeance baffled self-control.
I struck my hand out,—we stood side by side,—
I struck my hand out,—and I struck my bride.
Her father flung himself at once on me.
"The fly!" I cried, "the fly!" "Yes! yes!"
cried he.

Then, with a voice that sounded like a roar,
"You'd beat her, would you? Yours the chance
no more."

A milder father might have seen the fun,—
Five minutes more, and the whole thing was
done:

Had I had patience, the mayor's words for life
Had given me power to correct my wife.
'Twas no use reasoning: my chance was o'er.
He whirled me round, and shoved me to the
door.
'Tis over!

And what most my rage increases
Is that on such a rock I went to pieces.
Such dire disaster from a cause so small!
A fly to cost me fortune, wife, and all!

Why,—why exterminate wild beasts? sense
cries,—

Lions and tigers, snakes,—and spare the flies?
Flies are our hourly enemies; why, then,
Should distant pests attract adventurous men?
Lions and tigers,—why attack them thus?
They live in deserts,—never come near us;
But flies, we know, buzz round our very heads
By day, by night, at table, in our beds,
Swarm everywhere, spoil and defile all things,
Just because God, forsooth, has given them
wings.

Ha! Hark! I hear one buzzing. Yes, by
Jove!
The very fly! I know it.

Yes, my love,
Your soul shall go wherever flies' souls go,
If ever I can catch you. Come down low.
Up there you can—your devil—at your will
Bother, and aggravate, and fret me still.
Come down. I'll teach you something. So!
Draw nigh.

I'll teach you my nose is my nose, O fly!
Not public commons. Ha! Now! Here it
comes!

Morbleu! I have it here betwixt my thumbs.
You won't escape, most infamous of flies;
Yes, stroke your paws over your little eyes.
No struggling, shivering, buzzing: all are
vain.

Nothing will move me. Dying in slow pain,
You shall yield up your life—nothing can save
it;

I have no pity—to the God who gave it.
No death like that men die upon the stage,
But true, real, horrid death will sate my rage.

No death by steel or flame, with tragic fuss,
But my two hands shall crush thy life out,—
thus.

Thy death in torment haply may deter
From crime thy fellow-flies: else judges err.
Warned by thy fate, thy race may cease—who
knows?

To roam the world henceforth from nose to
nose.

I stand here ruined, all through thee, O fly!

Not that I mean exactly I shall die;
But of all shabby wretches among men
Is he who went forth as a bridegroom, when
He slinks home single. There I was all ready,
Had turned my new leaf, grown extremely
steady.

My bride, complaisant, wealthy, fair, and sage,
Brought all a man could ask for at my age.
True, she was not so very, very fair
That every eye that saw her lingered there.
By no means. No. But I was coming round
To almost like her face. She frowned,—yes,
frowned.

She was a trifle stout for woman's wont.
I thought I liked stout women. Perhaps I
don't.

A wife, I thought, as plump and round as she
Offers thereby a sort of guarantee. . . .
Maybe I reasoned wrong. But in her glows
A sweet and sunny temper. Bah! Who
knows?

Maybe she hid her faults,—like me, her lover,—
And would have shown them when the day was
over.

Husbands alone know women through and
through.

Is marriage chance, then?—much what dice
would do?

May come out right, but then, again, may
not?

Suppose the dice had thrown me a bad lot?
They might. The father's temper, rash and
rough,

Might have been hers. That surely were enough.
Coarse man, the father! Yes! I do declare
He almost struck me, right before the mayor.
Had she been beautiful,—why, then, indeed . . .
But, now I come to think of it, she has need
Of some illusion to make out she's fair,
With her bold stride, her supercilious air.
Upon the whole, I always thought her plain,—
Nay, right-down ugly, now I think again:
Fat, heavy, clumsy; why, as she gets old
She may become an object to behold,—
Obese. That word is fatal.

Woe is me!
How near I came to grief unwittingly!
A coarse, fat wife, her brutal father rude—
Fly, but for thee—accept my gratitude—
I might have fallen in this frightful snare,
Round my own throat have fixed the noose with
care,
Renounced at once my pleasures and my peace.

The Capitol, they say, was saved by geese,—
And thou hast saved me. Fly, I won't forget.
Henceforward round my ears I freely let

Thy humming cheer me at my board and bed.
By day, by night, come buzzing round my head.
It is thy right. Thou and thy fellow-flies
God grant me grace to never more despise,
Never again unjust, cross, cruel be,
Sweet azure angel, to such friends as thee.
My bonds thus broken, go upon thy way.
Stop not, dear insect, at this *coup-d'essai*.

Buzz on, for time may fail thee. Lose it not.
Who knows? elsewhere some bridegroom loathes
his lot
And waits thine aid. Go; let thy mission be
To do for others what thou didst for me!

EMILE GUIARD.

(Translated by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.)

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Poems," "Lectures and Biographical Sketches," "Miscellanies." By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Riverside Edition.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THESE reprints of familiar pages, accompanied by new or half-forgotten essays from a pen now laid aside, come happily to hand at a moment when we have been asked by Mr. Matthew Arnold to reconsider our old impressions of Emerson, and have watched the carefulness and delicacy of manipulation with which the foremost of living English critics has adjusted his statue in a chosen niche. Were criticism an exact science, there would be no appeal from the nice exactitude of Mr. Arnold's dictum, and we Americans should be henceforth of one mind about our philosopher and poet, whatever differences we might still entertain concerning philosophy and poetry in the abstract. But though the laws of criticism are as strict as the laws of thought, they are also as wide and may be as freely applied. We can re-read Emerson by the new light which Mr. Arnold has thrown upon him, and then glance through these volumes for light upon the criticism. Mr. Arnold's tone in regard to Emerson was not and could not be an unsympathetic one. His words were not spoken from the outside, but were those of one who had stood within the circle of Emerson's influence, of a critic whose writings have somewhat in common with those of the American essayist. In love of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report," Emerson rises at least to the standard which Mr. Arnold has set before the band of his disciples who are to constitute a "saving remnant" in the world and by their numbers to overcome numbers.

In denying to Emerson in every particular the epithet of great, Mr. Arnold evidently has reference to another standard. If the greatness of a philosopher is measured by the completeness of his system, Emerson is not merely a little lower than Mr. Herbert Spencer; he is practically nowhere. He is not a philosopher at all, as the word was used in the eighteenth century, nor yet in the sense which has gained currency in the nineteenth. But if the measure of a philosopher is the height, the originality, and the potency of his thought, as people have sometimes imagined, we may dare to hope that a remnant of salvation for Emerson as a thinker exists in his essays. Of his poetry it is more difficult to speak. The popular vote, which is getting to be sought on all literary matters and recorded at the newspaper polls, would undoubtedly be against it. But when we examine the qualities which we find in it, they are those which belong to great poetry, and some of them are among the signs which distinguish great from lesser poetry,—thought, genuine inspiration, lyrical sense, and sincere relations with nature. Every one will agree that Emerson's place is not among the few of the world's poets who are universally hailed as great; but he has, we think, a claim to be regarded as the most genuine poet and original thinker his country has yet produced, and as one of the two or three most inspired voices of his century.

The last two volumes of the new edition are made up of lectures and fugitive pieces, which have now almost a biographical interest, so vividly do they recall the circumstances under which they were first written or delivered. Here is the simple, manly sermon in which Emerson took leave of the ministry, and the lec-

tures on "West-India Emancipation" and "The Fugitive Slave Law," recording the part taken by him in the nation's crisis. The short tribute to Burns was read in Boston at the Burns Centenary, and was remarkable at the time for one particular. Each of the other speakers had thought it necessary to apologize for Burns,—to explain that, in spite of his many offences, he was not wholly bad, and that some reason existed for celebrating the vagabond exciseman. Emerson, on the other hand, seemed to have wholly forgotten that any excuse was needed: his tone about the poet was that of simple reverence, untouched with condescension or double thought. Mere literary criticism Emerson can scarcely be said to have attempted. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that as a critic of character and of life he has few superiors.

"The History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great." By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE commanding position which the house of Hohenzollern, and through it the German nation, now hold in European politics, will naturally cause more attention to be given to the history of Germany, and in particular of Prussia, than it has hitherto received. It cannot be said that Mr. Tuttle's work supplies an existing want, since the substance of it is told more fully and vividly in the first volume of Carlyle's *Frederick*. But Mr. Tuttle writes from a very different point of view, and measures the events of Prussian history by a standard which neither Carlyle nor the learned German historians who have written on the subject ever thought of applying. "In architecture everything is compared to the Parthenon; in constitutional history all progress is measured by the stately and triumphant march of English freedom." It is surely a Procrustean imagination which ventures to compare the growth of the Prussian monarchy with that of the British constitution; certainly no writer on art would commit the mistake of pronouncing Gothic architecture to be a regrettable divergence from the Greek style. Holding such views, Mr. Tuttle must have found his task a painful one. Instead of

A land of settled government,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,

he has to deal with a land, or an aggregation of lands, in which, as elsewhere in Germany, the old freedom of the race became the anarchy of class-freedom, and had finally to be crushed beneath a stern despotism. Nowhere was absolutism so successful as in Prussia; nowhere was it so much needed, since Prussian nationality was entirely dependent on the ruler whose person was the sole bond between so many diverse territories. Mr. Tuttle refuses to admit this necessity: he is bitterly hostile to the great Elector and to all his apologists; and the suspension of diets in Brandenburg, the overawing of the estates of Cleve, the assertion of sovereign authority in the province of Prussia, are in his eyes crimes against liberty of the blackest dye. Undoubtedly the actions of Frederick William were often illegal and his methods unscrupulous; but the Prussian people and its historians have rightly made of him a national hero, because they feel, what Mr. Tuttle will not see, that the Elector acted in the interest of his people, and that, at a time when Germany was the prey, and its princes the tools, of foreign powers, this autocrat laid the foundation-stone of a new German nation and empire. The sentiment of German nationality has found its chief support in the strong, national State which the Hohenzollerns created; and in this respect German history finds a parallel in France, and in a lesser degree in England, where also the indispensable unity was gained by the sacrifice of local liberties. Mr. Tuttle would doubtless recognize the value of the work done by monarchy in both these countries; but his zeal for constitutional liberty, still so weak in Prussia, leads him to overlook the parallel case it affords, and to require that in that State the usual conditions of European history should be reversed. This exclusive attachment to one idea is a serious defect in a writer who deserves warm praise for his mastery of facts, correct style, and clear, comprehensive treatment of his subject.

Recent Fiction.

"Guenn. A Wave on the Breton Coast." By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

"Fortune's Fool." By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"To Leeward." By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Woman of Honor." By H. C. Bunner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"An Ambitious Woman." By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Bread-Winners. A Social Study." New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE story of "Guenn" is so bright and sympathetic, so well set off by a background of suggestive and charming pictures all tinged with delicate hues of sentiment, that few will hesitate to pronounce Miss Howard's third novel a very delightful book. Much of the freshness of reality is felt in every description, and so many fugitive and elusive traits of nature have been gathered at a happy moment of opportunity that it becomes evident that the author has been faithful in observation and study of some actual Plouvenec. Some of her work recalls Miss Thackeray's pretty word-painting; but the author of "Guenn" does not, like Miss Thackeray, possess that mastery of French idiom which enables her to make her characters talk, as it were, in their native tongue. It is a minor point, however, that the women's chatter over their washing is unmistakably English, with jokes and turns of expression which when translated into French would be void of meaning; but when the foreign idiom is used it seems a pity that it should be sometimes faulty. "*Planté là*," for example, does not mean *planted there*, but "left in the lurch." The author has not mistaken her powers, nevertheless, in her choice of a subject. She has given us the study of a girl, wild, passionate, and proud, untamable as the wind, whose exuberant and unexhausted feelings are all spent on a generous love for the artist who paints her picture. The artist Hamor is clearly a woman's hero,—beautiful with a *tête de Christ*, cool, delicate, æsthetic, subordinating every faculty and every passion to his love for art. The reader hardly shares Guenn's infatuation for him. He talks too much; there is an eternal pretence about his attitude; one is wholly sceptical concerning the worth of his powers, and the most we expect from him is some delicate prettiness. He pretends to abhor *chic*, but *chic* is, nevertheless, all we look for from him. As a novel, "Guenn" moves too slowly: a tragic situation is presented, and ought to press forward to the culmination. The villains of the piece are retarding personages, and, for such deadly villains, are singularly ineffective, showing such a fatal incompetence at critical moments that one might believe blood-thirstiness to be paralyzing to the intellect. There is an

event in the air which looms larger than the actual catastrophe, and when the end is reached the reader's imagination has so often forecasted it that its effect is largely discounted. Yet if the novel is not equal in all parts, this is, we may say, to its advantage, for the author has worked her safest and best materials with a sure and loving hand, and when she has failed it has been in giving us the melodramatic and the unreal. We should mention the delicate little coast-sketches which illustrate the book, and, above all, the very clever and spirited drawing of Guenn which makes the frontispiece and may be supposed to have been Hamor's *chef-d'œuvre*.

No reasonable critic would demand of an author, and particularly of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, that his work should conform to his (the critic's) individual standard. If a novelist has a bold and vivid imagination of his own, the critic should be enchanted to follow his airy flights,—if possible, on wings; if not, then at least to limp carefully and painfully on foot after the essays of genius. It requires a clever gymnast to keep in sight of Mr. Julian Hawthorne in "Fortune's Fool," and the effect produced is of extraordinary and almost magical transformation-scenes, which depend more upon bizarreness of effect and prodigal variety than upon clear and careful design and delicate insight into the sources of sympathy and emotion in his readers. A marked and striking personality of mind Mr. Julian Hawthorne no doubt possesses; and if his conceptions could but clothe themselves in forms we could recognize and give expression to ideas which interested us, we should not remain indifferent before his work, so much of which we consider admirable. But his stories seem to belong to his fancy rather than to his imagination, and little of what he writes seems to spring from his thoughts, his beliefs, or his heart.

The phenomenal success of Mr. Crawford's first two novels, and the high promise of the first half of his romance "A Roman Singer," make one turn with curiosity to his latest literary venture, "To Leeward," and experience some disappointment at its falling off not alone in cleverness and resource, but in good taste. He has chosen a theme dear to French novelists; but we doubt if many French novelists, even, would have been so bold as to plunge a youthful bride of a few weeks into a turmoil of passion and emotion which belongs to a feverish,

sated, and reckless woman past her youth. And this state of things is brought about, we may say, without a cause. A dull husband is, of course, an evil to be avoided; but there is a sort of effrontery in the suggestion that any woman is quite so ready as Mr. Crawford's heroine Leonora to compass strange experiences for the sake of a little excitement, when her wedding-day is but just passed. At the close of the novel, when the tragedy is played out, the author says, "Do you ask what is the moral of this? Ask it of yourselves." The moral of the book presents no intricate and no novel problem. Given a heartless woman who disregards the worth of any ties she has bound herself by, and not only invites destruction but goes more than half-way to meet it,—and her own ruin, and the misery of those who love her, follow in fair and logical order. Nor does any fine psychological insight on the author's part reward one for following the fortunes of a heroine who engages no sympathy and shows herself more than a little vulgar. Whether Mr. Crawford intended to convey a hint that Leonora's study of Hegel, and her ultimate conclusion reached that Nothing was the same as Being, and her belief in a "higher standard" than absolute right and wrong, gained from philosophy, were the foundation of her perverted moral sense, we are left to infer. But it must be confessed that his allusions to the influences which made up his heroine's character are very hasty and superficial. The entire book is marred by haste, and, although the good angel of the story, Diana de Charleroi, is an effective figure, the whole seems crude and careless, and its ease of style the final rush of an emptied stream. Not, however, that we believe Mr. Marion Crawford has yet written himself out: his brilliant facility will give us many a delightful story yet. But this book is not worthy of him; for his public is not the mere gullible public which may be gulled without conscience for the sake of profit, but an admiring and kindly one, which, a little tired of meagre and pessimistic realism, let its eye and ear be dazzled and charmed by a brilliant *raconteur*, whose clever narration and audacious spirit seemed to defy arbitrary restraints and offered a pleasing and piquant change from the rather dull, analytical novels of the day.

The life progressing day by day in a great city like New York seems so many-

sided and suggestive that it might well offer fair scope and ample materials for the novelist's powers. The most frivolous epoch has its rights, and its thoughts and feelings are worth noting; but we find so much of the substance of "An Ambitious Woman" and "A Woman of Honor" in the newspapers that it seems hardly worth while to make books of such materials. The half is not enough for the novelist; he must know and feel the whole; for without the secret which lies in the heart and mind of the men and women he creates, he carries no force along with him. But these books afford very fair photographs of New-York life and ideas under certain conditions. "A Woman of Honor," being still held in the grooves of the play of which it is a version, suffers the disadvantage of forced and unlikelike situations and stagey talk. The types of character are set and hackneyed,—the jealous wife, the gay husband, the ideal maiden, the unsupportable bore of a father, etc. Mr. Bunner shows, however, on every page that he can free himself from commonplace and write thoughtfully and well; but without earnestness and reality he can hardly expect to move his reader. "An Ambitious Woman" is less complex, and, from having its interest concentrated upon one figure, commands a livelier attention, than "A Woman of Honor." It is the story of a penniless girl, who, understanding clearly what she wishes in life, understands the time to seize and hold every opportunity and make every step in her career promote her ambitions. The story is in no respect a pleasing one, the characters being not only unlovely in themselves, but with false tendencies which permit no illusions. The heroine, Claire, strikes us as a somewhat wooden and conventional person, limited and hindered by sordid and prosaic ideas. Quite untouched by the passion she inspires in her husband, she finds nothing in his single-hearted devotion which she is not ready to throw away when reverses come. This is the weakest place in the book, and at the same time offers Mr. Fawcett his best opportunity, for the wronged husband's nobility and goodness at this crisis go far to retrieve the story from commonplace. The reality of Claire's final repentance and atonement impresses us but feebly. Worldliness is not a temporary folly, which may be assumed or dismissed at pleasure, but is the result of deficient insight, narrow sympathies, and a barren heart.

Although "The Bread-Winners" is called a "social study," the writer seems to have brought to his task strong preconceptions, not to say prejudices, and adhered to them throughout the story with a rigid consistency which does not belong to actual life. He shows everywhere the careful observation not of a humorist, or even of a man of the world to whom class-differences, all outside manifestations of human beings, are characteristic and suggestive, but of a man of fastidious taste who has been forced into over-close contact with coarse habits and rough talk and shrunk back from them in disgust. Were this an every-day story, the author's prepossessions would be a matter of little importance. His all-conquering hero, Farnham, gifted with every distinction and charm, might all unchallenged put his foot on the neck of the dragon he so easily destroys, and win the plaudits of his admirers. But, dealing as he does with a serious problem like that which the labor question presents, one is surprised to find a clever author, whose insight is accurate and whose experience seems to have been something actual, apparently slighting the claims of his subject. His heterogeneous crowd of "Bread-Winners"—a body of men linked together by dissatisfaction with their own circumstances or bitter resentment against those better off than themselves, without sympathetic impulses, without definite ends, without a recognized leader who can give expression to their aspiration or direct their achievements—makes a poor and paltry spectacle, reassuring to those who dread the paramount importance the labor movement promises to assume in the future. What gives emphasis and meaning to this picture is the author's disregard for the formulas and abstract ideas of such clubs, and the force with which he shows the individual interests and passions of its members. But it would be difficult to conceive a group of men less equal to the task imposed upon them of regenerating society than Offitt, Sleeny, and Bott. And in each of the three, violent passions are at work,—all alike set in motion by the very elementary and human cause of desire to win a beautiful girl whose vanity, ambition, and consequent failure are the prime movers of every point of the story. No one will deny the felicity of touch and the close fidelity to a

type we all recognize in the author's portrait of Maud Matchin. Her blind belief in the efficacy of her own beauty, her failure to grasp the meaning of the actual life which lies nearest her, while her fancy runs riot with visions of romantic possibilities she is to compass by her conquest of a rich man, all combine to make her first visit to Farnham, perhaps her second as well, the natural outcome of her glowing day-dreams. Her audacity is so tempered by her extraordinary *naïveté* that she almost disarms criticism. The bitterness of her humiliation at Farnham's repulse was needed as the lever to set all the powerful forces of hatred, revenge, and desire in motion. Up to this point the author's impulse has been fresh and spontaneous and has been allowed full play. But he here enters a realm where he no longer governs, and where his agents apparently are allowed to work out their own story in a crude and ruthless way which culminates in a sickening carnival of crime. A scene more brutal than that where Sleeny takes his revenge upon Offitt, and then, the ghastly deed accomplished, claims and receives Maud's carresses, we do not remember to have met in any novel we have ever read. Little as Maud may have perhaps deserved, she deserves better at the author's hands than to have been linked to such an unspeakable desecration as this association. The author's anonymity has been well preserved, although the question of his identity has aroused an eager curiosity. There are those who find in "The Bread-Winners" traces of the clear thought and concise characterization which made "Democracy" a notable book. Both writers show strong powers of observation, a liking for logical sequences, misleading although they may be, and a disposition to realize independent thoughts for themselves. "Democracy" is, however, full of epigrammatic touches which suggest humor without being exactly humorous, and show an enjoyment of the subject itself, besides a racy appreciation of the author's own cleverness in treating it. There is, too, a delicate literary aroma in "Democracy" not to be found in an equal degree in "The Bread-Winners." But the two books are not without many points in common, and the writer of each has the advantage of a clear perception of what he has to say and the wit to make others understand it as clearly.